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SKETCHES OF LIFE

AND

SOCIAL RELATIONS,

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

BY

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Critic.....	5
Exordium, part first.....	20
Truth and Doubts.....	24
Changes.....	43
The Who For, Why.....	56
Beauty, the Why, and Love.....	66
Music, Art, Happiness.....	91
A Game.....	115
Social Power and Relations.....	121
Petition to the Soul.....	141
Soul's Response.....	143
Social Power, continued.....	155
A Few.....	167
Reflection.....	175
War.....	179
Justice.....	185
National.....	186
Slavery.....	187
War, continued.....	188
Objections.....	192
Examples.....	196
Woman.....	203
The Man.....	220
Night, Scene First.....	228

Night, Scene Second.....	236
Do. do Third.....	265
Convention Between Day and Night.....	278
Mazzini.....	284
John Honesty.....	288
Bumpa Nickel.....	292
The Cataract.....	298
Virginia.....	301
Illustrations, Number one.....	310
Do. do. two.....	311
Do. do. three.....	313

THE CRITIC.

IF write you must, why not write prose—
The world is tired of sing song
To nauseate at silly rhyme,
Enough there is one would suppose,
All ready for the tuneful throng,
To last till final doom of time ;
And longer if they are compelled to read
To get well through in time its trump to heed.

If so, it's the demand must keep
The market from a deadlock glut :
The weak have appetites to sate,
To keep the ware above dog cheap.
The question may be fairly put—
Why free trade don't to it relate ?
Free trade in bread and butter, cabbage, wine,
Of course, then comes free trade in rhyme.

For silly things I'm not so sure
That rhyme is solely in the fault ;
I think its likely some in brain—
Bad meter of that we endure—
As well as prose that's lame and halt,
Not cured by stopping up the drain.
You'd better let all scribblers have their way—
They will to write all nonsense that will pay.

How can we help it if there's trash
Enough in rhyme to make us yawn ?
As chaff don't spoil the precious grain,
If wit will twirl its caustic lash,
There must be folly for its pawn—
Great patience gravely won't complain.
There must be little birds to twitter twire,
If scarcely heard amid the band's full choir.

And do you really think your stuff
Will find a market paying fair—
Compete with oracles thumb-worn ?
For answer it is plain enough :
The poet, if his gifts be rare,
Their siller value meets his scorn.
He writes what's in him for a praise or damn,
To miss or hit, just as he kens the man.

It's equal which the tide must flow,
If in its ebb the mud's exposed,
It still is nature's proper phase,
Exalted things as well as low ;
For truth sake have to be disclosed,
Provided each have proper place.
It's chiefly those who write for siller gain,
Who yield to Mammon by their loss of fame.

All traffic has its laws to fill,
Our wants of hunger common needs.
Our pastimes, too, have got their price,
But honesty demands clean will ;
The patriot's conscience ever pleads,
Man and his heart 'gainst all device—
Of traffic touching social truth's affairs,
They're damn'd who enter them for such base shares.

All trusts are sacred, and demand
An agony shan't make them less,
By their betrayal to a dross—
Are worthless when they don't withstand
Earth's highest bid to dispossess
Of claim involving heaven's loss.
True laws of gain 'twill not so much offend,
Where madrigals or nonsense only's penned.

Pay charity's high aim to hide
The hand bestowing out of sight ;
Then is the heart best at its feast,
To revel let the world deride :
The viands all in luscious plight—
The ruby wine, if last not least.
His savory dish others may dainty shun,
Yet smacks of welcome to his relish come.

Idolaters are poets made
By laws that's fixed and firm in soul ;
That images they should adore—
No prayer by any votary said,
But in he limns them for control—
'Tis their reality he kneels before.
If heaven or its high ruler be the theme,
His pictures glowing are no idle dream.

Words are but signs a name to call,—
Are yea or nay of place and time ;
As chisel that chips out the block,
Mite after mite like dust to fall :
They fashion may a thing divine,
Of beauty, or our nerves to shock.
By too much chipping or done out of place,
A hydra supervenes without a grace.

As the lone pilgrim on the sand,
Who stops to draw of image fair,—
That his warm fancy may suggest,
Wait for him in that happy land ;
So made good company they are,
Will so suffice if roughly dress'd :
With due allowance to console his time,
The same if drawn in sand or yet in rhyme.

They have a spirit in them and they speak
Away some woe, like one forgets
An hour lonely, by friend's loss,
Oblivion a deep well to seek—
Yet so of any grief it lets
The less to cure by greater cross ;
To cure a pain to other pain we turn—
A passion cool to make another burn.

Truth can't be bought to tell what's meant
In the true balance of the mind ;
It must not have a worldly fear
To cater for the mob's consent,
However much that may be blind,
As voice to which it lends an ear ;
Above the din of thunder breaks its way,
To scorn hoarse threat'nings safety to betray.

Thus in his bent the poet must
Defy all chances that surround
Fame, fortune, or a thrall to bring—
He will them neither fear or trust ;
His soul is by the rightful bound,
When nature's God he deigns to sing,
The wrongs men suffer a good theme to break,
The labor in it his reward to make.

It's best he should be clear as light,
Sprinkl'd with diamond dust, to throw
More luster on a thing that's clear ;
The light be such as men to sight,
Can also feel its social glow,
The deeper, stronger, as they hear.
If ever misty, 'tis a mist o'er ways
Thrown, not explain'd out clear by any gaze.

All else that's writ, however well,
Without a hero, can't succeed ;
That is the wit of every jest,
The spice that makes all legends tell—
All rhyme, all books, to gain much heed,
Demand one as a common zest.
It is the taste or reason of the thing,
Like balance master held up by a string.

The best of heroes you can name,
Most mischief must do in his line
To give and carry marks of rage ;
If any red his toga stain,
To count as scruples of sublime—
To fill that much a fuller page,
It will not do to stint him in his swell,
A mawkish story is but made to tell.

Well said, you've got me on the hip—
I can't boast heroes in full blast ;
I've barely shown how they are made,
To hammer them my sledge atrip,
Don't answer to the metals cast—
To comly form I can't persuade ;
To make a hero easy is for some,
No loss to be unmade when they are done.

I would have hero for my lead,
To make one takes some punk and fire,
Much more than my poor nerves can spare ;
Those that are common to the breed,
But as stuffed effigies inspire,
Good hero makers grow so rare :
To be made worthy of the time and need,
Lightning demands to measure out their speed.

There is a doubt in any yarn,
That's by the choicest lightning spun :
How much the better makes the speed—
The more the fret the more to darn.
As frets grow larger when begun,
To mend them lightning gives small heed
The pastime is more nimble when we fly,
The moral mended, that's the thing to try.

Now Belzebub is hero great—
But few, if any, are much greater—
Whether it be for war or fame,
He's gotten worlds held in debate ;
In passing crooked things for straighter,
Chief model stands at every game.
If beaten in the list he's just as strong
To win by daring more, the more he's wrong.

Beside we are so cut and carved
Into divisions, sects—quite soon
Each man must his own hero be ;
Then if we are not better served,
Flunk'd heroism is no boon,
That time must prove we wait to see :
The best of heroes are made by the mob,
To hold but fickle reign if seer or snob.

A monster is a hero, I allow—
Be it of monstrous head or tail ;
I don't know which will frighten most,
Of people given much to stare ;
Perhaps it's in the nerves, somehow,
At any rate they're apt to fail
In the perception true to boast
Of difference 'tween the brains and hair.
Perhaps it's all a sham when people make a fuss
When there be only hair and tail for trust.

There is no hero to despise—
Disgrace a nation of the more
Than heroes of the fighting prize ;
With the mob villainy they rise
To wound the age as dogs of gore !
Civility, all decency, humanity,
With them allowed seem curs'd inanity.

'That Piety the Ninth is hero strong,
In any bargain 'bout the soul ;
Romagna, with its chattels, bones,
The grass, the tithes thereto belong—
He much prefers their vain control,
Than all the souls his kingdom owns.
His little heroes in his pasture wide,
Join with him, and to soul prefer the hide.

Long agony some people spin
Out of a passion not to mend,
But keep the nerves strained at high pitch—
It's worse than weevil on the skin ;
Disease of weakness sure to send,
Where winning words create the itch.
Nature more thoughtful pretermits the intense,
To give more time for health's recuperance.

These dancers on the Nile renown'd,
Trained passion wily to employ
In every gesture meaning sends,
To infect or with a poison wound
All who the sensual sight enjoy ;
A torrid sun cupiscence lends
To help the gesturer deeper to imbue
The willing victim trembling at the view.

I am no poet but a scribe,
To mark on things I chance to meet ;
If any after know the mark,
In passing on by life's way side,
I hope they'll add their own complete,
To make it plainer where it's dark.
In hints we have to trust like planting seed,
However small, a shade may thence proceed.

He was a boy wild as the best,
At rampant play and child-like sport,—
With nimble feet to know no tire,
From morn to night disdained to rest :
To hunt, to fish, and danger court ;
Failure small prudence to inspire ;
Whatever led his thought or fancy first,
Courage and will the issue to adjust.

'Twas little Dorket Willie Will,
With all the rest knew how to play
Wild games and pranks in doors and out ;
'Twas wildness all, be sure, but still
The grown ones all the same array,
Like them, at trifles raise the shout.
The difference is not much in play at least,
Where noise and fun provide the heart a feast.

The various sports how wise they be,
To strengthen fashion, body, mind,
Each nerve and muscle some to suit,
Invention holds of genius plea ;
To discipline each in their kind,
In things for after life to boot.
Exact calculation in a play,
Be used in after efforts well they may.

His fondness for his sports, though great,
Scarce led to blood or malice strife,
Or wrongs and frauds that spoil the fun ;
'Twas in his nature to debate
How meanness could in boyish life
Find harbinger when so begun ;
He could not so much scorn to prize his own,—
To make a trespass debt one must atone.

His parents taught him thus, no doubt,
By their example, peaceful ways,
Great teacher 'tis for every boy ;
Life suffers much to be without
The school is poor its want betrays
Their childish wit sees to annoy.
Children see through the gauzy, thin disguise,
Where teaching by example tells them lies.

The plow, the hoe, he handled, too,
With courage equal to the rest ;
Nor shunned a task if rough the ground :
No doubt it mended much his thew
To help the manhood of his breast,
The moral exigence more sound,
Princes are those who with the ground contend,
With empire nobler than vain kings defend.

What treasure these dear little pets,
They have our kindness, sometimes more
Than their young energies can bear ;
When too much tenderness some gets,
The rough and sturdy go before,
Unlearned in most unfitted are,
For the more natural wants to follow,
In which the training's often hollow.

And too ourselves we have to teach,
In much that nature will demand,
To reach her works prosperity,
No purpose good we ever reach,
To crush their griefs with whip in hand
Their tears to stay, severity
Is not the rule, it is no crime to cry
The purpose good, their fountain must supply.

I've known men go away and weep
For hours in a lonely place ;
The heart sore pressed with weight and pain—
They knew not why compelled to keep
Such tearful floods to flow apace,
Yet wanted calmer hours to gain.
'Tis nature's fountain made some thirst to slake,
Perhaps without them our lorn hearts would break.

Of days do not complain too long,
Or short our fortune's nick to strike ;
Or anxious much to other clime,
By roaming to avoid a wrong.
Which ever way we turn we're like
To miss some step or the right time—
Truth is the master ever strong.
If life be happy in long days possess'd,
'The long are to correct the errors of the rest.

They never learn what has its seat
Deep in their nature from the first ;
Like seed that grows in nut or fruit,
Or magnet's spark to kindle heat :
To love and be beloved they must,
All ranks and climes to follow suit ;
It's in their nature as are wings to fly,
To teach it's hard—perhaps they never try.

Their seniors often deign to give advice,
And have it followed to the letter,
In matters touching love affairs ;
Somehow the passion is so nice,
Like the mad stream you try to fetter,
The more you stay the stronger tears ;
It's strange what nature teaches for good use,
Ourselves learned by in others seems abuse.

Whether love founds our liberty,
Disputing don't the fact decide ;
It founds some things of high concern,
Which show a strong proclivity
For union as a groom and bride ;
So the first lesson that we learn
Is freedom in the heart to do its will—
Without a union liberty is ill.

Boys, don't about your destiny
Distress yourselves, or be distress'd
Beyond what duties point to do,—
There is a vast consistency—
God's wisdom should resolve the rest.
A field he does not leave to you ;
His works all praise him, let yours do the same,
His wisdom in you'll never find to blame.

It's good to be advised in time
Of the consistence nature force
Of organs, vessels, braces, all
Pumps, Syphons, as how they combine,
That for our health maintain life's course,
As prudence for the studies call.
The wisdom of the mind you never see
But as with all his works made to agree.

They may be led up to high aim,
As sometimes of themselves succeed,
In spite of wrong, neglects they bear,
To reach an eminence not tame ;
But oftener like worthless weed,
Where bad the associations are,
The madness of the world to struggle through,
It's strange if the expos'd the well can do.

The wide array of things to see,
To hear, to heed, and often test,
Intended store are to provide
With armor suiting each degree
Of life, to choose we may the best
The wit and courage to decide.
Boys' schooling chiefly indicates the mine
That riper years its riches may combine.

A cheerful face put on, put on,
It stronger makes the hands to do,
Wins favors ere the work's begun ;
The world around examples don.
All nature adds a cheering too,
Good wishes oil the wheels to run ;
If sore with labor when the day is done,
Courage to conquer as he whistles home.

Long after this he sought away
From worldly drudgery aside,
A rustic home for some repose,
Past labors well deserved to pay,
Reflection wanted to provide
For all accounts we have to close ;
Well for us, when it's not deferr'd too late,
That rally none is left for the debate.

Time had been with his icy wand
Busy not gently on his brow,
Imposing marks of silver count
Through winters long with scepter'd hand,
And summers many to allow.
He'd made the most of their amount—
His harvest home delay'd, must quick and sure,
If gently in his flattering way secure.

Lonely he was as the last leaf,
By autumn sear'd, hung on its tree,
Its green companion faded, gone,
With every gust its stay more brief.
Away from absent ones to be,
No wonder if the time seem'd long,
His hearth about where shadows mostly came,
With pallid brow, tho' once belov'd hearts' thane.

The past as a long river's flow,
Keeps ever on and on and-by,
Bearing along some wreck to pain ;
It does not mean it for a woe,
But fondness of the heart to try,
How much therein, how long remain.
'Tis food that fondness can't at will put by,
If moist prefer'd to burning, tearless sigh.

On sweeps the stream, tho' with its surge
Came not alone a sombre wreck,
But naiads as a trooping train,
Their speed-like frolic on to urge,
With divers garbs and hues to deck,
Each anxious most a word to gain ;
Each gave a smile, with every word bespoke
A nod attention offer'd to provoke.

They'd tell him this, if he would hear,
They'd tell him that of deep concern
Each had due part of wisdom got ;
With lighter things he'd find to cheer.
They'd travel'd far and wide to learn,
Exploring ruins and what not ;
Some had a second sight, and some had been
To verge whose splendor makes all earth's but dim.

What could he do, when so beset,
The troopers all so bright and fair,
And he in want of company,
But open his clos'd door to let
Them in, attir'd just as they were,
If barely for civility ?
Consenting thus to their relations debt
He never has been able to regret.

They spoke, he put down what in part—
The whole he never could relate ;
Its length would tire, and then beside,
Hard names and many terms of art,
With episode made intricate,
Would far from common use divide.
He wanted only what in his old years
As for its comprehension best appears.

The varied forms of metre feet,
Is consequence not well to shun,
So many babblers of to hear,
In accents, and the tones they speak,
With many blended into one,
Or second 'fore the first is done,
No little jumble make appear.
By some it might be more the lucid made,
Who are not of monotony afraid.
The company he entertain'd

Has been to him no dry repast ;
A selfish passion won't debate
A wish in others more restrain'd.
He'd been in many problems cast
All tastes can't to one test relate.
They vary in their nature, seek or shun
Some finish'd point, in all not yet begun.

Don't charge him with intent to teach
Mankind—that would be quite unfair ;
He's no ambition to promote,
Or envious eminence to reach,
A wounded pride in hearts to dare ;
It's easier with the tide to float.
To tell a man you'll teach him how to do,
Is saying I am wiser learn'd than you.

Works serve the same as sticks, rely
Some would on, when a fancy took
To halt without a gen'rous thought,
The purpose serv'd, to be thrown by,
Just like a once but half read book,
Regretting only it was bought.
How can the rag man live, and he who daubs with ink,
If sticks and books to equal level sink ?

Sketches of Life and Social Relations.

PART FIRST—EXORDIUM.

He who, that is the question, or
The why, to be forever ask'd,
Answer'd to be or wrong or right,
Or never answer'd many are,
Who did or made for why, what for,
Thus catechis'd is to be tasked;
Ready it's best to be at sight,
To answer something foul or fair,
It matters little what, for in the main
Most askers never think of it again.

Thus much premis'd, we may affirm
When ask'd in earnest by true mind,
It's duty sacred to respond
With caution, or not say at all.
The man who has a journey to perform,
That's constant turning back to find
Direction that is badly con'd,
Has chance of getting thro' but small;
That is or may be reason why so many
Are off the road, or blindly find out any.

The asker, if in earnest, has begun
In the right method, if he stop
Not till he's got quite amply through
All proper questions for his time ;
And if there be a single one
That wants more reason for its prop,
By far the best that he can do,
Is search it out with his own mind ;
For questions any, all, if truths involv'd,
By one's own thinking mostly must be solv'd.

You ask a question why, for what—
Your object is to get the state
Of any, yes or no, as true,
Needed for guide in life's affair.
'Tis said all men desire have got,
For truth as it involves their fate ;
If so, they often seem to rue
The getting, or remembrance spare.
Truths nothing more or less in any phase,
Than hearts and things in the right time and place.

To find such place, and on it put
Your finger, that it stay just there,
Is not an easy, slip-shod task,
For doubts, a snare, will wily lay,
The grounds may change, atrip your foot,
Memory or reason fail due share,
Or seem to go about in mask ;
Some mists or fogs to hide the way.
One can't explain them all, and if one could,
By less the greater's often understood.

Things are just implements to use

In their relations properties to sum,
As mind and sense is fitted to receive ;

They have their language, and converse
With truth to offer no abuse.

Speak kindly, many call'd the dumb
Our ignorance always to relieve ;

They'll give you chapter, line and verse,
For wisdom, as the mighty made it,
It's at their risk of any who invade it.

It's not with any man's belief

To meddle but of his notions,
Causation looking to that way,

As accidents or if or and
He's gather'd in a chapter brief

Of things aside from his devotions ;
No harm a word or two to say,

Where reasons don't a wrong command,
Scorn be to him with thought or mind intent,
To change a particle what truth has sent.

God never meant his work to curse,

No proof not one of such intent ;
His works plead ever the reverse—

Of goodness, justice, love supreme,
Are fill'd created universe,

To plead with man are kindly sent ;
They him as their kind father deem,
Who all things fitly made for their survey,
Omitting none that could neglect betray.

He did not in them man inform
Of the eternal purpose, all
The nature infinite reveal;
He did not wisely so intend.
Man to be man, the trust can't scorn—
Trust which the Maker don't recall;
No act of man can break the seal,
All wisdom thereby to offend.
The greatest conquest man on earth can gain,
Is that full trust that don't at this complain.

Heaven's gate to open to the soul,
On earth is truth to seek all day,
By means he has appointed clear,
Not to a few a partial dole,
But full as the broad heaven's display,
With naught but love to make us fear.
Schemes all and any man contrive to plod,
Are for man worship, not for that of God.

Man's passions are as fire to warm
His mind and body, and excite
Due vital energy and force in each;
Warmth for the plant there's equal need.
When kindled reason to disarm,
Let loose some madness to invite
To glut some foul desire, or teach
Our safety may the danger read.
It is not Heaven that does the harm to kill;
But the free agent with a darkened will.

Sketches of life and ways of men will show
 How variously is sought the way
 Of truth, to think, to act, to bind,
 Often with reason, as suppos'd,
 If lame, or purpose illy know,
 Where willful heart they don't betray,
 Amendment all may hope to find,
 Against the way is never clos'd.
 Read, think and act, if fail you often do,
 Go try again, with better lights in view.

TRUTH AND DOUBTS.

If truth have doubts that's truly seen,
 What difference lies between the two ?
 To doubt a doubt there is between,
 Your doubts a truth if doubts be true.

If truths be true, there is no doubt
 If doubts be true, then all have truth
 A subject trite, tho' thought about
 By aged men as well as youth.

Plato taught truths which long have stood
 The toughest kind of pulls from logic :
 While these and others just as good
 Ruin'd many a doubtful project.

Men see and feel, none will doubt that ;
 Exactly how they see and feel
 As readily is not come at—
 Whether in truth or true ideal.

There is for something be it fine
Or coarse we get to view
On which to predicate a line
For that which something never drew.

It may be true as a result—
We neither weigh or measure out ;
It may be false and reason mulet,
By holding truth apart from doubt.

To prove that something nothing is
But the bare shadow of a state,
Is easy, and appears no quiz
To those whose wordy doubts make fate.

Existence something proves, be sure,
An object certainly what less ;
To make that bad, you worse obscure
Than to expunge without redress.

Truth no illation where begin,
It does induction to find out ;
It can't exist without a thing
Or things for our belief or doubt.

Instinct itself conclusion sent
Of heav'n ripely in the mind,
Is to some special office bent
By special things its ways inclin'd.

Whether it could exist or not
Without those special things to suit,
To speak from knowledge we have got,
Fast join'd they are in man and brute.

Things measure if they do not form
The mind for tho't conclusion to,
Special or general one suborn,
For other, little's left to do.

Hypothesis we may invite
To help the proof a doubt to clear ;
It may seem reason such to write,
But proof by things must still appear.

Imagination largest range
Assumes, that leads away the tho't ;
Combine it may from regions strange,
Yet doings all by things are taught.

It has, be sure, and not denied,
The power all reasons path to cross,
Draw pictures—common sense deride—
Or put the cart before the horse.

Imagination a good wheel—
Its axle reason mostly like,
Broke from the range to serve as reel
A wandering path is sure to strike.

Its conjuration wide and vast,
In empire of some truth is found—
By time and place to random cast,
Like hollow things, yet true in sound.

Why surely men must be amused,
It is a physic unto many,
The thing is not to be refus'd
That good provides to do for any.

Supposing mind conclusion draws,
Holding to self-demonstration,
Instinctive if to scorn some laws,
Things are true base of all illation.

What we get nearer to the more
We try to reach by any means,
It may be countless space before
Appearances a nearness gleans.

We must believe it there awaits
For our approach to overtake,
If you have proof the thing abates,
We still believe, if we mistake.

The fact is plain the mind all things
Have objects that we must defend ;
All proof can't raise the truthful wings,
So postulates conclusions lend.

If nothing is absurd and you
Can prove it so, however plain,
In spite of all the proof can do,
We believe it's something just the same.

The positive all things admit,
Establish'd that the work is done ;
The negative as plain, we get
Deny it, and there's neither one.

The infinite we never did or span,
Or measure ever more one grain,
Words never reach them, yet none can
Deny unprov'd, they're always plain.

Some look upon the work most fair,
Surpassing beautiful concrete—
God made, to doubt of proof they are
For kindly purpose so complete.

The wisdom, too, if all allowed,
Is not so potent from the end ;
On thankfulness for him to crowd
As if they fashioned were by friend.

Choose out the kindest man, select
An angel in his nature wise,
With feelings of the earthly sect—
Then bid him act without disguise.

Just as God all things has done,
In every part defended :
Excepting for himself in some
He'd do, what so was not intended.

The world is right, the crowd all say,
When others are concern'd ;
But for oneself some better pay
Or softer cushion is discern'd.

The earth was but a rocky ledge,
With water cover'd drear and dark—
There was no land, no joyful sound
Of voices with their thrilling laugh ;
No horizon whose silver edge
At morn awoke the cheerful lark—
No life surviving by the ground,
No man to dress on its behalf.
'Twas but a waste unseemly promis'd none
Of treasures, beauties, wisdom, since has done.

For whom for why the mountains made ?
The streams, the valleys, plains and herds ;
The countless plants that overgrow,
Adornment, food, a sure supply
For senseless things not to persuade
The cattle or the airy birds
That sure to reason little owe,
Or intellect with science try :
'Twas for a heart and soul's exalted aim
All things he made, that wisdom can not blame.

The body not alone to cheer
Or cater to its appetite ;
The beasts and trees might these display
And reason not be counted best ;
So truth on earth could not appear,
Or heart of man to give delight.
He had a pride not to betray
Divine eternal that a test
Aside his works should stand, assay abide,
Order and truth from error to divide.

It was to be eternal for we know
His doings on eternal base
Stand firm, tho' like a human heart,
To love, approve, and lonely feel—
It's fullness not allow'd to grow—
It must abide and hold its place ;
That man should act for God his part,
The tree can not its fruits conceal,
Small part to the infinitude compar'd,
God's pleasure yet is in such smallness shar'd.

As if a parent in his own

Fond sight, his offspring's little acts
Prompted by genius smiling views

Applauds and feels his pleasure rise ;
There's few if any greater known,

A parent's pride from child exacts
No finish'd excellence to choose

The source he counts if with surprise,
They are his own, as such to bear and tell
In his fond tho't, as in the makers dwell.

He has not made his love to force

His viands on his children guests,
Tho' many of, as such, would seem

His will requires that to enjoy
Them all, their proper source

With heart and hands they should address
Due diligence through every mean,

As love finds pleasure in employ ;
His gifts than light are scattered far more wide,
Collected, placed, all for some use provide.

Some cause for doubts lie far beyond

The visions that we mingle in ;

If seeing not we may defend

By surface truths which here begin.

Suppose we take a circle wide—

To call it life's true ample range—

What's for us there we may divide

Into the true, the doubtful, strange.

All's true we every day allow,
That's common to all common sight ;
But yet the meaning and the how
To use them many doubts invite.

It's true and plain as is the sun
Whose rays we would collect to show
The moment that it's fairly done,
It turns to colors of the bow.

Waters are true—we see them gush,
The uses may be very fair ;
Examine further, doubts to hush,
They're very apt to turn to air.

It's natural for us to force
Our seeming reason for all things,
And they are very apt, of course,
To answer doubt with doubt it brings.

Ignorance a world upthrows,
Of place in which we stumble hitch ;
We break the loop as we suppose,
Where we have only drop'd a stitch.

We sometimes like a careful dame,
Work back to mend the bother—
While safe we think to make the same,
It often is, we drop another.

Strange things are like a face
Before we had not look'd into—
It's doubtful feature may give place,
The more and closer eyes pursue.

But yet we know there are many
That all our scrutiny defy—
If true we read the sense of any,
Some doubt remains in most we try.

Mind is made up, no matter how,
Of elements select and fine ;
Like and unlike plain to avow,
The contradiction is divine.

Of mind the same you count but one ;
If unlike, two or many more,—
The infinite counts up the sum,
The weight and worth of mental lore.

The likeness of the mind or face,
However apt, don't give them name ;
It's the unlike there holding place,
The titles lost if all the same.

To make the man within or out,
The like and unlike claim due share ;
Which most creates or solves a doubt
We know not, as we neither spare.

Whether it be resemblances
In pattern we suppose or see—
The truth of each remembrance is
To make the opposites agree.

Hence when the doubts get very thick,
That judgment ruffled stands at bay—
The truth of man we timely nick,
By yielding to the false full sway.

Knowledge is falsehood just as much
As any truth you can suppose :
The time and place for that you clutch,
Makes one or 'tother with it close.

A comely doubt we seldom find—
They don't upon the surface lie ;
Like gold or diamonds in the mine,
Are never seen by passers by.

We have to dig, and then, you know,
That digging is a tireful trade—
As nerves and muscles plainly show
To those who have the trial made.

Not digging in hard rocks or dirt,
Or in the gallies as you like,—
But in deep ledges to insert
Minerva's longest, sharpest pike.

Some have no doubts, where doubts are just,
So on life's ocean launch their bark ;
The chart and compass that they trust,
Approaching breakers do not mark.

On hobbies some ride whip and spur,
With heel and head abob and bobbing—
In morals find a single bur,
At this all nature must be jobbing.

The master vice, the master sin,
Like incubus sits on the brain ;
So wisdom's temple they drive in
To tear the columns from her fane.

Sol's chariot, if yok'd by these,
Would scatter rays but now and then ;
Upon no herb excepting peas,
If chance their passion favor'd them.

If there be very much to note
From different places things require,
The worth of each time will devote,
For rank or object—high or higher.

Doubts most important, to demand
Close scrutiny, well to inspect,
Lie in a breach of some command,
That crime assum'd in would detect.

'Tis motive then more than the act,
We deal in often hard to reach,
Cool reason woos with Justice pact
The folly of hot haste to teach.

Yet is it strange that motive claims
Importance much in such affair,
So versatile its ends and aims,
As vapory as the changeful air.

If crime on motive must depend,
Where is the rogue who did the deed ?
Which first or last could so offend,
Where partners many give it heed.

Some parentage thought is worth,
To be consider'd worth our while,
There must be sponsors at the birth,
Bound for good moral, not to spoil.

Perhaps its not been fairly shown
Why motive has a root or not,
Or how like seed it may be grown
Left wild, or tam'd in garden plot.

If seed it be or like a germ,
Then there be also need of ground,
For this the social state we turn
To follow or to sow as found.

Now seeds grow wild and some grow tame
Some poison are and some are full
Of values worth to cultivate,
Their worth's determin'd by their fame,
We have to learn before we cull
Which best in use will vegetate.

The culture to neglect or shun
In mind or farm for any deed,
We can't expect a harvest home
Whether it be in mind or seed.

The product good or bad depends
Not bravely on a single grain,
But on the care the plant defends
Lest tares or weeds arrest our gain.

Its much with motive in this way
It has no choice its way to see
The laws of growth it must obey
With social culture to agree.

Motive may not be to crime, altho'
It leads to acts with such a name ;
The doubt is who for guilt will show
Has been the cause or most to blame.

Society good reason sees
Esteem high in to hold all wealth,
Tho' honesty should better please
Give motive better than bare pelf.

Instead of urging up this good
As the chief aim in our affair,
We plainly teach why riches should
Do wrong more than the other dare.

The laws we do enact besure
To shut out murder and such like,
Then coward call him if too pure
Against his fellows' life to strike.

We drown the motive by the tide
We cause to rush some other way
Against what conscience might provide,
A check full oft we don't obey.

Until we catch rogues, all who urge,
Compell their fellow to go wrong,
Of doubts we can't a motive purge
Not knowing to whom faults belong.

Who proper counsel take for best,
It's sure to come in its good time
With heart and knowledge for it press'd,
Bad motives must have help to climb.

The poison in the seed yet may
Be us'd to good effect requir'd
Ill motive turn'd some other way
Each to its place by truth inspir'd.

There is a spirit in each seed,
Call it with leave a soul or fay,
Its individual link'd in kinds
As varient as is human guise ;
It resurrects and puts on weed,
To suit for any soul's display,
Each to its own inhesion joins,
Perhaps not to immortalize.
From whence or whither in the all it tends,
Our reason no exculpter dares or lends.

The growth you say a dress assum'd,
Comes by the earth, the seed or rain,
Yet just like thought appears ;
Each has a language of its own,
If by a shorter time consum'd,
The one than other, if to name
The mystic, this is lame to clear
Of origin or mode how first to grow.
Eternity may be perennial sprout
From some vast tree by heavenly tho't bloom'd out.

The knack of metaphysics goes
No further than the flowers' borne,
That ripen may, to bring a fruit,
The incidents of taste and time.
The speculator may disclose
A vaster field to it forlorn,
Glows radiant world to suit,
Its wants to fill and thot's combine
In what unmakes or makes the grand design
Of spirit, matter, yea or nay to join.

Their vengeance doubts have madly dipp'd

In a vast sea of blood, to slake

A thirst for some supremacy,

Vaunted to boast who never had

Supremacy, that still has slipp'd

A froward grasp, and scorns to take

Presumption with its sophistry,

Tho' its daft logic interlard

As truths assum'd for centuries, overrun

By babbling nonsense of a silly tongue.

Man's darkest crimes no greater waste

Of generous blood has ever shed ;

None horrid more to stain life's page,

Than Azteck's doom by priests enjoin'd.

Millions on millions vengeful chas'd

With fire and sword, no mercy plead

For young or old, to stay hot rage

With pagan hatred willful join'd.

Curs'd mercy, justice, the divine, must be,

Because old Noah gave them no land in fee.

And there are shadows always due,

As any cloud might prove for rain,

If they obscure some cheerful view,

A healthy reason makes them plain.

Health kindly is his daily care,

He would not have us pain endure ;

His plants our wounds and bruises spare,

They virtues hold for every cure.

We must be weary, want repose,

Our daily duties lead to such ;

Disturbing visions round us close,

We know them as the mind they touch.

Music with downy finger steals
Upon the sense, to wrap, entwine ;
Hushing perturbed tho't, reveals
Its thrilling balm from the divine.

We never place a single thing
Where duly it does there belong,
But its reward will timely bring,
Tho' never if we place it wrong.

The Infinite chose man to see
And use all things he's made ;
His intellect gave to agree
In worth of each by him survey'd.

No other witnesses below
He chose, there were none here ;
The earth was very lonely, so
Man was to give its wildness cheer.

To look to it, and see fit place
For each and every thing to mark,
Reflecting all the maker's face,
For its approval list and hark.

Things all are by each other help'd,
Ideas to each are just the same ;
Whether in power or beauty yclept,
They build, and make each other's fame.

An idea of a thing all true,
Assigns it to its proper place ;
Give it another, surely you
Its former truth annul, efface.

An idea of an idea so depends
On due position for its worth ;
Its proper place its truth defends,
Or timè due season for its birth.

All things are false. or have such look
That are not whereto they belong ;
In palace, cot, in corner, nook,
As fitted to, not to be wrong.

Confusion seems like scatter'd dust,
Thrown hither, thither, round, across,
In all affairs no last, no first,
Where order don't correct such loss.

You may imagination lead
To wildness where there's no rebuke,
It easy learns the false to heed,
Where mind has rightful path forsook.

The point is nice at which to stay,
The trust it would persuade us to,
So eloquent it makes its pictures speak,
Unwary credence to betray.
To gild the false with colors true,
In that sincere the heart may seek,
The more to vivid action that it tends,
Less calmness in the search for truth it lends.

Doubts may arise, because with some
The vision plainly points thereto :
Others look on to swear there's none,
All having things the same in view.

One sees a ghost as plain as day,
Dress'd out as ghosts are bound to be
Another looking the same way,
No sign of such a thing can see.

One sees a pitcher on his nose—
A place so odd for earthen ware—
The man himself comes to suppose,
Tho' seen, there is no pitcher there.

We often see among the clouds,
A ship with tackle all complete,
Can count her very stays and shrouds—
Yet no one there a ship would meet.

The mind may just the same possess
A medium or an eye that's double,
To reach the truth or doubt have less,
Will always pay to stop such trouble.

If things a'int there, we can presume
They are, and hold it just as fast,
Which leaves the quibbling fancy room,
To make it clear for horse or ass.

If some obliquity life's scheme,
Is thus involved in strange surmises,
That doubt just like a truth will seem,
Truth itself oft more surprise is.

The passions craving, deep and strong,
Nature kindly comes to meet it,
The object too far off or wrong,
A mock one ready, sends to cheat it.

It is so sweet that doubt avers,
To worldly sects, a holy crew,
Who ever honest truth profess
His name, they stick it on like glue.

If many doubts have been resolv'd,
It's by dissection it has come,
The process less have not involv'd,
Division each makes two for one.

Man in a glass his shadow sees—
It may be honest to the view ;
If ugly it would better please
To have the glass not half so true.

Nature is truth in all her ways,
All false is in the mind of acts, to do
Or speech to make that good delays,
Or some deception leading to.

The field is small when we begin
To clear away the weeds and tares,
Each truth we gain makes nearer kin
All others that we get as heirs.

We keep on gaining, with intent,
Close to the object that annoys,
Until our ways, by knowledge bent,
All doubt for mischief thus destroys.

The world seems like disturb'd, a nest
Of bees or hornets, as you choose,
The agitation puts thing out of place,
While stings grow sharp as for defense ;
If for a hornet stings are best,
To use them men could well refuse
Thus give the social freer space,
Less doubt to leave of the pretence
Which men employ, excuse for a vile sting
No healing has, but other pains to bring.

CHANGES.

All nature is but one vast beat,
By which things being are sustain'd ;
Like throb of heart that kindly sends
Drop after drop of blood to course
Thro' the hid channels, life's retreat—
Pulsing for loss to be regain'd,
Preserving in the breach it rends,
Willing for good all seeming force,
If to destroy the narrow vision finds
Yet life more strong the agitation binds.

Life's complication is resolv'd
Of the great Maker's ready will,
Into its myriad parts and threads,
Each with some wondrous aid endow'd,
To be sustained the airs involved,
Denied, the vital breath to kill ;
So sav'd of what it often dreads,
The ocean to the air is health allowed ;
Thus for each drop of blood the heart propels
A tribute from creation wide compels.

To die is but to stop a pulse,
That million, million miles away
Draws for the source of its supply
The throbbing ecstasy puts out,
That the small dust of its results
May vibrate back to stop decay
In the vast whole, whose parts that die
Are aids, great nature will not flout
In her vast scheme, where parts if small,
Must mingle, balance to preserve from fall.

Throbbing to fill a glitt'ring niche,
The panorama round contains
Of pictures winning to the sight,
The purpose one for which they're drawn,
The colors vary, some are rich,
While some a modest glow sustains,
Variety made for delight,
We look again and they are gone ;
Some others fill their place, perhaps not like,
The difference may the sense but slightly strike.

And this is change of every day—
Perhaps we could not do without,
Or living, weary get and dull—
I would not aught of nature's food,
Or objects ask for longer stay ;
But then our heart 's not always stout,
To part with, some of grief are full,
We love to keep their neighborhood ;
But change like else all of its manner bears,
For purposes, regrets and pleasure shares.

Life 's made just like a ready wheel
To turn, on which we strive to climb,
There is no down or up, the sense
Keeps thinking that it upward mounts,
A predicate whose truth we feel
Connected with the grand sublime.
If nature cheats us, the offense
Deny we do, as pleasure counts
Its like no motion when a thing turns round,
Yet ever in the same position found.

Two centers for the mind are clear,
Or forces if we like that better ;
Just as a planet it must act,
The one is to, the other from,
The soaring that we feel is here,
To think so would our fancy fetter,
For truth of which lies in no fact,
No room its doubts to build upon ;
Imagination over logic in some things,
Obtains a victory by the doubt it brings.

The mind as portion of a whole
Is subject to an equal law,
Pulsating for all known effect,
Each particle receives its share,
Tho' matter has no mind or soul,
Yet language from it we can draw ;
Divine the gift, in all respect
Like tongue his counsels to declare
The meaning is the same, the words employ'd
If normal, never have their sense destroy'd.

Effects are all by which to know
The tho'ts that overrule in might,
It could not be the mind before
Creation was for it endow'd ;
No blushing morn with fervid glow,
As heralds of the coming light ;
No waters crystal fountains pour,
No food unto the mind allow'd,
There was on earth as then no mind requir'd
Nothing to be by it perceived, admir'd.

Mind is not made, thus to depend
On matter or the food it craves,
The body's wants ask as supply,
It never has been known what end
As consequence, food to defend
The monster whose strange shapes it saves,
The poisons that within it lie
Prove but an agency we can't define,
May nourish, not to alter things divine.

Food is but element, no more
Like earth we stand upon, or air,
With uses that involve the whole,
As purpose of its parts explain :
The ocean with its hungry roar
Vast fountains, elements prepare
To nourish others those control,
One makes, one feeds for loss or gain
So the vast whole dines on its several ends,
As food to nourish, or as that it lends.

Pulsation centers, small and great,
Must hold, each to its object moves,
The harmony parts can't destroy,
Center immense the heavens seek,
The verge a limits of no debate,
The point when reach'd, no distance proves
What final object to employ,
Excepting that perfections speak,
Pulsating ever that the growth or range
May work the greater this all smaller change.

All growth is change familiar made,
So that we scarcely note its swell,
All other changes touch its base
'Tis the vibration of the whole,
Destructions that at times invade
An equal purpose came to tell,
Some wrong the right is to displace,
By greater smaller grades control ;
We may not see too vast for our survey,
Yet know the laws of growth they must obey.

All motion urges matter on,
According to condition, need
To help direct or indirect,
The way the need as fit requires
The ship will urge her way along
Her track and onward bear her speed,
Tho' winds athwart the way deflect,
Delay is all the wrong inspires
Things move in circles as of yielding sides
That motion is not lost that force divides.

The chord we gently touch at will,
How doth it vibrate to the air,
As doth the soul to give response
Sweetly to whisper to its charm ;
The tones fond speech soft skill,
The master melody prepare,
Ever anon to speak anonce,
As if a question soul would learn,
Comes back unto its willing close embrace,
Both answer chord and soul as of one place.

A sheet of water at its rest,
On which a simple pebble 's thrown,
Makes equal circles center round,
But none arise on ruffled wave,
It's like the soul when self possess'd,
Its tho'ts for circles are in tone,
The ruffling passions these confound,
That angles sharp obstruct the pave,
The tone when broken by a passion's rage,
Reason's fair circles, tho'ts cannot engage.

Granting all this, some minds will see
Changes it serves not to explain,
The facts with worldly wisdom must agree,
No words there are to make the other plain.

Sketches are sketches and so meant
A feature barely, say its nose
A face behind for your content,
You may doubt for or just suppose.

You give your mind to an employ,
Profession, faith or act to do,
To think you have it perfect, wise,
A change will come, the charm destroy.
Subverting mostly former view,
You can't get back to realize
What once so fervid to enjoy.
The art, the genius, tho' they kindled high,
Refuse all further reasons to supply.

Our idols go among the rest
Of things we worship or upprize ;
Some longer may remain as best,
To meet at length some strange surmise.

Things, thot's themselves get somehow sick,
Wear out, however tough they seem ;
Excepting friends, they longer stick,
Your wealth and bounty more than dream.

It's growth, and can't be stay'd, the flow
Is onward, you or I can't tell
What malady the mind would show,
Time's stream to lag without a swell.

The beat is in the eye as fire,
That flashes forth to tinge the cloud ;
If small and frequent, each conspire
To swell the beat for all allow'd.

We have no time without such beat,
Each throb is measure for the count ;
Time fails where there's no change that's meet
To tell the sum of its amount.

Music would fail, and beauty too,
As truth, would have no place to hide,
Seen but as thought, and sound pursue,
Some kindred fellow close beside.

We tread the mazy dances through,
Change front and sides to face about,
The same, in search of truths, they do,
To find their place, and clear a doubt.

The globe may shift its poles awry,
Contract its orbit, solstice change,
Truths just the same will find supply,
The center, time and place arrange.

The only things from changes free
Are the eternal never made ;
There is no time with them to be,
Time dies where change can not pervade.

Our little things, all made to fit,
Changes as earthly growth assumes,
As better, higher, wiser deem'd,
Fail where there is to learn or heed ;
No false, no doubts souls to beset,
But truth eternal bright illumines,
The counsel's perfect, all as glean'd,
Nor error in their happy deeds.
As with the infinite we cannot name
Improvement any, or conjecture blame.

How simple 'tis for art to make
Machine with wheels, and click and springs,
Repeating constantly, to cause
Of the same sound, or indicate
For time and space the mark it brings ;
Divisions known to have their laws,
Nature points out, until outworn or broke,
Repeating ever the same sound or stroke.

Art higher, with more wheels contriv'd,
Can imitate most seemingly
Results caus'd by our cogitating,
Admit their power is not deriv'd
In both from equal agency,
To human pride it's quite inflating,
To imitate results with manlike means,
As cause for which wild fancy never dreams.

We know well what repeating speaks,
The same or like of matter, sound,
Association, a magnet's thrill,
That in the wire it's compell'd, and seeks
Its fellow particle, if found,
Not known to it, yet onward still
To rush, as if each knew the dubious way,
How lightning knows, it's very hard to say.

Time and place are ours, to make
Subservient to the mind's good use ;
Memory, all faculties it has in store,
Are but adjustment, for they take
With incidents to make a truce,
To take and lend, or less or more ;
Helpers are all in the great work to do,
Combine, advance, return each other's task in view.

The spirit that moves in the mind,
Is the result of the same art
That species, genera and classes form'd,
The world with thrilling beauties join'd.
Changes but measure each its part,
As one the other like adorn'd.
Association, like the spirit of a friend,
Exists in each, as made for common end.

And changes, too, have nations swept,
As the vast besom of a dream ;
All that we know, they toil'd, they wept,
Or laugh'd and anger'd with the scene.

Mighty in embattled host,
Have stood fierce war to wage ;
If fame expected was the most,
It now but fills an idle page.

Nations have fallen, when to fall
There was no lower to go down ;
True worth had perish'd, and their pall
Hid more of sinning than renown.

Some stood up longer, and deserv'd
A better fate than that befel ;
The causes fatal that they serv'd,
If written, would a volume swell.

Suffice it, nations have gone out
Or down, left theme for history,
Also their ashes in an urn,
Or grave the latter, lest no doubt
If either hide the mystery
Why fallen never to return.
Yes, 'tis a mystery, when nations fall,
No earthly hand can back to glory call.

There is or seems a spirit young,
That comes with faith like a fresh morn,
Or destiny by a surmise,
By which men seek to be supreme ;
It bears with burning on the tongue,
With speech of fire hearts to suborn,
Mostly when they are simply wise,
The selfish in it not being seen.
Men win by it, to thrust their fellow down,
To make him wear their wisdom or their gown.

It rages like Greek fire for a time,
That nations gazing catch the flame ;
They seem to rave in new delight,
The fruits that first keen relish gave,
Grow out of season, get a bitter rind,
Or relish take that's flat and tame.
Reason must always temper spite,
When madness diggeth its own grave ;
Going down, the spirit sinks more low
Than if it were not in so hot a glow.

Nations tumble various ways,
No matter how they stumble ;
Example seldom with us stays,
To make us wiser or more humble.

Science and art have chang'd the world
More than the mountain's fall ;
The waste of land or crumbling rocks,
From year to year, and day to day,
By tempests out firm basis hurl'd.
Mind more has gain'd than losses all
We've suffer'd by material shocks,
If less respect to it we pay,
The moral is the greater of the two,
While the material teaches moral view.

Floods break away with madden'd swell,
The rocky walls of mountains' place,
That nature's fastness seems appall'd,
Such bursts of Tequendama's tell,
By remnants of the mountain's base,
If legends in them deep involv'd.
They're nature's needful work all done,
For progress fruitful of a toil begun.

So the great social world, well staid,
 Aside from war's ambitious aim,
 Is subject to convulsive storms,
 Which rend away its social bar ;
To break some wrong, its rights invade,
 Oppression kindling into flame,
 Unruly passion's hazard scorns,
 Lifts up the flood of civil war,
To sweep, as did the rage of Rome,
Proud Tarquin from his guilty throne.

Full many Tarquins shall arise,
 To insult our reason, right to scorn,
 The more, the less we coolly act,
 Give full soul's utt'rance in our deed ;
The eye, the voice hold their supplies,
 That Felix trembling may inform,
 More sure than if with steel attack'd,
 Full braver in its place to speed.
Who makes good reason conquer social ill,
Augments his host, by madness sure to kill.

To know what laws lead to what end,
 In elements of weather or of men,
We need to know their precedent,
 Of what succeeding issues send,
Each by its proper apothegm,
 These serve to shadow the event.
To mock's unwise it seems, or to suppose
Great changes warnings none disclose.

'There is a finger in the sky,
That writes upon the book of man ;
Daily its leaves, if turn'd with care,
Thereon the precious marks espy.
No path so crooked but they can
Tell safely dangers most to spare.
The penalties from our neglect,
Our fall or stumble will detect.

A storm forerun is by some sound,
Or thickening in the air, the wind
Gives forth a hollow, whizzing roar,
Birds seek a covert, and are found
Adjusting plumage, well design'd,
Emergence for that's quick before ;
Beasts are uneasy, by their instincts seek
A covert, wanting voice more plain to speak.

False suns are by refracted ray
Of light set round about the true,
Or halo's circle near his head,
Bristling swine whisk straw or hay,
The liquid world a pressure new
Sustains, to urge at fountain's head ;
The morning bow shines in the thicken'd west,
Foretelling storm before a night of rest.

Great moral changes, not the same,
Are in their import graver still,
So are foreseen by warning plain,
As faithful sentinels, to name
Some portents scor'd on mind and will,
Examples that should credence gain.
A halo round the sun, or angry sky,
Paint not their meaning with a deeper dye.

The saven that picks up a bone
Or fossil mark'd with hoar of time,
Can place it to its tribe or clan,
Its element it lived on, or its zone ;
Perhaps omniforous of clime,
So does the moral empire stand,
Expos'd by current tho't, whether it tends
To fall, or food for exaltation lends.

The funeral, what is its gloom,
The pall, the mourner's solemn tread,
The anxious look of sad'ning grief,
Slowly to verge upon the tomb,
While hearts as heavy seem as lead,
Wanting some tears for their relief.
No! none of this the nations death exacts,
More just the doom in all of which it lacks.

THE WHO FOR, THE WHY.

If any man why world was made,
Can find a reason, not contain'd
Within it, or in sight or hearing,
Deserves he richly to be paid
In the same coin, once render'd fam'd,
The seven wise men of Greeks revering,
If this don't sate his high ambition,
Let him but do it on his own condition.

The why's enough in its resolve,
To vex or answer questions both ;
No complication need involve
What one well bred, for t'other doth.

In all the questions that concern
 The worst or best affairs of men ;
 We have no other way to learn
 Than what they deign to say or ken.

Appeal to any sect you find,
 For why or what the world was made,
 They vow the Maker has design'd
 It just for them in faith or trade.

The Jews began, it was for them,
 There was no other worthy race,
 Others are but a wither'd stem,
 As heathens undeserving grace.

In modern times it's just the same
 Enlarging only for its action ;
 Each one himself is sure to name
 As chief for all divine attraction.

In government it 's like the rest
 It 's me or my small host or clique,
 For which is made the places best—
 To others give but dust to lick.

Now each attesting as they do,
 The Maker 's made this shining ball
 To give the proof its meaning due,
 For each must sure include the all.

If man a solitaire were form'd
 To stick up like a peg or post,
 The reason 's good the whole if scorned,
 No social loss could any boast.

That's not the reason of the way,
The sun was made to shine,
No heat or color in his ray ;
He's like the solitary mind.

The laws of social scheme premise
There should be one first to begin,
If there you stop the race supplies,
For social scheme a manikin.

The social is just like the sea—
There is no sea but for its drops ;
But these in saltness each agree,
The blow is fatal either lops.

The social is tho'ts cluster'd many—
One tho't is nothing, wanting brother,
Grows darker by the loss of any—
The social lies in each and other.

The social is no less than soul
Put in the body which was clay,
When so conjoin'd there is a whole
Apart no answer yea or nay.

They act together for their fit
As poles for adverse counter way ;
Yet in one center firm to sit,
An undivided power display.

In ray of light you see no crook,
Yet by reflection it may come ;
So when to social power we look,
It conquers darkness like the sun.

Wherever there's a power up,
There is a power also down ;
You can't drink nectar from a cup,
But for the air that it surrounds.

Select your point to which things tend—
If tho'ts it be, it's just the same,
The opposite is sure to send
A messenger of equal fame.

Then why, you say, don't all things stand
At equilibrium—nothing move ;
I only say the maker's hand
Gives changes that we may improve.

How comes it then, that some appear
To be so low in their affairs ?
Life's bark on breakers often steers—
Of trouble get unequal shares.

Such questions answered as just now,
Was shown by what for self all say ;
Each special favor won't allow
The maker does to others pay.

Go ask again the beggar crew,
His little brood he has at home,
Their beauty, worth, and value true,
Exchange he would for few or none.

If there be many who believe
Their lot is hard, their burthens great—
They seldom find long cause to grieve
Or blame themselves for their estate.

Beside, it should be plain to each,
Examin'd singly, things seem toys ;
It's mostly as a whole they teach
The special value each enjoys.

By sight and reason 'tis the best,
Most equal, just to suit our need,
Material by the mental test
To make them in their wants agreed.

The earth view'd close uneven, rough,
Appears in measur'd, small detail ;
But take the whole it's plain enough—
Its comeliness we can't assail.

There's many things as we can see,
When beauty's taken into view,
Which militant appear to be,
Or for it little good can do.

Now who would put aside and lay
All beauty ever out of sight,
Just to avoid things in the way
That seem to give it small delight.

If we can't spare you must allow
A single pleasure of our own,
Others a right have to avow,
If yours unlike, their place at home.

Position many ills provide—
Change gives it wrong or right ;
Much that we now as ills deride,
Once had, if any, 'twas but slight.

There is no rule, of course, no law—
 Conditions for to make one guage,
 What seems to one as pleasures flaw,
 Another takes it to assuage.

The rule is general and we must
 Take things at large for our content ;
 In our imperfect state to trust
 The whole we seldom see all meant.

Be ills the many, great or small,
 The moral exigence we can't forego,—
 To alter or repeal them all
 We have to let position go.

It's neither you or me or less
 Than time and place to hold their sway,
 They may adjusted be to bless
 The wisdoms high we must obey.

The positive we evils call
 Are few compar'd to the large scale ;
 An empire vast within to fall
 As full of blessings not to fail.

If many weep the tyrant's whip,
 That full of sorrow galls the poor,
 And power holds an angry grip,
 'Tis of ourselves we thus endure.

Hills cave, and mountains topple down—
 Siroccos sweep the land and sea—
 Convulsions shake the hollow ground,
 For which men hold no remedy.

They but accord as special aim
With that which fills the general need—
As changes from all growth obtain
The worst, to help the best succeed.

Yet is it clear that changes such
Come for adjustment of the whole ?
We can't affirm there's one too much,
For health and general good control.

Beside it's tyranny too strong,
If edicts made to force content,
In this or that we may esteem,
If others on commit no wrong—
His pleasure asks not your consent,
Tho' you some other better deem :
Diogenes was in his tub a happy man—
If Alexander out his light would stand.

A Howard looks for human woe—
It gives him much delight to find
A little weeping on the way ;
That sov'reign balm he may bestow,
His joy to comfort human kind,
Great heart to bid all anguish stay ;
The woe that's here was sent but to afford
The use for riches in the bosom stor'd.

All things are for the intellect
Or for the heart's direction sent,
Be it a jewel or a woe ;
The gen'rous all our pains reflect
To their own hearts, to make content
Refreshing, soft'ning in its glow ;
Sad would this world be if all woe were gone,
With hearts of kindness harden'd to a stone.

Why should we always be one way,
Looking complaining of the ill ?
Deception surely to betray
Who would with noisy laughter fill.

Yes, on our knees, our back, our face,
Loud pray'rs to say 'gainst our hard lot ;
With laughter loud to fill the place,
Before the prayer half way has got.

If he intended man for trouble,
'Twas just to see 'em laugh more hearty ;
That when afflictions needs must double,
The laugh will have the stronger party.

Men laugh in doors, and harder out,
Day and night, in grief and sorrow,
So hearty, too, with thrilling shout,
There's little ground for grief to borrow.

They study for it, get up scenes
To make all grimace grow the stronger ;
Just cry a little first, it seems,
Laughter to make louder, longer.

Talk not of woe or any fate
Our maker sent to make us cry—
We always end a sad debate
With laughter, up our tears to dry.

Many sad mourners go away
To put their dearest friends one side,
Assuaging grief with fun and play,
Or quick new comfort to provide.

Kings and great lords e'en must assuage
Their misery with some fool or knave,
Buffoons that stately grins engage
From courtly lassitude to save.

The poor have cures for every shaft
An evil wind or tide employs ;
No buffoon paid for them to laugh—
Their labor'd hours are full of joys.

Their children and their faithful dog
Make merry sport, and seem to know
That laughter lightens every clog
Which binds them to an earthly woe.

Industry wins the sweetest bread
That ever pamper'd mortal taste ;
A pair in concord at its head,
The richest table ever placed.

Man is a building race, desist
He can't, no marble, brick or straw,
Or title deeds, yet where he lists
His domes and flow'ry walks will draw,
Endowing all with needful art and finish,
Omitted naught his pleasure to diminish.

The poor man sees his cottage swell
With stately columns, frieze and mould,
There laughing faces come to dwell,
The beautiful by pleasure tol'd ;
There boards are spread and viands ample press'd
With cheerful hearts upon the welcome guest.

They visits make sweet company,
Receive to laugh the hours away
With joyous bout full happily
In music, dance and rustic play ;
Legends blend and list to welcome song,
That to the morn of happy days belong.

They build again in hope's full strength
A polish'd temple, arcades rear,
Stretching away unmeasur'd length,
On Jordan's banks with waters fair ;
No evil here that mars a sunny hour,
Can darkly there on blissful moments lower.

Evil and good have but their time—
Their place to put on either side,
As echo will a voice devine,
So is the empire they divide :
'Tis here an evil, there a good to be,
Change places only, not their family.

It's true the world was made for man,
But was so made on special trust ;
He should not slight the Maker's plan
To rule by reason, not by lust.

If any contra claims devise,
The best at logic could attempt ;
Six thousand years a right supplies
To give man's title some content.

BEAUTY, THE WHY, AND LOVE.

Where there's no standard, none to touch,
Like weight and measure to prescribe,
There's no appeal so that the test
Is bare opinion, which as such
Is form'd as time and place decide—
The taste directing which is best ;
It's so with beauty—nature's want is wide—
To place or nation, to no taste denied.

The standard Infinite, if plain
Necessity's result, we know
By reason nothing of such state ;
If faith a source from which we gain
Each taste must have its own to show,
If not, faith is involved in fate ;
The beauty that's divine thro' worldly guise,
We see each different as the taste supplies.

All art, all science and all tastes
Find beauty scatter'd for their use ;
The more to cultivate more found,
Tho' simple ones their little wastes
Unconscious are of the abuse,
Nor heed rich beauties scatter'd round ;
The mind will act on little as its store,
Least wise when blind, yet obstinate the more.

It's in the flower, it's in the field—
The blush of morn, the glow at eve ;
The pillow'd cloud, cerulean sky,
Sweet lights a million lusters yield—
The foam of ocean, bark to cleave,
All contrasts pale and deep their dye ;
Earth's bosom opens wide but to out throw
Some charm or gem enrich'd by beauty's glow.

It's in the tho't, inspiring there
 To touch and win the heart's reply,
 To melody in nature's voice,
 Responsive ever to declare
 The sparkling fountains of supply,
 Past worlds, to find it heaven's choice ;
 Earth fails, or dim its beauties grow to fade—
 Heav'n opens to the soul celestial made.

We look an angel on, to say
 Here's beauty's purity to own ;
 Virtue the fair is sure to grace,
 If from the heav'ns it finds its way :
 Of whose intent no doubt is shown
 That goodness gives to beauty place.
 If monsters are suppos'd in heav'n to dwell,
 By foils the mind makes beauty more excel.

Vice may seem beautiful or tame—
 A monster only in disguise ;
 The darken'd passions so permit—
 Brutes have no sin, none as a blame :
 None knowing how the good to prize,
 Yet learn the rein, the check and bit
 To do, as seems with pleasure and good will,
 Befits their station, that avoids the ill.

Sexual beauty that's decreed
 To win the palm as first and best,
 And wear it too, if kindness binds ;
 To lineament it gives small heed,
 No lines or colors stamp the test ;
 Fitful fancy, coyish of no kinds,
 Sees beauty as endow'd for each and all—
 To make it great, if portion seemeth small.

It's like the rain and dew on ground
That's hard and scar'd, its kindness gone,
Which soften'd by to yielding mood,
In bud and fruit thereby abound ;
Joy dances on the mountain lawn
As gladness fills each cultur'd rood ;
It's like the sunshine in its kindly ray,
That breaks to cheer, portending clouds away.

There is a fitness nature sends
To each and all her family ;
Defense the best condition lends
In the broad world's humanity.

Take woman as she is endow'd—
A gentle turn her form attends,
Some frailty cunningly devis'd,
The gruff and stalwart not allow'd,
As armor safety on depends,
Some modesty more signal priz'd,
Or Beauty's tears that mark her victory
Against the odds of steel's applanancy.

A gentle creature nature's dove,
Nurs'd in the lap of credence, seems
The soft and gentle maketh war
Against the adamant of hearts and arms,
To break them as burnt flax doth clove,
When Samson's hand his strength redeems ;
If our stern nature met no bar
Like this, its evil terror charms,
Earth would allow no holocaust to know
But cruelty to gloat o'er mournless woe.

That one's in darkness who don't know
 When God for this world's blessing
 Made woman to adorn and foster,
 'Twas gift the best he would bestow ;
 So to it gave his finest dressing—
 With finish such in air and posture,
 All future comers in the world whatever
 Pronounce it would well worthy of the giver.

Beauty that has no special word
 In nature, to direct its sense
 Beyond what all things hold
 To reason by, for best content
 Involves us often in the absurd,
 Where passions favor makes pretence
 To special need by fancy told,
 With haste, it often must repent,
 Not seeing that the treasures worth to win,
 Lies deeper, richer than the dazzling skin.

Of dust he did not make, but of
 The sweetest morsel he could find ;
 The nearest of the heart he form'd her,
 Knowing the laws creating love
 Was aptest in its native kind,
 To feel the beauty that adorn'd her,
 If any thing omitted of perfection,
 Escaping God, deserves some deep reflection.

Much to be said need not by way,
 In praising form or any color,
 Or dainty buds that bloom and wither ;
 He took them all in one survey,
 Excluding not the dim and duller,
 In deep condens'd perfume to give her—
 Then press'd and bound them to her tiny mouth,
 To shame the spicy gales of the sweet south.

The model of the column chose
Erect position best for grace ;
All flexure easy beauty shows,
For comely lines its motions trace,

For head it seems the pattern took
The path of orbs, a cycloid gem,
A mould design'd by heav'n to dare
Amendment in, for which to look
The truth of taste is to contemn
By art, we may such labor spare ;
The chaplets crown, in the unrival'd skill,
Is nature's winning, our content to fill.

Its clothing of fine shreds, a hue
That's glossy, often floating curl'd,
Adornment for a perfect head—
Softer than gossamer when dew
Is slightly on it, shining purl'd,
Imposing more to make each shred,
For beauty such, art vain may try to mend,
More change of sample does but more offend.

O'er the whole form a glass he plac'd—
The adornment of the soul when just,
Therein reflected seemingly ;
Appears, true test, all modest, chaste,
To love with confidence we must,
As inward worth all beamingly
Gives outward beauty such resistless glow,
If black, yet lustrous like the fleecy snow.

Read heaven's truth we must, before
 Beauty is parted from its dross ;
 Else like a subtle dew on ground
 That's parch'd and arid, wanting more
 Than clime or atmospheric loss
 Can bear, so still to parch it's found
 Drinking the scanty drops on leaf that's left,
 Of fertilizing power so much bereft.

All preference beauty may be called—
 A standard, doubtless, of the mind ;
 As needful base for elevation,
 We reason from it as enstall'd,
 Of self perfection, but to find
 For the bare surface this abrasion ;
 Something ulterior that is wanted,
 That by such standard is not granted.

Some have suppos'd unlike they are
 To faultless form of Paradise ;
 An earthly contact has since mar'd,
 Inflicting deep, deforming scar :
 Yet in Circassia they entice
 To win due merit, if compar'd,
 Of that fam'd model's contemplation,
 If one can stand such strong temptation.

Her face is not a thing of art,
 To be by rule contriv'd, schedul'd ;
 But argument in all his work,
 Perfections infinite impart :
 In each, tho' perfect, overrul'd
 By others not allow'd to lurk,
 As enemy that is to foil another,
 But use and wisdom teaching to discover.

It's true, if any thing's to be
A truth, as done by wisdom's maker,
The sex were meant not for a slur—
How comes it ever then, that she
Or other costume fabricator,
Have dar'd thus up to baste and hitch her ?
So that for any eyes beholding
There's little left of the first moulding.

Thus having done his best thereby,
He tho't he made a comely creature,
Yet the vile tailors of the land
Their wit and cunning to supply,
To dress it up a little neater,
With shears and woof at their command,
Have cut and stitch'd so many horrid ways,
The Maker's lost his pains, if not his praise.

All mutilation is a crime
That taste, and law, or sense offends ;
The savage is allow'd to use,
Buffoons and apes may with him join,
For ridicule of modest ends,
Of morals asking no excuse,
But where God makes a beauty to adorn,
It is a crime that beauty to deform.

I've always wish'd devoutly so,
Reason some limits would invite,
To more regard of beauty's claim,
The angels wiser by it grow,
To bend their wings in holy flight,
As best befits angelic aim,
They dare not in the presence of the high,
Puff up balloons for wings to help them fly.

No bar to beauty in the sex,
 Condition, kind, or manners stakes,
 Its the broad base of social rise,
 Compelling love a heart to vex,
 To thirst that wedlock only slakes,
 As things all here some issue ties,
 Granted of heaven's best it should avail,
 This first and best is not allow'd to fail.

Beauty yet cometh like the rose,
 With fragrance lesson to beseech
 Our close attention, and to learn,
 While calmness doth the mind compose,
 Young wisdom may toward them reach,
 To taste and order well to turn,
 As entering wedge for health and useful store,
 In growing years as seed for richer lore.

Among the passions of which flesh
 Is heir to, reason least contents,
 Equal to rule the bifold sex,
 Around the heart a tender mesh,
 To throw whose silken thread consents,
 By equal thrall to please and vex,
 Bearing to render clear its little love,
 A scorpion's sting 'neath wings of dove.

The passions kindled, and the flame,
 Keeps warming, burning more and more,
 How does it so transfuse into the blood,
 Its own wile vapor that like shame,
 Makes mantling blushes cover o'er
 The face and neck, just like a flood
 Of roses dyed carnation bright and red,
 To bloom so sudden in so strange a bed.

Love is but beauty's enemy,
To wound it as with malice sharp,
It's like the viper on the thing,
It gluts upon contemningly,
To turn away unfelt a spark
Of gratitude to heal its sting,
Its ravishment is gluttony outdone,
Its thanks the barren kindness of a stone.

Mark Antony could answer how
It came to sting in Cleopatra's arms,
By loss of country and to blur
With treachery connuqial vow,
A cowardice to nurse stale charms,
An infamy endur'd for her,
To end in a vile death, a sneaking fear,
Much worse than death for noble minds to bear.

Othello could a sting not least
Of nurtur'd those of serpent nest,
Aim'd Jealousy at wedded bliss,
Tell how, when love as bud increas'd,
Was blooming on his glowing breast,
Perfuming its fond caress,
He could in ruthless vengeful hour,
Have heart to smother that sweet flower.

Yet wedded love is the great boon
That storms in vain assail and wrecks,
It's like the sun at glorious noon,
Despite some spots and envious specks,
Gives ample light the world to bless,
Of boons most glorious we possess.

For even temper there's no rule,
 There is a kindness that divine,
 It makes it way thro' adamant,
 Some storm is better than to cool
 In vapid flatness of a mind,
 Elastic never from its want,
 Some fore collision ought to strike a spark,
 Its cheerful more than visions ever dark.

Who wears his polish'd armour by his side,
 All conscious in his skill at arms,
 Retreats resource's wont provide,
 His glittering point for victory charms,
 Restraining gross offence by modest worth within,
 You need not look for to be found in him.

Aside from any sordid views,
 Affections have a mental spring,
 Congenial, true, but yet all free,
 Refreshing like the morning dews,
 To bear love's warmth but not its sting,
 Above the slough of jealousy,
 They elevate the mind to noble deeds,
 Sustain when frailer hope of earth recedes.

Age brings its ails, its crippled tho't,
 Dalliance fails of any crumb,
 To while a heavy hour away,
 'The past its bitter things so brought,
 To haunt us sadly back will come,
 Often, full often to dismay,
 Then is the soul in need of something near,
 A fellowship that overcomes the drear.

Tis woman's kind regard, her smile,
The waving of good cheering hand,
The eye that beams encouragement,
A look to smother earthly guile,
To make the clod on which we stand,
Seem joyous more with flowers bent,
To bloom, their fragrance tinging as it were,
The tho't, that else would wander in despair.

True poets know it best, of need
They have the most, the dross
That's in the world, but poor and ill
For inspiration can succeed,
With them their social deep felt loss,
Is that of sympathy to fill,
The soul's demand, it has a language voice,
Creating or directing tho'ts, the best for choice.

A world suspicious more than wise,
Can see no link between the sex,
Except it holds some gross surmise,
A flaw in morals it detects.

The voice of heaven's heard by some,
Others that of saints and women,
These to the heart if nearer home,
Both are not always meant for sinning.

Why not a tho't as well as fire,
Find way souls company to keep,
This rushes thro' a simple wire,
That by its means more subtle deep,
Of friendship to explain we cant, yet know
Its chain across a world can brightly throw.

We know there's flowers o'er the sea,
Go rambling for a distant mate,
Past tides and winds, adverse that be,
To reach, as vow to consecrate.

I do not think Tasso meant crime,
Or Petrarch, in their souls who kept
Sweet presence of an idol far
Away, yet deep therein to chime,
With high behests to intercept
No ideal good created there
Perhaps 'twas born of poetry ideal,
Yet service high perform'd the true, the real.

Why should not age want love to cheer,
The same as if 'twas young and frisky,
Or often thinks it wants it more,
Examples habit makes it clear,
The want assails the heart as briskly,
Tho' not for that which youth adore,
Its company, sweet company, that's mooted
For the enjoyment only to it suited.

Take an old house quite rusty say,
To fill it with good music cheer,
Don't the old pile renew'd up gay,
Seem prancing youth of early year.

Shall not the long worn nerves,
The aching frame by sorrow bent,
Find the sweet voice of woman serves,
To cheer the heart like magic sent.

'Tis music in his old dry bones,
Nature appointed it for such,
Delicious food reviving tones,
The deepest chords of life to touch.

None but the shallow or the base,
Will blame such simple joy,
Or try to slur it with disgrace,
That passions gross employ.

It is no crime to wish earth were,
A paradise to age its not,
Unless it be so wishing ever,
That wishing should be made no snare,
To passion the desire alone has got,
When dead the wishing never,
Can crime be made tho' tho'ts survive,
The same as if the passion were alive.

Has age once reveal'd in the fold,
Enclosing wedded joy a theme,
As blest as lawful to a feeling heart,
Making its day bright burnished gold,
Its toil to pass like a charm'd dream,
When half dream'd out abrupt to part,
Is winning contrast at the dearest rate,
Of others any of the social state.

Old age from thee the world fades fast,
Thou feel'st it in that worlds neglect,
A coldness in its greeting hand,
Thou must now cherish the fond past,
Its spirit idols will protect,
To guide thee to their sunny land,
Where gentler bosoms kinder more as pure,
Shall rest thy weary soul, earth's anguish cure.

'Think not that in that sunny land,
 Earth's lust d'sfile with ravishment,
 To gloat upon some sensual dream,
 As passion waves a fickle wand,
 Betray'd by unforeseen event,
 But senses everlasting teem,
 With glory bright in undelay'd employ,
 In social wisdom drink eternal joy.

That love is often madness, yes
 Stark madness of a passion,
 If cooler minds it comes to bless,
 These seldom rule the fashion.

It sees that often when its cold,
 Or reason has come back to reign,
 Regrets keep tingling up to hold,
 To mind some follies past with pain.

Love who don't feel are very apt
 To ridicule it in another—
 Ill consequence they but adopt,
 Effects who heed not to discover.

The passion should have civil word,
 Which ignorance oft denies ;
 As those who reckon it absurd,
 More madness has, than it supplies.

Love as a vapor in us set to burn,
 A magnet there the vital spark
 Attracts, combustion to assume ;
 Like other fire it must be fed—
 To fuel sympathy will turn,
 For radiation acts its part,
 The ash or cinders wanting room,
 There's none, yet may we dread

The void ensuing from extinguish'd flame,
Abraded nerves its loss affects with pain.

The heart floats in a vap'ry sea,
Whose current keeps perpetual whirl,
A thousand eddies to endure,
On fire it's like a moulten surge,
With breakers many at the lea ;
Thick mists in ambush place the peril,
To wreck a hope tho' deem'd secure ;
Yet will the fire oft deterge,
Evil most feared a hopeful blessing send,
Where social culture 'gainst a wrong defend.

Love fir'd of beauty as suppos'd,—
Blind path to seek as guide,
Stays not when mountains stand oppos'd,
But rushes like an Arctic tide.

The passion gets a rage—a fire,
That medicine may fail to cure ;
No reasons empire in its ire,
Assault it makes can long endure.
Some weakness is the very thing that makes
The head turn dizzy o'er the heart it breaks.

Of kings it turns the addl'd brain,—
Of queens with furor to e'er power,
As the wild steed that tramps the plain,
With haste all caution to devour.

So was the Scotian Queen to fame
Made brilliant on historic page ;
Her beauty as a torch, a flame
That ruin mark'd upon the age.

Her passions equalled the intense
In glow, her beauty beamed withal ;
Her fervid love saw no offence
In crimes inviting to her fall.

Crime taints, be it of love or gain,
That when we come in our great need,
To look for friends who would sustain,
They and the world are cold to heed.

The times in idleness too frank
Indulgence in her state, and youth
Claiming as due to royal rank,
Corrupted in her moral truth.

The period nears when younglets all,
Of kings or poor ones, doffing pride,
Some trade shall learn, or honest call,
'Gainst vicious dalliance to provide.

There is no standard for it fix'd,
The rainbow holds a special kind
Of red and blue and orange mix'd,
Dividing lines you can not find.

What would you strike from that fair arch—
Least gone its shining beauty mar ;
Dividing lines in vain you search,
Tho' plain to sense apparent are.

'Tis thus with human beauty plain,
To strike the soul and win our joy ;
It's as a whole, its parts to name,
And separate is to destroy.

Unmov'd we may on beauty look,
To judge it by aesthetic rule,
Define each line and salient crook ;
But tho' thy judgment is thus cool,
We can't make out, however close we scan,
The magic of an eye, a lip or hand.

Hot love or lechery soon cools—
It's but a madness in the brain—
Oft seeks the mire of filthy pools,
Repentant sorrow but to gain ;
How many modern Hectors bite the dust,
Stain with some poigniard pointed by a lust.

Yet gentle reason'd love holds in
Its arms a world of genial bliss ;
Its kindness grows with life, to bring
Sweet flowers and fruits, its pain to miss ;
It's like the sun, with temper'd rays to cheer,
Whose torrid heat may vegetation sear.

Love reason has none, for its count
But that the present moment bears ;
To-morrow or another day
Brings new persuasions to desist—
New hobby fancy is to mount,
Whose fickleness excuse prepares
For hollowness, its deeds betray,
In blindness, frailty don't detect,
The fact is, change has come, we can't deny
To heal it by some falsehood barely try.

It's catching often, like a sneeze
 Or cough, when sympathy permits,
 Or fevers that infect the air—
 To last as tempers chance to please ;
 The conduct that in judgment sits,
 The wanton passions deign to spare—
 The fitness is in the nature, temper, will,
 Small accidents provoke much may their ill.

Love's like the flower, or the bee
 Extracting from it honey'd store,
 To lay up, and be rich therein,
 Against a winter's pinching lorn ;
 It matters not how variously
 The flowers guise in wisdom's lore—
 The honey will its sweetness win,
 If fitness gath'ring skill adorn :
 So love may keep its passion long content,
 Despite a guise tho' seeming to prevent.

The ideal world of beauty's full—
 Greece drew her models from such source ;
 Who from exalted emblems cull,
 Give beauty its majestic force,
 Deep from immortal fountains drew her lines,
 Immortal tribute due to Grecian times.

Beauty lies scatter'd every where—
 O'er valley's, mountain, sea and lake ;
 In matted grass, with flowers rare,
 Clear streams that from their fountains break ;
 Pure streams that sparkle as they flow,—
 Well love and youth such beauties know.

Streams long remember'd for the joy
Of youthful time, we oft renew,
Blest hours to sadden, no alloy ;
A painful gloom upon them threw,
'Twas a rich sunshine's smile to brighten, then
A bower to dazzle up in every glen.

Where lies the cleft for any fluke,
Love's anchor, like a ships, would find
With hawser fit its course to stay,
Till tempest in the heart outflare ;
The hawser of its clinch forsook,
Leaves love a prey to sea and wind—
A wreck that's painful to survey,
Yet passing strange the pain to spare :
Some fairy finger knits the hawser's parted strand,
That love in safety may salute the land.

The sea with its waters and isles,
What legends its herald invites ;
They speak of its danger and toils,
Mast phasing mast hazard recites.

It's not of the history that's full
Of commerce, adventure and strife,
Intended with care now to cull,
But more to speak of dumb life.

A world of itself the great deep,
With laws made especial to fit,
All beauty and grandeur to keep,
Times hoar on its brow can not sit.

Its foam on its wave up to curl—
 'The wind and the sun to obey ;
 Now fresh as spring flowers unfurl
 Their bloom in the lap of sweet May.

If with envy, or motives more kind,
 Old Boreas comes down with a sweep,
 Red lightning the slave of his wind,
 To break on calm dreams of her sleep.

The rattle and noise that we hear
 Is of heaven's artillery, the grand,
 As tempest comes often to rear
 Her crest to nod o'er the land.

Then man with his tight little craft,
 His ropes and his chains to resist,
 Devices the best seem but daft,
 For safety they can not insist.

The monster built ship that contains
 Strong iron and steam for quick speed,
 Is feeble its waves to sustain,
 For safety can't always succeed ;
 The host that of home dreams in her broad sides,
 Finds a grave in the wave defiant it rides.

There's need or it would not so come,
 For the tempest and roar of the sea,
 The health of its deep may be one—
 An element's balance make free.

All worlds and things that pertain,
 Beside a plain use in their place,
 Are to teach us some power to gain,
 Our doings to brighten with grace.

So the sea a study presents
Worth well a rapt enterprise ;
It's alive with master contents,
Full of tho't that wisdom supplies.

Her monsters of huge slouchy sides,
Or long spindling points that she sends,
Prove that beauty her reason divides,
Yet for truth each pattern intends.

All that's made holds beauty its part—
To adorn and shine in its rank ;
But whether it thrills in the heart,
No conventional beauty to thank.

The heart is not always the eye—
Or feels as that sees if you will ;
For this may perfection espy,
Whilst that is damp'd by an ill.

Eyes differ, and hearts do the same ;
There may be no reason to guide—
The former may kindle a flame,
The latter in weakness decide.

There's beauty for art as for love,
Another, each having their grace,
They differ in that they approve,
Each sense is to fit in its place.

So 'tis with the fish in the sea—
Each one holds its beauty to fit ;
If you taste the teeth may agree,
The eye a true fancy don't hit.

The sea reads a catalogue long,
 'Bout fishes who swim in her wave ;
 The pattern of some would be wronſ,
 Were it not they variety ſave.

There's a whole requir'd to form
 mportant as can be its parts,
 Not made alone to adorn,
 But needful to ſcience and arts.

We call this or that by ſurmise,
 As riches we deem to advance—
 We miſtake Goncolda ſupplies,
 No wealth like this to enhance.

The ſea not alone, but all round,
 In air, earth and heav'n if far,
 Variety clusters each bound,
 From a mote to glitt'ring ſtar.

Powers not ſingle, or anything we
 In nature behold to pervade,
 Unless there be others agree
 To foſter and give it ſome aid.

In one we read little to tell,
 It's barren of tho't as a mote,
 In each of all numbers we ſwell,
 The perfect is more to promote.

The atheiſt would but rejoice,
 Could he find a variety ſhort ;
 He would pin on with a loud voice,
 As proof of his ſlur or retort.

The fish have colors so many,
With taste on in harmony laid—
All their tribes, tho' shining and finny,
Have suits in diversity made.

They're spotted and speckl'd, cross bar'd,
Rounded and ray'd here and there ;
For art to do equal is hard—
No master can better prepare.

The ground on for colors to spread
Is faultless in taste to receive
Its spangles, gold, silver or lead,
Admit any taint to relieve.

Their shapes, like their colors, outrun
Wild fancy on wings to display—
To describe them one never is done,
To try, would our patience betray.

Yet color and shape is not all—
The wisdom to teach in their make,
For grouping on nature we call,
The fish of the sea for its sake.

Thus taste is not worthless as weed,
But holds a prime rank in our state ;
To virtue and knowledge will lead,
To manners and morals relate.

Nature, for reasons her own,
Which man is bound to respect,
On corners and angles would frown,—
Not cur'd if she any detect.

She teaches us well in the fish,
 As in animals all made beside—
 Of corners and angles her wish
 That there should be provision to hide.

Just so, if we in the mind look,
 For all her great work must contain,
 Accordance in curing some crook,
 The effect if not pliance the same.

In all shapes, in fish as in shells
 Devices hers, wisely proclaim
 Her institutes, colors and swells,
 Are sharpness of angles to tame.

Hence, there's not in that family,
 Group'd with grace and beauty to shine ;
 As gems of the deep flood sea—
 A corner for taste to repine.

It is of itself a kingdom of grace,
 Especially chaste in color and form ;
 To the mind a luscious repast,
 In its breake's by what they adorn.

There's a swell or a foil made bright,
 By color of red, blue or grey,
 Some tint that increases delight,
 The closer, the more we survey.

Of surface with blank look and bare,
 Among tribes it's comely to shun ;
 Each wanting some beauty to share—
 Lines waving with color to run.

All sameness—the like for like cause,
So tiring, too much in design ;
The mind seldom gives it applause,
Variety none to combine.

Notes, music allows to be quick—
Say toot toot toot, as of a row ;
Too long in the row, they too thick
Monotony surely to show.

Beauty, plain truth is much like,
When the passions have little to say ;
The reason and judgment to strike,
For season and place how array.

An angle's a bad thing to turn
Unless we are sober in deed ;
Experience abundant to learn,
How illy we often succeed.

I think in our youth it is best
To be taught all angles to shun ;
A fair course they should not molest,
Like those of the planets and sun.

Too much stress on beauty or aught
That lies in the path of our toil,
Will bring our best efforts to naught,
Or hope disappoint in our moil.

The human of all forms the palm
Bears clearly for beauty away,
All disgust at comers to calm—
There are none true taste to betray.

There's a swell or a wave or such ilk,
A shade or a fine little hair,
The roughness of angles to bilk—
A verge upon beauty to share.

The nose if too sharp like a point,
Or an angle dispos'd to assume ;
The eye holds a flash worth a mint,
The mouth for relief giveth room.

A swell or a taper of grace
All parts with the fingers adorn,
If they point, it is not to displace
Any beauty as crown to adorn.

The fervor of beauty though great,
Bespangling the ground where we tread
The purlieus, can only debate
Of fields where to freedom were led.

Good teacher it is if we know
How to praise it avoiding offence ;
All teaching is better like blow
Perfume to combine with the sense.

MUSIC, ART, HAPPINESS.

Air, art thou breath divine sent here,
Sister of ocean so distill'd
As suiteth life's outseeking ways—
A spirit holding them to cheer,
The soul with want of anguish fill'd ;
Response of thine full oft delays
If in the ocean's voice on zephyr's wing,
Or airy harp such welcome raptures bring.

The way is by thee clear and bright
Leading far to supernal sky,
From which good angels may look down
To scatter hence the gloom of night ;
For woes of earth all tears to dry,
Or choir's celestial music drown ;
'Tis so that in the soul these visions come,
No mortal hand to see by which they're done.

We listen and there is a voice
Breaks from the fields the wilds around—
Its chary birds, the harp-like trees,
Some living thing to make rejoice
Life in us, at the welcome sound,
Where sympathy with nature breathes
So measur'd in us ways fond steps we tread,
A kind regard seems everywhere outspread.

The air in power holds accord
Rich in variety to suit
All mental ones for harmony
It's like some million shreds fine spun
That tension more or less afford,
Vibrations graded loud to mute
Emotions with all which agree,
One in the other constant run—
To fill their time and place each so resolv'd,
Its fellow in no failure is involv'd.

It's like a wave the waters cast
Around a point disturb'd thereon,
At other points disturb'd, each pass
As freely, as if only one—

In air sometimes strange lights array—
The Romans counted with deep awe ;
Music and bells enchant at sea,
As spirits with sweet fingers play—
Heard plain by those who never saw
The soul to attest their exstacy.
Go where we will there is some sound to move,
To plead our pleasure, thankful to approve.

When man falls from appointed state,
To dwarf his soul by cruel ways,
The master don't his care suspend,
So with a hand of goodness great
From total wreck to keep him, lays
Rich fountains open wide, to send
Sweet sounds, all things to win his heart to stay
Where wisdom true, leads on the happy way.

Music depends to seek its ends
On elements the mind embrace,
Pulsating ever to a change ;
None other that more sweetly sends
Persuasive language change to grace,
Delight to dwarf its longest range ;
Each note so helps us on the throbbing way,
We like such most, most stirring are and gay.

Moods are variant, humors please,
Excite for grave or nimble sound ;
To touch the nerve, heart's yielding string,
One is a balm for sorrow's ease,
Best to induce a cheerful round—
Another courage fierce to bring,
Strange dainty organs that so nice a touch
Stirs up their empire for effect so much.

Each key finds in the mind a home,
As friend returning glad, if far
And long he stay'd to mourn away ;
The joy is mutual not for one—
So rapture leaves no room for jar
Who mutual kisses welcome pay ;
If grief had been and sorrow lingers there,
The calf is kill'd, each dance and supper share.

Of nature's make the tribe of birds
Are songsters, some of happy zeal,
To warble forth, if sharps and thirds
No harmony in concert yield ;
Each has an instinct note or song to swell,
In others lesson seldom to excell.

If gold and purple robes adorn,
No sign they are of chanting voice ;
Perhaps some vanity to shun,
Apt to attend attracting form ;
Neglect of inward worth, more choice
Charms that an outside flatter with high praise,
Is worthy most with modest mental ways.

Rich tho' their colors are with tint
Edging and fringe the glaucus to outvie,
All varied in their brilliant hues,
Their song close limits hold, or stint
Ill for such gaudy dress, to try
All purple robes one could excuse,
If plainer, simpler, with high talents crown,
Of voice and genius, worth, deserv'd renown.

The Organista pours a siren flood
Of plaintive tones, the ravish'd ear
Upon, its in-shades sylvan deep
Of groves primeval, cluster'd wood ;
You tarry, spell bound, when you hear
The liquid notes, vibrating sweet,
No gaudy plumage decks her grace of song,
To brown and cinnamon her robes belong.

Others fam'd of the praise they earn,
For finish'd excellence of song,
Of gaudy plumage do not learn,
The robes are homely which they don,

Yet these charm'd choristera throw in
Like Malabran, true music's fire,
Their chant to flash extatic beam,
Pouring from eye, the beating wing
Time keeping to poetic ire,
Without a soul, its fervid gleam.
What agitation trembles thro' the frame,
When throat distended ekes its highest strain.

The note that thrills like sun and air,
Holds ready fitness for all tribes,
All ears can understand, adore
Its like the providence whose care
No stolid ignorance divides
From comprehension of its love ;
It goes without interpreter its way,
Heart's ease and comfort homage wide to pay.

Who has not heard the true sublime
In Handel's choral, Mozart's theme,
Has miss'd immense an earthly bliss ;
Let him not fail from chance or time,
An opportune to mend his dream
Of earth's felicity in this.
'Twill in his heart create a noble thirst
For heav'n and harmony to guage his trust.

Yet one proud excellence is not
Enough, be it the most divine,
To build upon sure social gain,
We can't at pleasure's banquet stop
To feast the soul, there think to join
Wants many for successful aims
The sterner work firm teaching will demand,
In reason's broader way holds large command.

Which of all passions that are mov'd
For any happiness we meet,
Gives most or least delight to find,
Or by what station most approv'd ;
Debate allows like taste to eat,
For purpose good are all design'd.
Large banquet nature spreads on field and plain,
For all to feast, change, taste, and come again.

Take human races, brutes, all tribes
Of animals, the feather'd choir,
Sum'd up a countless, mingled host—
See where most happiness resides
In this or that possession or desire,
Sought after or esteem'd the most ;
See if the Merciful has not within their reach,
Made every place and rank most sure to teach.

Condition fix'd, we love its curse,
 Its burning welcome, if of hell,
 The passions can esteem, the worst
 Admit, but loth what doth excel.

Who rule the oppress'd and ignorant,
 Find profit in their vile estate ;
 Debasing crimes the more will grant,
 Oppression further to create.

The passions vile let loose to reign,
 Destroy and crush, to teach their ill ;
 Have brought to earth their bitter pain,
 With blood enough a sea to fill.

Yet where to stay some passions vile,
 Gain is not sought, but industry,
 The ignorant way holds less of guile,
 To live quite oft in harmony.

Music is nature's precious drug,
 Prepar'd to heal or soften woes
 Insidious that infest the nerves ;
 None with so fine a zest is dug
 From earth, or liniment compose
 To subtle purpose equal serves.
 Tho' medicines may heal a bruise or wound,
 In moral exigence do not abound.

All arts, pursuits may well agree
 To make their offerings for much good ;
 Strict morals in bare sumptuous see,
 The heart wants better neighborhood.

Greece had her arts with culture high,
Rome hers, with equal like intent,
As idols many close embrac'd,
Yet to the heart of millions nigh
They bro't no freedom to content,
Or rais'd a social state debas'd ;
While art to glory rose in her exalted mead,
Freedom and ballot knew no public need.

See the rich products of the soil,
Where fullness strives to crown the earth ;
Lombardy's plains the pontine swale,
Luxurious growth for farmers' moil ;
In lavish plenty reap'd with mirth,
Reward to meet no stint or fail.
In corn and wine, with rice and luscious roots,
All wants supplied, but none that freedom suits.

Honey and wax and silk with fold,
Full many of the shuttled loam,
Respond to treasures 'neath the ground,
If not of ore sure wealth unfold.
To give to enterprise due room,
Yet press'd and crush'd is plenty bound
To feel the tramp of foreign Austrian feet,
Doom more severe to curse earth's promis'd treat.

'Tis not enough o'er this fair scene,
A darksome cloud may rest to break,
The radiant sunshine from on high,
Distracting voices mock the dream,
Land curses peace may overtake,
Cause anguish in the soul to lie,
Free thot's forbidden or not us'd for right,
All social joy is ever doom'd to blight.

Proud edifice of art the Vatican,
 Along thy walls arts prizes glow
 Sculpture and painting meet the gaze,
 With beauty thy whole arch to span,
 In colors chasten'd as the bow,
 Forms with perfection to amaze,
 Yet tho' the soul with rapture is subdu'd,
 'Tis in decay with social want imbu'd.

Thy grandeur moulds the rust is on,
 Palace and temple topling down,
 The portico with jagged sides,
 Crumbles to waste and arches long,
 Boast nothing can but old renown,
 No tramp of swaying crowds divide,
 For passage to the Forum's full declaim,
 All perish'd are but a bare empty name.

Music I heard thy witching strain,
 Swell on the air to meet the heave,
 Of bosoms pulsing with delight,
 The answering welkin mov'd to claim,
 Responsive reck'ning should receive,
 All nature's gladness to invite,
 The dome, St. Peter's echo'd to the sound,
 Of music's prayer uplift with thrill profound.

Millions like voices with one loud
 Encore, shook the firm stucco'd wall,
 As peal on peal with rapture broke,
 O'er chantry thro' the kneeling crowd,
 With hearts and tongue uplift to call,
 As if the lofty more evoke,
 Me tho't if earth holds aught of ecstasy,
 Could satiate freedom's want, *Music* 'tis thee.

Nature is beauty's source and line,
As fountain vast from which to draw,
All forms, all shadows, color hue,
The sun a limner is design,
Of his is destitute of flaw,
In full proportion, just and true,
Tho' art and beauty in the mind may dwell,
The sun draws every blush their pencils tell.

Art as its promise has to grant,
The beauties and the forms, here, there,
As scatter'd far and wide to seem
Genius is but convenient loop
On which to hang the just and fair,
To make them suited more when done,
That the wide finish nature's points in all
May congregate to grace your house or wall.

The imitation of the vast
Creative wisdom in high Art,
Is moral as it is sublime ;
'Tis history of his works compass'd
Above what language can impart
To beautify the wings of Time.

Art too confers munificent
Entailments on the day and age,
Making of nature lessons to supply
Severer impress, slack intent,
New energies, induct, engage
Some vice for teachings to deny.
Impress on mind what nature has in view,
Deformity by beauty to subdue.

As with loose words we see thrown round,
 Wanting intensity, effect,
 They move not in the heart or soul,
 But when by art and genius bound
 And group'd, much harder to neglect
 Their power, or resist control,
 By which they subjugate the passions strong,
 To carry victory often when they're wrong.

Or like a lazy water pool,
 That's scarcely seen by passers by ;
 Or tho't of for its worth or use,
 But when it's gather'd by art's rule
 In fountains gushing in supply,
 To cast their jets and spray profuse,
 Or fall in graceful column in a stream—
 We stop to gaze, so natural does it seem.

Nothing artistic more can boast,
 Or higher in a useful scale
 Than those inventions saving time ;
 For human labor aiding most
 In needs the greatest that assail,
 With danger most from ignorant crime
 Our social bulwarks, that they totter, fall,
 Unless more time be gained to culture all.

Art stirs the land and stirs the sea,
 To fill our wants as they increase ;
 The strife is good, with just employ,
 But want with art will not agree—
 To be content it's strife to cease,
 It must its victory to enjoy,
 Invent and labor with incessant skill,
 Enough, man's destiny can never fill.

It has a fame to earn and wear,
As jewel precious in the nation's ear—
An honest fame, that gets fast friends,
For which all hearts are bound to care ;
Whose want is with'ring, coward fear,
Of need to feel no one defends,
To be a knave is worse than leprosy,
Tho' shun'd in this, conscience makes joyous free.

It's happiness an anchoret
To be, a bonze to robe in filth,—
To set in squalid garb demure,
Making all sunshine black as night
Upon the mind ; to creep with stealth
From den or roost, best, most obscure,
To think the least, to say or do, but mope
Will heaven's glory to the victim ope.

Or yet again to have a joust,
A carnival, a rant, a fete,
Rampant with saturnalean crank,
In which of wit and sense the most,
Horse laughter must its fellow greet
If rife the most in monkey prank ;
The more with mire and filth to pelt and throw,
If not more decent, yet more happy grow.

Thus happiness is made to come
Or grow to suit, as native soil
Or culture most we add ;
It may be wise, but then the dumb
Is often in some anxious toil,
To make the comely ape the sad ;
It's in some natures, with transforming power,
To make the base the beautiful devour.

With air, with blossoms too, with faith,
 Opinions duty all the same—
 They have a latitude to each
 And all, yet as ejected waif,
 Lie, till to occupy and claim
 The mind, the latitude they reach
 Which gives them temper to befit, adorn,
 Of this the pleasure, that to be the scorn.

One throb is in the heart to beat,
 Responsive to the one before ;
 All nerves and fibres 'bey the call—
 Answer alike in their retreat,
 Or nod their thrill to wait one more,
 Not felt, from life its certain fall :
 So nature's one vast throb holds to supply
 Her wants, stop'd not, unless it be to die.

'Tis happiness to see the flowers,
 The cactus and the coffee bloom ;
 Orange, citron, azelia sweet,
 Deep glossy leaves each bud embowers,
 As tangled masses shed perfume,
 On every side the senses greet,
 E'en up the flowers mount to nether sky,
 To kiss its blue with red and purple dye.

The spice and gums rich odors shed—
 The cane, the cocoa, agave, yield
 Juices and fruits of values prize,
 Vanilla, yams, salute the tread,
 Or clust'ring o'er the tangled field ;
 Mangoes and ferns, with palms of size
 And beauty to astonish with their growth,
 For why such sumptuous lavishment of both.

The sky is rich in its deep blue—
The air a balmy softness lends
To enervate. The torrid sun
Pours down, forever to renew
Spring, summer, autumn sends,
Glaucus or sear'd together come,
With flowers, fruit and leaves to smile and go
Gaily to laugh, who winter never know.

Yet further to adorn and win
The rapt'rous senses—to excite
Due pleasure by her finish'd art,
Nature no variance stinted in
Beauties to feather'd tribes invite
All that could pencil'd tints impart ;
The Toucan's color, the Flamingo's blaze,
With mingl'd wonders others to amaze.

Here drops the medicated gum,
Resins and bark with myers, warm spice
Much sought and precious held to be,—
Variegated woods and dyes, with some
Whose hues by brilliance arts entice,
To polish'd life of high degree ;
Distance of origin, rich value to supply,
To much which fashion rates at prices high.

No reason'd wish survives the hour
That nature plenty boastful throws
Within the idle lap, to cloy
The sated senses, shorn of power,
To sit a watchful guard on want ;
Industry asks no toiling blows,
That threaten'd scarcity employ,
Idleness and vice make pleasures vaunt
To rule man's destiny forever, where
A vapor bath the sun and clime prepare.

Men play with men as monkeys jest
 Or play, with other monkeys chatter,
 Then throw the fruit of cannon ball,
 Or nip the vermin that infest
 The cuticle—a common matter,
 Nipping and sipping measure all ;
 Monkeys alone have not a right to claim
 All honors that invest a nipping fame.

It is happiness to see the snow
 Lay glittering on the mountain's cap,
 While at its base the torrid sun
 Makes orange and the citron grow ;
 In plants and trees the vernal sap
 Forces the buds and flowers to come,
 O'er valleys deep, with base extending wide,
 The rocky cliffs fresh verdure ever hide.

To stand and view far as the eye
 Can gather in the blooming scene
 Of varied tint, of vale and swell,
 Contrasted with the glacier high,
 Is offering beauty the supreme
 In one, sweet landscape painted well,
 Including mountains, bearing polar ice,
 With bloom and verdure, fit for Paradise.

Yet more to make unique the grand—
 For contrast its sublime effect,
 To heighten for admiring gaze,
 Mountains on fire, tow'ring stand,
 Casting afar athwart direct,
 Their curling smoke and lurid blaze—
 The day to beautify, as from their light
 Casts up a grandeur more thro' shades of night.

So all that makes the less or more,
The flower, the monkey, than the man,
A torrid sun some office keeps,
For purpose nature has in store,
To teach what's due in every land,
By vigilance that never sleeps,
Varied to suit the wild, the tame, here, there,
No space deserted that should wisdom share.

The sand that burns Sahara's plain
Upon, or scorches its dry thirst,
That vegetation drinks no dew,
Wide use to other lands the gain ;
Arising from its torrid dust—
More genial temperament to strew :
So thro' a barrenness cause up to spring
More than their lack in other good they bring.

Yet in these zones so scath'd and sear'd,
There laughs delicious nonsense wide,
Profusely met, also rich store
Of simple manners scantily bleared,
With stately vices to deride
Order and law, not known before ;
Men gather from their daily wants, advice
Unvalu'd till is felt their daily price.

But happiness don't stop to find
An object, suited as to mend
Morals or life, or any care—
So grasps as passions prompt the mind,
Whatever covertly they send—
Alike all seem to give due share ;
Thus hurri'd, life is set and mix'd all through
With good and ill, just as they prompt to do.

It's happiness to dip and stain
 Your hands polute with kindred blood—
 As 'twas on St. Bartholomew ;
 The million on that day were slain,
 Cut down and murder'd where they stood :
 Like holocost, the men who slew,
 Deem'd it a deed of grateful flavor,
 Like unctious feast with spicy savor.

If men themselves to devils turn,
 Insisting happiness 'tis to find
 In deep carnation of all filth—
 I only say if fingers burn
 They do, 'twas not for them designed—
 Unless by reason fair, no stealth ;
 It can be prov'd as nature's fast desire
 To make for fingers the best place hot fire.

'Tis not so alway, there's a long
 Proud list to name, o'er land and sea,
 Of men who think of heav'n's behest ;
 Who in their hearts concieve not wrong
 Of prayer for earth's felicity—
 Wishing the worst, would learn the best,
 As safest, noblest, glorious in its fold,
 Of price beyond what earth's proud wealth has told.

No limits known to varying taste,
 Built on for happiness as want ;
 Invention kills to make anew,
 Some other never deemed a waste ;
 Supply augmenting which to grant,
 Demand still faster to pursue—
 Like a parch'd earth, drinks in the copious rain,
 Yet famish'd seems, oft as it pours again.

There's jollity and mirth—the play,
The dance, the sports of field and flood,
The crowd approve and daily try—
Pleasure has claims we can't delay ;
In time for action with the mood,
Labor would better speed supply
The difficulty with pleasure's want of time,
Set well with health and order to combine.

It's happiness the land to till—
To dig its roughness all away,
With even furrows make it shine,
To plant the plain, the vale and hill ;
The growth to tend from day to day,
To set and prune for fruit the vine—
Rewards well promis'd for the toil's repay,
With most content come with the rural way.

It's happiness to hear the cattle low—
The music of the horse's neigh,
The notes of gladness from all kine,
Joy comes from plants to bloom that grow ;
As those whose seed and fruit repay
Sweet cares that rural arts combine—
At morn all fresh to busy field who goes,
Lord of the soil, at night meets glad repose.

It's happiness to hear the song
Of chaunting birds in round relay—
To see them tend their callow young—
Instinctive wisdom never wrong,
O'er plants and tribes of constant sway,
Examples taught by nature's tongue ;
Cheering the farmer in his sturdy toil,
To gather home rich product of the soil.

There's company in rural life,
In every plant and beast around ;
All growth is company to cheer,
Next to his home, his children, wife,
To whom his heart is closely bound
By ties of love unmeasur'd, dear—
Ties that to break, profane as ever ban'd,
Be him who lifts a violating hand.

The plowman whistles to his field,
Haw, gee, to land to keep his steed ;
Turns up the soil to count the yield,
Before he scatters in the seed.

Blest toil is that which two returns,
Console the thrifty worker's pains ;
Ones sates his mind before he earns,
T'other his pocket fills with gains.

Others have cares and trouble much,
Their work alive ahead to keep ;
The farmer's by a timely touch,
Gains ripe reward while he's asleep.

His children given to bless or blur
Expected peace in his old age,
Depending much what to prefer,
Their plastic minds as best engage.

Ruin lies in the pamper'd means,
Fond parents lavishly outlay ;
While cultur'd toil a rank redeems,
Worth more than riches find to pay.

He feeds and feels his heart to swell,
By kindness nobler thot's arise ;
The grains he strews come back to dwell,
As bounties foster'd, 'neath the skies.

The dumb are teachers, sent to try
Our nature, and our hearts improve ;
One in their daily wants supply,
As ours are by eternal love.

We meet the brute, each wants have some,
The same we daily meet a brother ;
Oppression in the heart for one,
Will stop not when we meet the other.

Against a faithful servant sure,
Who for us spends his heart's best strength,
The cruel lash we can't endure,
His blood to taste the bitter length.

The mind the plant is greatly like,
Fresh earth dug round it day by day,
The root the deeper down will strike,
Reward of harvest richer pay.

Watch well the mind, be sure to know
Its strength by culture too will come ;
'Twill prove a wall against the blow
Of sickness, oft no other one.

There is a glory for all art,
Reflected forth like solar light ;
In foreign lands a luster bright,
An honest fame to win the heart.

The laws of happiness look more
 To mind, its state, than honors, wealth ;
 Small means who have on any score,
 May turn them to some mental health.
 True happiness in no condition lies,
 It is the mind its current worth supplies.

Go plow the main, earth's further reach,
 In search of happiness, content ;
 At home the heart their worth may teach,
 Despite of the vain toil thus spent.

Mock happiness abounds, it's but
 A smile forc'd on some bad affair,
 Or heart that's fretful, out of tone ;
 Shame may the door of discord shut,
 Appearances commend their share,
 To last till people are alone :
 If longer, 'tis the better so they may,
 Forget, or mend the evils that betray.

The sea is happiness as much
 To be upon as is the land ;
 It has its music and loud roar,
 Its ripple foam, with surge to touch
 The clouds, then sway away to strand,
 'Gainst rocks the tow'ring volumes pour.
 Wave after wave, a fearful power in each,
 In distance lost, yet on to others reach.

At night to ride upon its wave,
 With keel all bath'd in living fire,
 See fish with flames make sport and play,
 The dullest must of rapture crave ;
 Deserv'd of wonder to inspire,
 Surprise the more, not seen by day.

Deep wonders holden by romantic sea,
Of legends full of myths and poesy.

There's Fata Morgana that dwells in the wave,
Keeps ethereal brushes to paint in the sky,
Life's doings by men, their favor to crave,
To fill them with marvels' unmeasur'd supply ;
While fairy-like Blink in his icy abode,
Mounts up to his place tall ships of the road.

What wonder, what pleasure it gives us to know
Our affairs far above are receiving such grace,
Our houses, ourselves, our ships in a row,
In the sky find all lustrous a place,
There to shine in new beauty and burnish of art,
Like spirits more charm'd to seem who depart.

There's many a light, as often a bell,
With a deep, thrilling song the mermaids sing,
Long supposed on, tho' deep, their tale to tell,
If we see them not, yet loud is their ring,
And specter'd ships have flown swift o'er the main,
As if dark omen'd fate to tell they came.

What bliss is his, who 'mid the sky
Of wondrous world, or earth with robes
Of varied lustrous things to view,
Can find deep counsels free to try ;
Content and wisdom their abodes
Will shun, the strifes vain to pursue ;
Nor will he envy's schemes and plots for wealth,
Order distracting, banes of social health.

It's not in climes or ardent sun,
In wealth, its promises of joy,
Can lengthen happiness begun,
But either may or not destroy :
More is it in the mind with cultur'd aims,
Turns ills apparent into virtuous gains.

If you the spleen or vapors plague,
Or life's gay current seems to back,
Upon some painful theme tho' vague,
Or business thrift begins to slack—
Perhaps for cause and no one that you know,
The humors have forsaken wonted flow.

Take Music as your friend, a maid
Who never jilts or moody grows,
With sparkling voice, a cheerful aid
You'll find her, for the soul's repose ;
Her message seems divine, we can't devise
Or measure fountains that the charm supplies.

It sometimes rains, and thick without,
Vapors hang heavy and would seem
Disquietude your hearth about
To mingle in domestic scene ;
To snatch it's wise from every ache and pain,
Of pangs some portion ekeing out life's gain.

Call on her with her sweet guitar,
Piano, flute or violin—
For songs at every closing bar,
You'll find a growing charm within ;
Charms that celestial joys, inspir'd tongue
Have oft with harp and choir divinely sung.

Music, thy voice has been to me
As rest and shade in weary land,
A power blest like breeze at sea,
When vessel nears a rocky strand ;
A pillow'd cloud when troubl'd visions lie
Like sultry realms, beneath an arid sky.

I would not give thy soothing balm,
Thy thrills to temper, still, a woe,
To rob the victor of his palm,
All red with high ambition's glow ;
Without thee cold must seem the feeble pray'r
That asks of heaven for an entrance there.

I would not give thee for the gold
That Eldorado has in store ;
'Twould make me sad such wealth to hold—
Deprived of thee I must be poor :
Wealth is but bitter ashes as a dross
To drooping spirit feeling music's loss.

There comes a time, it comes to all,
When those we love have pass'd away—
That mem'ry will some scenes recall,
That in the heart's recesses lay ;
As shadows left there lie as if conceal'd
Till music wakes them into tears reveal'd.

There is a time of battle's strife,
Calls men to arms for liberty,
Who freely peril blood and life—
Trusting in God devotedly ;
Then martial music swells a stirring strain,
With cheering voice to shake the bristling plain.

There is a time when festive boards
Are spread for social mirth and joy—
An age of bliss an hour affords,
Unmix'd with cup that holds alloy ;
Then music breaks with answering welcome swell,
To the tides of joy that 'bounds a festive spell.

A simple pipe, when play'd away
Where the charm'd waters gently float,
As moon beams dance and stars shine gay,
The air all hush'd by its liquid note.

There's a balm in the soul at such an hour,
To banish away a world full of care ;
It seems to awaken a blissful power
Of rapture, more than is human share.

An echo each note, it seems to have more,
As swelling, then flowing and trilling 'mid air,
Grows fainter, then fuller, then softer, to pour
Fairy snatches of song up mingling there.

Don't trust a fond heart too long in its spell,
Or list to deep sighs, like tears on its strain ;
Rash vows may follow, embitter its swell,
Tho' joyous if now, if forgotten bring pain.

A GAME.

War is a happy game, men play
At foils, or in the tented field,
The same to do at cards or dice ;
They make their pray'rs in the same way,
The future tempting, that its yield,
Rabid of change, becomes a vice ;
Men seldom suffer vows to moderate,
But throw in fuel to exasperate.

Religion in some minds is not so bad
As gaming, furor they postpone—
That's set to conquer intellect,
Patient of promise to make glad,
Leaves reason to assert her throne ;
The passion seeking to neglect,
Than gaming worse it is a Bonze to be,
That makes a passion of stupidity.

To thrust in out of time, no matter what—
Insisting on it as a horse to ride
Thro' thick and thin, to any goal,
Is vice, being all that vice has got
To boast of, that can virtue chide ;
Unreason'd time to give control—
The heat, the passion, and the haste beside
Untim'd some vice the issue will provide.

All things the mighty plac'd are fit
For our esteem—they can't be wrong ;
Nor is a weapon or a blade
Whose edge for the heart's blood is set,
Guilty of shedding it, belong
This does to passions that persuade ;
Excess is in the cup, or every drop
Would comfort give, evil avoid or stop.

Some call it moderation—some
Conservative, good common sense ;
The name we need not now dissect,
To minds of certain mold 'twill come—
To others fierce 'tis an offence,
Often arising from neglect,
Or ignorant causes, that so intervene
Our duty and the proper time between.

Some men wear tails, or only one—
It is the shortest argument of merit ;
Without them, wanting due respect—
To put them on is power begun,
Wanting a reason to defer it,
That for a passion we neglect
The shortness, if the tail be over long
Proving in reason, making power strong.

The Javanese will game away
His body's freedom or life's best,
That all the losses means to pay
His honor never fails the test ;
Goes like a servile dog, when won to serve
A life of bondage, honor to preserve.

Men all or nearly, want to cast
Their bark upon an ocean wide,
To tempt and try some destiny,
That's not included in the past ;
To see how far it will decide
Something or nothing, to descry
Be it a bubble or blue-bottle fly—
To give their greed some sate in its supply.

The savage will sit down on earth,
At any simple game, for days
To play, till hunger pinches hard ;
In him it is no vice, from birth
Chance universal wins and sways—
Life's cast as any dice prepar'd,
To win or lose his morals or his mind,
To win or lose are equally resign'd.

The white man in a better moral taught—

 Holds the old levin just as strong—

It's nurs'd and pamper'd with an art,

 A sybil's fortune to endow ;

Forms various for enticement sought,

 With some the pleasure to prolong ;

Involvement intricate impart,

 Oft by apt skill, yet more allow

The pleasure's greatest that the wits deride,

Leaving to chance or knavery to decide.

Some games are like our counting beads,

 To keep the mind from running down—

 Its flatness being hard to bear

Where burthen'd some relief succeeds ;

 In bare positions change, that's found

 Two shoulders more than one will wear—

Change innocent or proper some propounds,

While others gall us by their fatal wounds.

Stop gaming, stop the ceaseless flood

 Of fountains filling ocean deep—

 Where nature must divest its own,

To beat the heart receives its blood ;

 So time fit changes all to keep,

 Incessant plies to lead us on ;

The strongest current on the way it sets,

Lies in the future, brightest hope begets.

Men count their fingers that's a game,

 Their tho'ts the hair that's on the chin

 Hunt a musquito or a fly,

Or larger animal the same,

 Whistle or hum all comfort bring,

 Or to kill time to help us try,

To stop them is like stopping breath to mend,

Whose breath is out can never more offend.

We can starch men so stiff and tight,
There's danger any skin to bend,
It's best to keep them very cool,
All natural warmth however slight,
Some wicked tho't is sure to lend,
To violate of starch the rule,
This bent of doing proper, is to watch the mind
To stop it, in most things, for it design'd

Open the door that God has made,
To let the flowers and their perfume,
Come out to beautify, angment
Our social pleasure and persuade,
To dalliance innocent, full room,
To give, to foster good intent,
In all their various use we find,
But not to an *excess* of any kind.

This is our nature on to build,
There is no other to insure,
The safe successful to and wise,
With taboo when you think to guild,
This, that, or something else the pure,
Thereby expecting up to rise,
Each has a taboo for his fanci'd ill
In turn all simple joys to mar or kill.

The excess may in the cup repose,
The feast contain it in its glnt,
The hobby that we mount to ride,
In all we do it may disclose,
It's wrong, some rightful door to shut,
To offer violence as guide,
It surely lies in every days concern,
That would of anger, some vile passion learn.

It's in the fast as well as slow,
Our labor prays or deep intent,
In all for God or self we do,
When made exclusively to show,
In this or that, we can't invent,
One thing all other's to forego,
God's in them all time proper, place to guage,
The sin excess is one too hot to wage.

The hours of labor eight each day,
Eight for the mind, for food and dress,
And recreation fit to choose,
Eight for repose and prayer to say,
With each reflection, more or less,
On duties kindness can't refuse,
These hours if any spent some other way,
We charge them to some social debt they pay.

Ship loads of volumes have been pen'd,
To prove some little deed a vice,
Not game, but play at pawns or cards,
Some idle tho'ts the heav'ns offend,
Our stealth or secrecy entice,
Teaching the false to interlard,
Making a thing indifferently wise,
Instead of proper time, to hide with lies.

Avaunt, Ye wretched craft essay'd,
To wimble mind and thrust distress,
Thro' the sham ulcers painted there,
Cheating of the unbounded field,
Of heavenly plats to cheer array'd,
By wisdom high design'd to bless,
As seeing the whole race might share,
Consoling gratitude their yield,
The abundaance heaven bestrewn no crime,
God not forgetting thro' his gifts to shine.

The adornment of the head with flowers,
To spangle with a gem the neck,
If this offend the hills and vales,
Are guilty by his own sweet mean,
As the vast heav'ns arch that towers,
These brilliants in profusion deck,
Effulgence with that never pales,
More welcome bright the more they seem,
To beautify this stool if that be sin,
Heaven's vast delight lies most therein.

Don't God love rivers and the flow,
Of the vast tidal living sea,
Man, and the cunning brute beside,
The partaree of flowers that blow,
O'er all earth's bed if such it be,
Deck'd out as for a living bride,
Why else he made them but for his delight,
His fondness in them ours to invite.

SOCIAL POWER AND RELATIONS.

Act far the greatest man can do,
Is to upfound the social state,
Resting to cause on its true base,
Found Empire, greatest to pursue,
Of works the high to imitate,
Almighty's Orbs all find due place,
The harmony that's his man can't insure,
Yet imitation nearest makes most pure.

Work greatest, for its millions sway,
That hang upon the issue to provide,
For hope not blighted in its race,
Nor send in their false trust away,
Scoffers of those who did confide,
To make to find that trust disgrace,
The Solatair who builds with his best aim,
Can nothing found, but selfish poverty for gain,

Affairs the social take a gyre,
With strange philosophy beset,
From whence it came or how it got,
Ascending is matter long
Few care and fewer will enquire,
How proper teaching pays a debt,
We owe a social vice to blot,
The selfish passion values wrong,
'Tis not so much the amount of any store,
But values just of little counts them more.

To reason on it is to know,
Matter and mind he form'd his will,
Is in them both to teach his sway,
The heavens all things beside,
In million forms are all to show,
The *social nature* and to fill,
The teaching purpose day by day,
No moment from us to divide,
Why else immensity would he invest
All full, but that we read his true behest.

The stars are social in their light,
They seem to beckon us and say,
In their soft beds of ether made,
Come to my bosom silver bright,
It's so refreshing here to stay,
Each color gives its cheerful aid,
To vary visions in communion sweet,
As social pleasure mental raptures meet.

You miss me when some murky cloud,
Shuts out my presence from your home,
Or on the sea you sail at night,
Old memories will our fancy crowd,
A wish for me again to come,
To sprinkle rays for your delight,
As on the pampas wild and lonely wide,
I've often been your company and guide.

You know I often watch full late
When you are with your lady far,
Away to hold a sweet debate,
To guide you home your silver star.

The welkin of this world we stud,
As diamonds with a lustre pure,
Of light to send a social flood,
Which countless realms for bliss allure.

The sea how does it speak and say,
To us when standing on its shore,
Asking of sea why wert thou made,
My waters many mingling sway,
For social contact ever pour
The sun and moon my bed invade,
Were I not chaste tides nestling progeny,
In fames wide mouth, would find for slander plea.

The sturdy mariner will stand,
Or fondly to my shore will come
To greet me in his social way ;
O sea, I love thee more than land,
On thy dear bosom I'm at home,
I sigh for thee, the live long day,
Ah, if his arms could span so far and wide,
H'd clasp me as his special chosen bride.

I stir with life for social tho't,
Rich stores, I hold a vast supply,
To feed my children, millions wait,
Gold never has my bounty bo't,
I freely feed, or they would die,
They come to me in every straight,
'Twas social wisdom, I was made to fill,
Broad as my means of bounty is my will.

The stars however, pursue their ray,
Send down sweet messengers at night,
As dazzling silver color'd gleams,
Fine powder'd pollen like they lay,
To rock in, make my cradle's bright,
To woo and kiss me in my dreams,
While I'm as chaste as any ice or snow,
Its only to be social that I know.

Whose seen the sea by a glowing sun,
Has seen vast grandeur in its wave,
At night who views its South broad space,
The cross hung on empurpled blue,
Unutter'd, wonder seas begun,
The sky, deep brilliant purple cave,
White fleecy clouds bank'd in advance,
Black sooty mouths protruding through,
The stars refulgent with a tripple power to shine,
Looks on a glory contrast makes divine.

The sea is social by its winds,
Its currents sweeping where are need ;
Who studies in them, always finds
Some social use they ever heed.

The earth is social in its beds
Of rocks, all climes they superpose,
Each on some family, kin, or near
Color, fracture, endurance spreads,
Some kindred nature to disclose,
Of social empire that they rear ;
In every clime the wanderer finds of home
In an old friend a pebble or a stone.

Emerald precious in its green,
Deep, rich and lustrous as the sea ;
A Beryl call'd when blue or pale—
Opal with divers hues, with flame
In some a living fire to seem,
Garnet finds for its family,
In colors as their shades prevail ;
Divers to be so is the name
All waters, shades of beauty, kindred take,
A path for pleasure, bonds of trade to make.

Kohi-noor, monarch in his might,
Of diamondom, a shining reign,
No vulgar subjects to annoy,
Where faces all are clear and bright ;
The rank of each in merits plain,
No other's right can one enjoy—
A true Republic, where by his own light,
No one casts shadow on another's right.

The metals each a power owns—
Some large, some of a smaller sway,
With different laws to rule their use ;
The Iron bountifully loans
To common wants of every day,
The millions need not to refuse,
'To give in toil and all great schemes of life,
In civil doings or in martial strife.

Gold of much power boasts with pride,
To be a slave in social climes,
Yet rules both kings and the vast crowd,
Whose value labor's toils provide ;
Which serves to measure vice and crime,
Buys bread to daily wants allow'd :
'The beggar's pray'r, the rich one's ruling theme,
'The miser's angel, and the toiler's dream.

It is so cause the mind must act
In strict accordance to its state,
From its revolving at the time—
'Then serving most to win, attract,
Seeing no different want or fate—
Advantage most with it to chime ;
All things presented are for good effect,
Time's fashion fail may for a due respect.

Most minds, like diamond in the rough,
Which need the force of hand and wheel
'To bring their value out to light,
Hard pliances on substance tough,
Requir'd are to make them yield
Their wealth and treasure for delight ;
'The crowd but little know of the true test,
How value raised in one enrich the rest.

It's true, with labor hard and sweat,
As anxious looking for the gain,
While on the wheel the diamond's plied,
Some flaw our task appears to fret ;
Its loss of value giving pain,
Yet others with success are tried ;
True, patient merit having of our own,
May reach the value of a mind or stone.

Avoiding the excess o'ercloud,
Gold never would a true desert
Of worth in any mind or deed ;
There's time and place for both allow'd,
The preference best we should assert—
Neglecting was not so decreed,
But violates the healthy rule to choose,
Corrupting one another is to lose.

The earth is social in the home
It gives its millions to revere,
Fondest of names the heart invites,
There cherish'd social raptures come ;
No other name we love so dear—
None that with equal joy delights,
No matter where the clime, or cold, or sear'd,
One little spot is there the most rever'd.

The leafy dingdom has a speech—
Persuasive utterance, winning word,
Teaching of many social ways,
Climes, circles thro' the earth to reach,
In all its uses to be heard,
In social lessons no delays ;
'Tis joy—the flowers give the precious fruit,
Hold life-like bounty every need to suit.

I'm weary, and thy grateful leaf
A shade provides for rest, repose ;
I'm thirsty, and thy cordial juice
Pours nectar to assuage the grief,
Or bread for hunger with thee grows—
Deni'd thy bounty deems abuse
No social want to thy neglect pertains,
'Thou mountains fill, and strew with good the plains.

Thy careful watch is on each slope,
Declivity, and causes all
That makes it needful in thy tribes,
As climate changes to give scope
For kinds adopted to each call—
To cherish or that cure provides ;
'Tis in thy vast variety of kinds and worth
'That empire social spreads at every birth.

'Thou keeps the seasons like a seer,
Well learn'd in things that wisely come—
The date is with thee, and thou knows'
The change of every clime and year ;
The dress that's proper to put on,
Be it of buds perfuming blows,
Or luscious fruits, and when and where it's best
For every day to wear a bridal dress.

To know thy name foretells thy rank—
Thy qualities to show advance,
Thy fame exalting more or less,
It's kindness in thee which we thank ;
So much our profit to enhance,
In the nice cutting of thy dress,
The belles may envy thee in thy choice way,
Of looking fine who fashion don't obey.

Thy kind politeness seems inbred,
Attested by thy messengers
Thou sends avant to let us know
Of thy perfume, so sweetly sped
The local that thy name prefers ;
So whisper'd thro' thy opening blow,
By leaves and stem and petals to proclaim
And other signal, patent signs they name.

The world enamor'd so thereby,
To foreign lands will anxious hie,
To make acquaintance, if for gain,
It seems like friendship's social tie—
Why not install it as the same ?
There scarcely is a limit to thy means allow'd,
Some social tendency to give the crowd.

There is in mind, say what one will,
An instinct that the plants accord—
Each grows for beauty, if the soil
And culture do such object fill ;
Good qualities that each afford,
Are never reach'd, neglecting toil—
If not the same apparent are in both,
Each mended is as good the other doth.

The plants say to the mind, I can
Coquette as well as you, and change
My form and dress in such a way,
The task to know just what I am—
My class and family to arrange,
Is so perplexing that you may
My bud and flower look upon, inspect—
Yet whether flesh or flower not detect,

Don't charge the plants with an intent
Of fickleness, for vain display,
Because of Austral dress so queer—
Athwart some grow, with branches sent
As leaves abun't from common way ;
The pattern that you most revere,
Has many twists outside and often in,
Reason to straighten if we right begin.

The Mighty made the sun, behold
How bright to all it breaks to shine—
None can dispute its conquering ray,
But lesser orbs he cast in mold,
With splendor not so much to join,
Not seen at all amid the day ;
Still fainter in their light do some appear,
Not known if nebula they be or sphere.

The same in all his works, tho' plain,
The social bond at its full noon,
In the great work there is to do,
Both for the social and the private gain ;
For action both, with ample room,
The former oft is faint to view,
Tho' like the sun, the larger work stands out,
Making the path of duty clear of doubt.

Extremes no matter what in plant,
Their growth invites to variegate,
It's so, that science may extend—
Enrich the mind without, we can't
No limit seeing these create,
Imagination will distend ;
Thankful we should be for the smallest flower,
For each and all instruct in social power.

A simple flower, don't it it touch
The heart or some affection strike,
Revive a memory often dear,
Of absent friends we can't forget,
Perhaps now gone, tho' valu'd much,
Frail hope we ever meet the like,
Those bands of youth sweet flowers cheer,
Are fond and pure us amulet,
Crowds deck'd for gala-making ever gay,
Friendship in pleasure, never to betray.

The mind a limit has its bound,
Uphove by current time, expand
It must as things new place assume,
Their names if for a limii found,
Arranging wisdom to command,
Eternity gives ample room,
There is no shortness that the mind detects,
Infinity, supposing it neglects.

Joy comes with putting in the seeds,
The seasons promise to repay,
The germ is pleasant to behold,
Its tender growth our kindness needs,
To watch it ripening day by day,
New pleasure hourly to unfold,
The harvest comes with rapture in its sheaves,
With smiling plenty that the barn receives,

The hills rejoice, the grapes full cheek,
Borrows of August modest blush,
Like that a maiden's coy assumes,
When certain matters of we speak,
But vanish soon, while grapes full flush,
With ripen'd purple dye perfumes,
For vintage soon, the merry maids and men invite,
Rich blood to press, of old a world's delight

Where is the man, who has, not so
Who lacks a heart of grateful sense,
A mind to feel the bounties thrown
By nature, vast and rich their flow
His life upon, not recompense
Deserv'd, unfelt to be unknown,
The bounty all for him to bless and raise,
To kindly feeling if too hard for praise.

Plants we may cultivate and tend,
To improve in some by better growth,
Nature a flavor, yet must lend,
For seed and mind create in both.

Without thee plants thy flower and seed,
Thy root and bark so rich to cull,
Thy stem and branch and leafy shade,
The world were dreary turn'd indeed,
Of cheerful toil thy fruit is full,
Gone, gone, a desert earth were made,
Mountains and plains uncloth'd, with thy rich robe,
A desert parch'd unfit for man's abode.

Who taught to fowls the air who wing,
To congregate in flocks and say,
There's safety more and counsel too,
That social neighborhood must bring,
In their long journeys such array,
More cheerful in support as they pursue,
The trackless air, in foreign climes to rest
Untaught, a home to find, be it their rest.

Who their instructor to select a cleft,
Or rugged ground the most obscure,
Or morass as their need befits,
That too, not of all food benefit.
Most wisely suited to secure,
Their colony as proof admits.
Their seasons and their time, they count to know,
As if by register 't were made to show.

And then there kindness heaven born,
Sent down to smoth a rugged way,
Those homeless and cast out to die,
A ray to cheer them thus forlorn,
Can any heart refuse to pay
Who sees dumb things in anguish lie,
Your very dog will watch you in your woe,
To save your life will risk his own to go.

Whatever else betide there might
If kindness of the brute were learn'd,
Evil would hide away in shame ;
'Tis thine to do with seem'd delight,
Where filthy dross is not discern'd,
Reward of its own heart to claim
This is the spirit, only which adorns,
Without it, charity but more deforms.

The gentle tribes most numerous are,
And most our social pleasure win,
Ferocious ones, as scourge we view,
Seekers of blood to them compare
They die where social rights begin
Perish'd sweet mem'ry never drew
To any deed of promise that accords
To them a bliss, the social heart awards.

Tigers and cats, if partly tam'd
Are worthy of suspicious trust,
Our confidence may prove a snare ;
The lamb for gentleness is nam'd,
The dog's fidelity, we must
With fortitude attach'd declare,
A teacher worthy, in his best estate¹
Of admiration, wanting no debate.

The horse, of all man's social pride
Of animals, must head the list,
The Ox, a faithful drudge besure
Intelligence, of speed, as guide,
Courage, no trifles can resist
Docility that makes secure,
A fortitude in all his lofty ways,
For horse or rider win a world of praise.

Far from his home, tho' toiling hard
By many a weary league oppress'd,
His burthen with a cheerful pace,
Bearing, tho' chance it chafe and gall,
With courage darkness, cant't retard
On urging to his home of rest,
With step secure, the way will trace
Thro' danger human skill would pall,
To find that home, tho' drear the night and late,
His speed is constant to its joyful gate.

As artist's binds and brutes excel
To make their social life compare,
Much nearer to a high desert,
It's like a want of home to dwell
In them, such structures as they rear
A fitness always to assert,

All clean as if they knew a slut at home,
Was a bad bargain better to have none.

And is it nothing that they're wise
In their condition, all it asks
To, do as if long school'd and train'd,
As various duties for them rise,
Promptly to do the hardest tasks
By moral falsehood not restrain'd ;
Their leaders chosen for their flight or roam,
Don't sign a bond, yet no betrayal known.

Look on the sun or double star
From these down to the smallest mote,
That plays the sun-beams on
Systems and details, teachers are
A social purpose, all promote
For our advance to help along—
The smallest holds a rank we can't dispense,
The largest not more needed in that sense.

All plants and animals first made
With equal wisdom in each class ;
Condition suiting wants suppli'd,
No failure in the smallest mite—
Then man exalted more in grade,
Is he with wisdom less to pass
Than other's, yet the most deni'd,
Who most requires not to slight ;
Surely it is so, the work no discord shows
Each one is serv'd, just as it wants and knows.

THE WANTS OF ALL.

Some have hard shells, that well defend—
Some a skin that's bullet proof,
An arrows speed on other takes
Careful to each the maker lends,
The best of shields in its behoof—
If strength or cunning safety makes,
Its given with all that wisdom adds most sure
That life and wants, by means the best secure.

There's in that range, vast as the light
Of sun and stars omit their fires,
No single spot without his care
Each ray demands an oil to feed ;
Expires by neglect or oversight,
Different means each want requires,
Millions on millions as they are,
Yet all are served in what they need ;
The smallest mote with orb that rolls to shine,
His equal care and Providence combine.

Man's body fearful in the skill
All wonder passing for effect,
Most complicate and so redem'd ;
Adjustment in leaving no will
Or wisdom better to detect
Amendment for not even dream'd ;
The power and wisdom of a world beside,
A single hair's, improvement can't provide.

The intellect and soul are like
Diamonds put in a crystal clos'd ;
Most strange appearing as dark screen,
The body hiding their abode,
Refulgent forth, will pour their light
As if to solar ray oppos'd
To vie, that in the welkin seen,
Their glory matchless in their mode ;
To indicate things vast and so to shine,
For all the social emblems they combine.

We know the light by the effect
On social senses makes it plain—
Plain as the sun at happy noon,
By measure, weight, we don't detect
The light'ning, but its melting flame—
Reality, convine'd of soon
Some things we see, or prove by measure weight,
Exist do others, by effects without debate.

Some say there is no soul to do
The work we mete it to perform,
Imagination fills its place
If granted, this won't help their view,
For substance don't its shadow scorn,
The soul may give the other grace
To be the very thing as such deni'd,
As a vast whole miscalling don't divide.

Things infinite, or elements from whence
Eternity exits by to consume ;
We know not of our search can't thereto reach,
The shortness of our sight, founds no pretense
For the denial of a world's full room ;
The vast infinitude must ever teach,

Believing only what we see and count,
Is ocean mighty to deny its fount.

The heav'ns are hung as with a chain ;
Whose links as of attraction made,
We see them not or staple find,
For which the wise have sought in vain ;
Unfound why weight of world's is stay'd,
Or atoms one to other's bind
All smaller things, as flowers, breath and seed,
Hold their vast secrets that we never read.

All elements, all laws thereto
Pertaining, altho' their effects
Seem different or opposite,
To one great purpose ever tend —
It is but our imperfect view,
That for the wrong the right deflects ;
A false conclusion to invite,
If seen our reason would offend—
How else can all the issues nature forms
Have equal end in what success adorns.

Our ships are freighted, and their course
Is set to marts of richest gain ;
Our caravans, tramp toilsome way
For purpose equal, end to count,
Nature no less in vast resource,
Her elements, like ships contain
Goods for her wide spread wants convey
Infinity's in their amount,
A simple acid, more than all the ships that sail
Bears richer freight to marts that never fail.

It is no wonder great if doubt,
Do many of a holy thing,
That like a beast of burden us'd
To bear our vices, and help out
Lechery, all crimes indulgence in,
Beside with power profane abus'd
The wisdom of the world consisteth large
To make the false, the bonds of good take charge.
He made the stars with lambent flame,
To adorn and bless with social ray,
With other lights that fervid glow,
Rich jewels in the earth to shine,
More vari'd lustre to contain
Than ruby or the stars display,
More vast in splendor forth to show
With counter lights he formed the mind
The outward luster all of world's display,
As social being must the mind obey.
Greatest and richest for effect
That most to imitate thereby,
The high example of his might ;
Deserving most divine respect,
Are powers social in supply
Of love and kindness to reflect,
Our follows on in all their toil,
To lighten burthens of the mind and toil.
Knowledge we should get to be kind,
Riches and honors for the same,
All expectations of the good to share ;
Truly with brother's thus to bind
Most hearts equal in praise or blame,
Advice is the device with social care
That wins its way by the divine intent,
When from the heart we know for good its meant.

To help us walk the devious way,
Of pitfalls each for other's set,
Remove the blinds they put for guide,
Enlarge our vision of the right,
To warm the heart, that cold as clay
A generous love therein beget,
Serving as lamp, when woes betide
To guide us in life's darkest night ;
Office of soul are these divine besure,
Abodes of knowledge, helping to secure.

It scorns to make its chiefest aim,
Things sensual of, that generate
Divisions, anger, most vicious pride,
From all excess will abstain ;
Yet all things holds to estimate
In places proper to abide,
Making this world approach to what's intended,
Taught by the love, that never is offended.

If any man a soul requires,
God gave it him for this world's good
To soften hardness in this sphere,
No generosity inspires
The argument, if any would
Vainly begrudge to leave it clear,
The whole that's made protected is as as one,
The thing itself or shadow, help the sum.

Time order'd well, is for its flight
To help all changes, if but slow
To us they seem, from errors deep,
Uprising to a clearer view,
That view will come when the dark night
Outfades before full social glow,
Of polished letters as they meet
With welcome hearts an empire thro' ;

Errors to cure time and intent provide,
The moral power never is deni'd.

History don't name the time exact,

It was quite early with the race,
The world became a suitor bold,

To win the soul to its desire,
To be deck'd out with salve and grace,

Wanted the aid of power and gold,
Which both seem'd easy to acquire,
Provided it could win the soul's consent,
To gain it this petition made and sent.

P E T I T I O N .

Sweet soul, dear soul, I vow to you

Allegiance strong as iron bars
To help you with my worldly might,
Withholding nothing earth can give ;
Temples, I'll build, proportion'd true,

With gold adorn'd, and precious wares
Which to your altars must invite,

Talents and worth with fame to live ;
Indeed so costly rich, I'll make thy dome,
Its dazzle shall invite a world to come.

Music such as the sirens sing,

Known well to be thy fondest aid,
I'll sit for gay and solemn mood,

Precepts the choicest old and new,
Fresh from musty records bring,

Learn'd homilies, all ready made
To be a wonder, how men could

Logic, so intricate pursue ;
Dear soul, I'll tell thee what I'll make thy name,
O'erbound the earth with zealous glowing fame,

You know the crowd ain't over choice,
Seeing my zeal and great display,
Will take me as thy own true voice,
To bow their knee to what I say.

All that I ask a small return
For so much pains and labor too,
With holy oil I freely burn,
As incense in thy name I strew.

Is that when heretics conspire
To thwart my holy scheme of love,
I may invoke and get thy ire,
Cloth'd with due vengeance from above.

It may occur that jealousy,
To make divisions will arise
With mad ambition made to see
My power and pretense to despise.

I want thy aid as holy scourge,
To lash 'em into due respect,
The hand that doth due vengeance urge,
Thy power in the right protect.

The people then will all come to
Thy altars. and rich treasures freight,
Make ample means to help me thro',
My rank and thine to elevate.

There's many little things I crave,
I can't excuse find for, to get
Much scrutiny thy name would save,
To keep eyes jealous, closely shut.

Its scarcely possible to place,
All benefits in one programme,
So plain, I hope, they'll meet thy grace,
While I, thy humble servant am.

SOUL'S RESPONSE.

I somewhat wonder at request,
In thy petition kindly meant,
Tho' plainly showing in thy mind,
An absence of what most concerns
Thyself to know as the behest,
To make such knowing for content,
It's want with evil much conjoin'd,
Which self esteem but seldom learns
Of wisdom in the way that's meant for thee,
Prefer thou would'st, if thou the truth could see.

My power over thy affairs,
Does not consist as it would seem
To be suppos'd in thy address,
In temples riches mean to scourge
Rebellious clan, if any dares
Oppose thee in thy ruling scheme—
This would but make my empire less,
And worse the more such means to urge—
It might help thee in passions worst alloy
But in the end as surely to destroy,

Meant it was never that I should
Assist the world in any glare,
Of its contrivance to mislead,
Weak passions to exaggerate
Its value, which to be for good ;
Temperate reason must prepare,
To which my office helps to heed,
Reducing all false estimate,
That is to make the little of the world no less
But little great, true standard to possess.

Such office to unite with trust,
For human worldly means to gain
More power and consequence, thereby
Leads but to gain a worldly lust
For its desires, more ample reign,
A consequence unsafe to try,
'Tis one my nature does not fit me to,
But may for worldly passions better do.

Worldly power is a mean for gain,
Of some ambition hero below,
All proper in what's rightly meant,
My office excess is too restrain,
Yet make more free in good we know,
For life eternal that its best,
On worldly glitter cannot count for aid,
Tho' better making all its truths persuade,

I don't help any clan to lash
Or scourge an other for dissent
Oppos'd to an intent to do
They slander me who so suppose,
Heav'n is not gain'd by any rash
Appliance, heart or hand has meant,
Kind love my nature doth imbue,
Broad base of heav'n for its repose ;

No chill from party strife, my warmth, as friend
To freeze, or humble rank or state offend.

You'll find me of the cot below,
Hearts humble, prayerful, dwelling there,
Or where the by-way stranger faints,
In sore affliction weeping, home
Lost from it, or its far to go ;
Its bitterness I came to share,
To stay his languishment against ;
I cannot leave distress alone,
I put within the heart my melted balm
To bid all anguish cease, all trouble calm,

There is no refuge city nigh,
To give his troubl'd spirit rest ;
I lead him to that built on high,
City eternal, call'd the blest.

I'm with the Jew you scorn and spurn,
The Hindoo kneeling, waiting where
His idols dumb, he deems intreat
Wherever hearts aspiring burn,
Sincere for answer to their prayer ;
I will with joy to bless them meet,
If not in all unreason'd dumb request,
Some token seal'd bestow to make them blest.

My nature social can't refuse
The joy that comes from social good ;
All innocent and sweet delight,
The gay and smiling passions choose—
For earthly mint are widely strewed,
My nature none they serve to blight ;
I'm with the morning's early social pray'r,
All grief to heal, with pleasure equal share.

The mighty made the vast, the wide,
The boundless—none can know to span,
All wisdom perfect in to be,
Change can't the infinite divide,
From purposes fore wrought in man,
As chosen witnesses, degree
Exalted in, to note his works with high accord,
To others none, that office to award.

It could not be the mighty felt,
Alone, and wanted some relief,
Like recreation from high task,
Yet has the social widely dealt
To stand his nature in, not brief,
Enduring ever, less to ask
In the outgoing of eternal way,
Is change his wisdom offers to betray.

Eternity ! vast word to speak,
Yet preservation must include,
Kindness and love must represent,
Being all admitted here to draw,
My nature better world to seek ;
Why give affections so imbu'd,
Fruition never the intent,
The soul imbibes the trust as law
Of social nature, unrepeal'd to stay,
'Tho' matter, mountains, worlds shall melt away.

You've nurs'd the passions not the best,
To make appearances the chief
Ingredient for power's gain ;
With falsehood causing to invest,
That sent for social toil's relief,
All duties in, tho' easy, plain
As every action call'd in this to do,
Is simplest in its means to get, if true.

The mighty having chosen man
Sole witness for his wondrous works,
The intent is render'd plain thereby,
That in them man should read as book,
To judge the intellect must scan,
If any seeming darkness lurks,
The soul and passions hold supply ;
To cure or help to overlook,
Science gives power, but temper'd it must be
By all the social wants in their degree.

And yet you count on, claim to rule
By power pure, the curse that's been
Long blighting to the social state—
Its subjects but convenient tool
Far any vice it may begin ;
A selfish passion dare debate,
Had you but look'd my laws upon as high,
Your schemes devis'd for me you would not try.

Power is heaven's work to form
The means for its direction best,
Of time and season to be shorn,
The issue dross it can't be less.

The sun in its untemper'd heat
Not cherish would, but often burn ;
Cinders in place of flowers meet,
And ashes fill earth's splendid urn.

If pure the air, as gas would kill,
By blending much is made to save ;
The soul it teaches how to fill
With power that to rule we crave.

Pure power is as poison strong,
 Untemper'd in one mind or two,
For social life food must belong
 To elements well mingl'd through.

Power's a good whip, if any knew
 The use and end for which it's sent ;
The sterling vict'ry of its blow
 By knowledge makes the more content.

All power is slavery, come
 From whence it will, to make us smart,
Unless the task for which it's done
 Enlightens mind and betters heart.

The soul that labors to be pure,
 Unless it be in good of others,
A selfish folly may secure,
 Some pride the false discovers.

All objects, things, that God has made,
 To soul that feels a heavenly glow,
Beauty and comeliness pervade
 Therein, our duty plain to show.

It is not meant we always should
 Keep on our knees in fervent pray'r ;
Great actions easy understood,
 Performance of them better are.

The sun doth quiver up his rays,
To shaft them forth good company,
For social empire to extend,
Appearing most as brilliant one,
Yet dazzling forth in many ways,
Bestrews with sweet variety
All colors, hues, for beauty blend,
To rival art the best it's done ;
Some brush the land, in various arts appear,
Others mark solid or a liquid sphere.

So power pure tho' it may seem,
As crushing with a single arm,
Is of God's love in all he's done,
To be improv'd in every scheme ;
The social to preserve from harm,
Whoever counts too much on one,
Desert or art of selfish will to do,
Offends the soul but more such to pursue.

Who gave you power or the right
To judge the heart by any creed—
To curse the good the high permits
The social elements invite
Occasions proper for its heed,
When more to gain the right befits ;
The teaching free, the power must be the same,
Stay'd at the point allow'd just teachings aim.

All teaching hate for, or disgust,
Young minds are ready to imbibe,
For something this or that directs
Where no excess it's leading to,
Is falsehood to the social trust,
Its brightest hopes must sure deride,
Not curing but creates defects—
Once enter'd the whole soul imbue :
Men grow up nurtur'd in such false conceit,
It's rare a reason temper'd soul to meet.

It's strange that the great God has made
All things as equal in their place,
Equal to be for purpose good,
Approving by his high decree ;
Yet man so small by this assay'd,
Alternately for their disgrace,
Allows them wrangling neighborhood,
Each choosing some to curse his humor for,
Until God's precious things all they abhor.

The elements are all here plac'd,
Close near the heart, the fingers' end,
We trample on them at each step,
For all the work we have to do,
Their riches power take no waste,
Increase with every help we lend,
Enough to pay all labor's debt,
A constant surplus to accrue ;
The seeker never was dini'd to find
Who opens to them, watchful, soul and mind.

True power is the best of ways
To do all things, beginning right,
To change for better when we're sure
The social exigence provides
For it, and sooner if we can ;
So peace and safety none betrays,
Yet never reason's guard to slight,
Or let the false one step secure :
The smallest things being first guides,
Make larger easier to span,
But never think it best you should succeed,
Unless for social gain you test each deed.

If any tho'ts or words are penn'd,
Directing for true power's gain,
To make it safe and happy all,
The basely cunning will devise
Some twist of logic to defend
Objections serving them as gain ;
The Mighty seeing such a fall,
For better test against all lies,
Requires the doing as sure gain
By which to please all social actions in the right,
Each doing what shall best for all unite.

It's plain what duties to the soul
Pertain, for its condition here,
As that hereafter being two,
Where evil ends with time its goal ;
The loftier pleasure must appear
A broader base appoints its view,
The intellect to fill with equal joy,
Than kindness needed more for full employ.

With every action man can do,
Bearing the social state to bless,
Instruct and win to make more free,
Tho'ts tending to good social bond ;
My social instincts urge me to
The ill gag'd passions their redress,
Invite from some duplicity,
A vicious taste as false as fond :
Then try to make the world believe it's me
That in such social falsehood's aid agree.

Men's passions vary with their make,
Such is the want of wisdom's guide—
They seldom see such high behest,
Of difference make a bitter foe,
For heav'n we can't these passions take—
They do but reason override ;
So can not choose for heav'n the best,
Like gusts on lawful errands go—
Leave to the sun, and equal temper'd air,
Reason severe, all lasting good to share.

Scorn not the intellect, but teach
Its lessons with all social ways :
'Tis for the soul e needful guide,
In heav'n to form a seraph's speech—
To burthen every note of praise,
Eternity its themes provide—
Too short its reign, the mighty theme to scan,
Of state eternal hallow'd unto man.

World, thy own follies are a scourge,
To whip thee by thy own rough hand,
Thy passions serving lash of flame,
I always better teaching urge ;
Entreat thee, make a nobler stand,
But thou art dumb thy faults to blame—
I'm bid to hope for certain time's advent,
When thou ta purpose mine shall free consent.

For heav'n the Mighty made the soul .
To dwell his presence in, serene,
As witness still to high behest,
To be taught ever, ever more ;
No power of earth can urge control,
To thwart the end shall intervene,
Or stay his will to make it bless'd,
Crusades of earthly men before—
No tax the body or the passions pay,
It heavenly right can frange or take away.

Shall all else he has fondly made,
Serve in their place the end to reach ?
His own good pleasure to fulfill,
As purpose never turn'd aside,
Except the soul by ill betray'd,
An equal measure to beseech
In vain, if aught can let his will
From father's kindness to divide,
Contingents such as earthly schemes invent,
Make poor his love, his power impotent.

Over it men spread a devious net,
For kindness, love, humility,
Its meshes daub, with gauds display
The filth that selfish passions strain,
Most dross, most holiness to get
The soul in such a plight we see,
To doubt God's work, so ill we may,
The art the cunning artists gain—
But damns themselves to endless, useless toil,
The more they labor poorer grows the soil.
Expunge the soul it will come back,
Prove there is none, still is it here,
As plain as shadows that we see
The fervid sun plows up no track,
Yet makes his light of heav'n clear,
As darkness is compell'd to flee ;
Things make no mark when such they don't require,
Yet fill our world, or vaster worlds empire.
Away take all we can not test
By figure, ear mark and the like,
If there be barely left mind's need,
The vacancy to fill is press'd ;
As sound comes from the blow we strike,
Or air to vacuum maketh speed,
We make reality, or it comes ready made,
The same of mountains as of mountains shade.
Where is the dagger of a spoken word,
What steel is pointed with to thrust ?
Who gave it shape or polished point,
Yet sharper than a damese sword ?
Ah ! deeper strikes its wound, and worse,
To agonize the quick or joint ;
Reality, we know no name that's to exclude,
If mind or soul creation of intrude.

SOCIAL POWER, (CONTINUED.)

This power social to defend,
By any good not to enslave,
Its elements entire must draw,
From those that teaching entertain ;
Whatever social point impend—
By it we solve, however grave,
It's barely to apply the law,
All good capacity will gain
The needful rules, position in to find—
As twig must be, to make the tree inclin'd.

Power don't come first, but only by
Instruction of some kind we gain,
Excepting mass like made to crush
Out, not to teach, but more evade
The rightful that it could supply,
All easy gotten with less pain,
Than that affairs now social flush,
By fraud and force so potent made ;
It must be false whatever power claims,
From source the worse to make the more it gains.

Power an institute is made,
To watch and guard by force oppress
The social as an enemy,
To punish not to teach and raise,
The teaching got is but a trade,
True social power making less,
As centuries past have seemingly
Confirm'd in the small praise ;
Earn'd by them in the good they have begun,
However much the better parts undone.

Force driving seems a favorite,
As if man could succeed to do,
By a bare scourge for their delight,
Success has not invited to.

What is the issue, crimes suppress
To make by the same hand they kill,
Of crimes the number can't be less,
If curing more corrupts the will.

The programme may to some look fine,
The de'il as Captain at its head,
Against whom hosts in gowns combine,
To win by doubtful means of dread.

What fails in this another troop,
As large or larger come with scale,
To balance wrongs by legal whoop,
And prisons tortures that assail.

As this too fails there comes more pomp,
With ribbons tails, ensigns of power,
With polish'd steel and blasting trump,
Most land and least offences scour.

Are we not tired with the vain,
The false and futile ways to mend,
The art that flatters hope to gain,
Making that worse it would defend.

Who is not satisfi'd that made
All trials, power, to invent,
To cure state ails but more invade,
Our social peace with less content.

Power will consist of selfish will,
To mar the good it might achieve,
Whose social elements to fill,
Don't mingle with it to relieve.

You cannot power gain to sway,
Except whatever be the gain,
Is loss'd unto the social many,¹
The loss to feel perhaps they may,
Or not depending in the main,
How much they feel or know of any,
Abuse is always measur'd by the ease,
That ignorance embraces it to please.

Parental power with all that's like,
So made and temper'd by the high,
With guards as genial as they're wise,
Teaching in love, if social might
To aid, for its advance would try,
Dark ignorance would the less disguise ;
Indulgence false may sometimes mar its use,
The social state so seconds such abuse.

Affection tho' sweet, spring of joy
Around the heart its kindness lays,
As a strong band to knit invite,
Yet justice should her hands employ,
To guard the homage kindness pays,
Lest selfishness inflict s blight ;
Ask Brutus if the scepter, in the right to wave,
Should falter jewel of the heart to save.

All other power assum'd for reign,
Is like a bandage on your limb,
Long being worn it leaves its mark,
To cover which you keep it there,
Doubting the use of reason lame,
The habit gets due virtue in,
The passions in reform being dark,
The time to change you cannot spare,
Tho' changing always with more fearful cost,
Than in the right if half a life were lost.

The social state is the whole mind,
Acting to work for genial end,
As also members each preservé,
Vice tolerated legiance tempts,
The troth in which the whole are join'd,
Corrupted crumbles to offend
Both parts, one feeling that may serve
As ill, the other favor none exempts ;
If vice arises by the whol's consent,
Its punishment the same should represent.

Name what you will of crimes there's none,
But those the social state adopts,
Or gives an opening for their rise—
Of some, there's power none to cure,
Yet all grow worse if left undone ;
The teaching many of them stops
As vain, all good must tantalize,
If ready means that can ensure,
Our better speed, in powers social gain,
Existence only in a phantom claim.

All power that doth mar or kill,
Freedom, oppression to make sore,
Are like hard burthens on the back,
Divided, hold diminish'd weight,
For each keep on dividing till,
To give their just proportion more,
That we divide the better track,
All social duties, for 'twill make—
So power comes to be no more or less
Than equal burthens, equal wrongs redress.

The cloud surcharg'd with pent up fire,
In blackness frowns with angry face,
Fierce terrors casting as it flies,
Dread bursting, look we on
Expecting hail, tornadoes ire,
The elements free in their place
Distribute, may the livid dyes
That sunshines glory breaks anon ;
Thus power collected center'd to crush down
By distribution general, makes it's frown.

The waters flood may swell to sweep
Our habitation and our wealth,—
To stay wide ruin to the land,
No arm of arts resistance can,
Evaporation powers keep—
In gentle dews that fall for health,
And growth may well command
A glory for the ruin span ;
Thus power collected, with an ill to awe
By distribution cheerful issues draw.

Can social power expect to ride,
The whirlwind passion makes a storm,
And yet commune with hearts to cheer—
To feel, and for their wants provide ;
'Tis thought dispers'd that must adorn,
Minds spacious fields with no vile fear ;
But like the sun who scatters wide his rays,
Whose distribution by abundance pays.

Power conjures up with cunning art,
The abstract rules of justice high,
Aloft suspends her boasted scale,
Can any adage mend the heart,
Or knowledge of good use supply,
Not form'd the word is sure to fail,
What justice live our freedom to defend,
In a bare rescript by an adept penn'd.

Slaves take their lesons not to see
Their use or reason, but obey
Obedience thus becomes a law—
Trust, power says, put trust in me,
I'll lead you on safety's way—
Good custom holds no social flaw ;
It ever has been thus for minds suspense,
Until just action festers with offence.

In power trades, all pliances
That suit the fancy, wit or taste—
Men may outlay for divers ends,
Oft times for folly as it flies ;
But justice sole reliance is,
Will not be moek'd or balk'd to waste,
Allegiance that her claim defends,
If tamper'd with, 'tis freedom dies ;
Demanding distribution as a master power,
Battle to do on freedom's sacred tower.

Why has the power of Empires gone
To mingle up with perish'd dust,
The voice once loud to herald fame,
But sculptur'd stone with scrawl adorn,
It held no heart in social trust,
No love of justice in to gain;
It perish'd as a leaf untimely sear'd,
As other's all of justice not rever'd.

Where does it live but in the soul,
The heart and mind in action strong,
Dead rules its standard ill can mark,
To fit it for a deed undone;
For social tho't to urge control,
From step to step that else is wrong,
The more unfelt, the more its dark
The least to be reli'd upon;
He that don't learn, unknown his right to do,
Is but a slave to hold his master's view.

The lofty mountain has a base,
On crumbling rubble cannot stand,
Aspiring science needs one too,
Rich plains the first and not a waste;
Holding thick verdure of the land,
Lay round with social means in view;
So science needs for its successful rise,
A base which cultur'd wider rank supplies.

The need is of the social rules,
To learn and foster close intent,
To pulsate as good bloods support,
Each breath to strengthen and make pure,
Laws have a life like that, so schools
Us, as the trust and doings sent,

To make us answer their report,
When false to feel the wrong we do,
The law being in us working right to mind,
Is social strength unknown, when to it blind.

For every social act you'll find,
A law and rule to make you safe,
If sought and car'd aright to gain,
To organize, you must be join'd,
True sympathy not left a waif,
For social right you must arraign ;
The false and bring them looking face to face,
Let shame have decent opportune for grace.

Europe to organize will not
Permit her people in the cause,
That social freedom would augment,
The bayonets are placed to stop,
Such treason 'gainst oppressions laws,
By wily heartless tyrants sent ;
People dare not think or speak aloud for fear,
The dungeon or the guillotine would hear.

Now while you may, and while you can
Go organize, good social rule
To put within the heart to stay,
As guard to all the power you trust,
Abuses grow on every hand,
By right neglected duty cools,
Till blood for each you strive must pay,
To end as all such folly must ;
In making power, consist in the foul aim,
Usurping masters over millions gain.

We've talk'd about the sparkling sea,
Of joy to ride its swelling wave,
When snowy foam curls on its brow,
And the high winds are playing there,
But poor are these their merry glee,
To touch the bosom of a slave,
Therein no glow that will allow,
The soul a common bliss to share ;
The sun is dim and sickly nature's ways,
In every promise that their beauty pays
We've talkd' of beauty in the flower,
On woman's matchless form of grace,
By heaven sent earth's first delight,
To make it all a seeming bower,
In her a home found in each place,
All ranks its offer to invite ;
But what are these a home or woman's love,
Where social order don't our bliss approve.
We've sought the high as too the low,
Where power should build for harmony,
With earth's best gift to stud adorn,
The tears that from oppression flow,
I'll with best hop'd intent agree,
Of social justice 'tis the scorn,
Wraps empires in with cruel base alloys
Their fair proportions mutilates destroys.
All social rule in best design
Holds purposes, that's plain to see—
It may omit or not to do
The duties with full power combine,
To make the base with right agree,
The false convert to love the true ;
Hold equal vigilance on every hand,
That rule and order may protect the land.

To Hebrew altars if we turn,
Be it to find if seldom bright,
Thro' ages long their fires have shown,
Time has not held a reign more stern,
Than they their rules in long delight,
Rules first for social guidance known ;
If ill continu'd to found an empire wide,
Earth holds no power that from them can divide.

They've bravely stood the scoff rude thrust,
Of world's barbarian every where,
Dismember'd, scatter'd, robb'd and scourg'd,
Yet the same rules thy ever trust,
To keep such penalties their share,
Yet to renouncement ever urg'd ;
Say not that rules well learn'd for good intent,
Can't crush out social vice, the strongest sent.

See flow enriching stream the Nile,
Bearing to copts abounding store,
Quick product of the wat'ry flood,
With lavish'd fruits bids earth to smile
Response, his nature can't outpour,
Best suited to such various good,
Stern tyranny defiles the lotus leaf,
To curse abundance sent for toils relief.

Thus in his home by brutal force,
Press'd down unknown, good rules to bind,
His very air corrodes with sand,
Persuasion fails to win his course
To realms, inviting more and kind,
Nor die upon Nilotic land ;
The mind when long such social ills oppress,
Fears greater in attempt to make them less.

In Ganges famous waters bathe,
To witness crowds and hosts who come,
Long jaunts of pilgrimage to make
Their bodies in its floods to lave,
And carry to their distant home
Drops precious from their souls to take
All earthly stain, yet pity most sights such induce,
That ignorance founds such long and dark abuse.

To Boreal regions too may turn,
His steps who seeks for mental lore,
Arcturus leads his starry host,
Thither twilight's softer fires burns,
Than those the herald mornings pour,
Where solar rays a torrid conquest boast,
Here will he find, that climes with chilling blast
Freeze not the wrongs with darken'd empire cast.

Search climes we may if distant far,
To see abuses multiply,
No social rules that recommend
Abatement of domestic jar.
The bane of all the schemes they try,
All leading to like fatal end;
At home survey our own, we may no boast
To steady folly which maintains the most.

The social state we'll to upfound,
Makes no demand we cannot fill
The elements requir'd to do,
In duties all plainly propound,
Meet to be with kind and hearty will,
To thrust oppression through and through,
Most 'gainst the equal right is found,
What one's own labor don't deserve exact,
He shan't receive for it a worth that's lack'd.

Some say the heart is all in all,
They mean the social as its claim,
Fills the whole circle of all deeds ;
Reason on every act must call,
That heart may truth of object name,
No passion in all things succeeds,
Intelligence and reason come to mind
To crush oppression oft for us design'd.

The rain and sunshine can't suffice
To make all genial crops abound,
However rich the earth may turn,
There's culture, care, that art supplies,
Intelligence ain't all in ground,
Man much must do or so discern ;
Just duties as his own good scheme to make,
Or reason justice has no task to take.

SOCIAL JUSTICE.

Justice is dealing measure weight,
Action and word in the right time,
Forgetting not it has its place,
As wants and state of life relate,
With all and each for truth combine,
To form a perfect social base,
If not, approaching to contend that aim.
Appearing nearer every step we gain.

The standard in the mind is what
We know, within to stay abide,
To give us confidence to speak,
To be a man, or else to quail
Babble, a folly that we've got
Or mute where manhood should decide,
With pain or shame to all who seek
Unknown, where reason should avail,
In all our social matters joy and peace,
Provides where now our quarrels never cease.

A FEW.

Some say a few are all we need,
To keep the social action pure,
Interpreters of law to guide,
The multitude who gave them heed,
A safe condition to secure,
Who justice, from all wrong divide,
Commend how much, you may the world at large,
Can little boast to recommend such charge.

A few are always precious as a few,
Be it of nobles, kings, or learned men,
Or more divines ones if you like,
If they can safely think for me and you,
And tell us safely how to do, and when
Then are we as a drum to strike,
To answer only when its beat npon,
To hollow things their proper sound belong.

The air we breathe when open free,
Gives life and strength as we inhale,
A golden box confine it in ;
A taint usurps its purity
Instead of health infects with ail,
The gold won't save or any tin,
It's health is gone or by confinement dies,
The same with justice, any box supplies.

The golden confine glitters true,
And men are often won by sight,
Or hearing that a thing is best,
Rush for it as their nature to
To take if poison with delight,
To fancy relish as if blest ;
Why not, they feel a pain they can't endure,
Take any drug, who know not ills to cure.

The state of mind is the great want,
Creating social truth ain't there,
Something must fill, to hold its place ;
Ignorance to mend injustice can't,
Most tri'd the least content to share,
By quantity helps the less grace ;
The more you use the less the mind is stay'd,
Of any justice dealt in as a trade.

The sins that we allow, others
We don't allow produce,
Vice has its parentage in vice,
Allow'd and disallow'd are brothers,
To punish one's no use,
The other must entice ;
Its cowardice or worse in the design,
To punish little rogues, while greater shine.

Example is creative, and begets
A progeny in our dispight,
The higher more it wins
Expunging all its debts ;
We owe to teaching what is right,
In that its wrong begins ;
We do but beckon men in truth to stay,
While with a laugh we lead the other way.

We daily rob the widow lone—
The orphan, and the lab'ring poor
Of millions, while the robbers wear
Our smiles, to cheer, commend ;
A little robber takes a bone—
Some flesh, who hunger can't endure,
True hypocrites who are,
A breach of law pretend ;
Demand a vengeance on the little thief,
While larger ones hold the command in chief.

Laws are like notes that music needs
To play upon for our delight ;
They are dumb like any dot—
The music that proceeds
From them as we invite,
Is measure true they've got ;
The action makes the music to inspire,
To change and vary as our wants require.

The vile ones play sad tunes, to set
Poor noodles in a hideous dance ;
To call it intricate and fine,
Laugh at their blood and sweat—
The awkward gambols of their prance,
Or lash 'em with a cat-o'-nine ;
29

It's those a'one who know the notes to play
With time and grace, in measure just array.

Justice social, a whip to scourge,
To tantalize where it should heal—
This is the bent of all our ways ;
Ignorance is crime to crush,
Our wit, our insult to the verge
Of madness, drive all who can feel
The sting or scorn that brays
At others as a game to flush,
Do we forget the more we so amend,
The will more stubborn, less for good will bend.

Lawyers, lawmakers, the result
Of fickle time's necessity—
If honest, well for the event,
So is a mufti idoliz'd,
Their gain the sum in which were mulct,
To pay some doubts of casuistry ;
If honor theirs for our content,
The less our share the higher priz'd ;
Since plow shares have lost their hot credit,
The doubt remains if less we dread it.

What honor comes from social host,
Where knowledge is the ware to shine,
But what is common to long ears ;
I envy not the gowns who boast
They hold a panel fame's design—
The hurrah of such peers
Take it, if 'twill your easy fame supply,
I would have better, or on none rely.

With legal as with other men,
Their worth and character they draw,
Little depends on that they know,
But rightly to be understood
On elements surrounding them ;
What others know to mark a flaw,
Approve the right, good reason show,
All other fame is false in mood—
False to the purpose which to fame denies
The standard, piers to equal pier supplies.

Who would his greatness borrow, eke
From dwarfish natures that lie round—
Holds little measure to subserve,
Allowance worth intrinsic gold ;
It's nobler far a height to seek—
A summit social, where is found
Reflected forth without reserve,
Applause from minds of polish'd mould—
Taught well, they give to social worth support,
A lustre that applause may deign to court.

Go clutch a fee and win your coat
From muddl'd brains the many wear,
Ambition it may fit if small,
Which they may pay as slaves advance
Some little pittance thus devote
Of honest toil, the chains they bear,
To soften if they daily gall,
I doubt your glory to enhance ;
I envy not the sum of any joy,
The tax of mind, it better should employ.

The wise and learned for small play,
A bear, a beast, or learned pig—
An ape, of figure some like men,
As substitutes create delight ;
Their dignity less to betray,
Might gather for a show or rig—
The human not shut in the pen,
To nobler purposes invite ;
'Twould found a difference great to one or t'other.
Our game to make of beast more than of brother.

We make the social run a muck,
To lash 'em well without restraint,
Then call it Justice, come to get
Ten lashes for one drop of cure ;
In droves shut up in legal nook,
To take their turns with courage faint—
To win or lose augments the debt,
Of shame and ignorance to endure ;
To be the sport of legal shuffle, board,
And bear the insolence upon them pour'd.

What whip more galling to the skin
Or any heart, not callous turn'd
Than that the legal hand sustains—
Dealt out by masters day by day ;
The crowd to cower before its sting,
To feel their rank and wisdom spurn'd—
Tramp'd on, as noddies with slight brains,
To thank their masters for delay ;
Distrust to feel with fear and trembling doubt,
How justice can outbear so foul a flout.

Benefactors, charity, what
Are social only when outsent,
To pioneer on the highway
Where hearts against each other plot,
Untold why harmony is rent,
Or that themselves themselves betray ;
'To guide, insist, to teach the right to learn.
Not rob, but social truth help to discern.

Suppose the execution rough,
When rurals first begin to stay,
Small mischief near their door,
All mischief makers to put down ;
The reason for is plain enough,
As changes pleading better way,
In first impressions may be poor,
Of means and friends to gain renown ;
Those that they slightly touch may think they gall,
Like cowards, with no wound, in battle fall.

The pride of empires, cities boast
Their grandeur, arts and arms alike,
From little inklings took their rise.
A single chieftain in the first,
As leader of tumultuous host,
A hovel or a rough made pike
The others, till their need supplies,
The strength and glitter all adjust ;
We never know, until the means we try,
The power that social justice can supply.

As water drop'd upon the sand,
Is quick dispers'd, its trace is gone—
There's no abiding cup to hold,
Nor can its place our wit descry ;
So laws that live but in command,
No life of heart to give them tone,
In mind and action without fold,
Are quick to perish out and die ;
The Maker only knows the want, the need,
The rule disclos'd, suggested by his deed.

He feels it and it has a throb,
Pulsating, urging by its growth,
Making a dwelling as a home,
Like love of children in his breast,
Which from us taken is to rob
A bless'd endearment of its troth—
Increasing daily in the sum
Of strength, by nature kindly press'd ;
Laws must take life to be preserv'd,
In daily manner of the action serv'd.

You train to falter not, or swerve,
To meet the cannon's deadly charge—
Thus go where danger makes but game
Of all but honor, else all dross,
'Tis but a coward's part to nerve,
A doubtful honor to enlarge,
While vice, with lilliputian aim
To win, is more than honor's loss ;
There is no honor left, none to divide,
Where sneaking vice the unipire must decide.

REFLECTION.

In all we do, if 'tis in place,
Worthy of being done, why sure
It's worthy of our choicest tho't ;
Stop then a moment, say some grace,
The mind's direction to procure—
To present exigence it's brought ;
'There's many a hurri'd step for want of this,
Has caus'd the feet their proper ground to miss.

You seldom know when you begin
What end the issue is to shape—
How small, unseen, therein forgot,
Lies element defeat to bring,
A careful reason might escape,
A happy tho't the danger stop ;
It's true the best may fail in deepest schemes,
This makes no less the need of careful means.

It's just such training as the mind
Requires for its great success—
Exacting often is to put on guard
Its better powers, in to find,
More prompt and clearer readiness,
Emergence for to be prepar'd ;
The Mighty lays divinity of reason near
To every act and path of our career.

The drama past there is a close,
Before it comes we have to own,
If honest, to the conscience pay
Its dues, most fit for its repose—
The most we can do to atone,
We've often err'd, a thot's delay ;
Might better left the printing of the page,
The proof less blot its errors to assuage.

AN APPLICATION.

To purge the land some mystics try,
By closing up one path of vice,
For this they frame a special law,
With words the purpose well supply,
To breakers of it strong advice,
By penalties infractions draw ;
The same would as intended be the effect,
If vice to law knew how to pay respect.

Opinion public being good to act
On the same vice, it will suffice
Without restraint, that law provides
No other law we need exact ;
Opinion up the mischief ties,
To search if covertly it hides—
Make it but clear what public will allows,
The needful action will the right espouse.

'Tis partnership in vice that sets
Defiance of a public will,
Or none is known that would forbid
The duties that the law begets ;
Expression fairly does not fill
A want that is from reason hid ;
However wrong the expression by the law,
The standard is, which helps to mend a flaw.

Hence, public will is illy known,
Is not enforc'd, or not inform'd—
As often takes the worst advice,
Until it fairly gets its own ;
It's weak, deserving to be scorn'd,
Can little confidence entice—
Beginning at times wrong and place to mend.
Makes worse the moral that it would defend.

Men won't believe a cup of wine
Bears on its sparkling face a look
That's thievish, robber bearing like—
No argument, lay or divine
Such color can give by the book,
Conviction such as truth don't strike ;
Our health, our physic, in their best estate,
Forbid with words we should the point debate.

We eat, we drink, the rich, the poor,
Necessity's a broad felt word,
Wants may be conscientious things,
It's waste of strength and reason sure,
To make the needful the absurd ;
A toil's reward we deem it brings,
Oft life itself seems to secure ;
The folly's patent in our daily deed,
To stop the good, lest evil should succeed.

The wine of Tyfon, amber clear,
That sparkling in the bowl we throw,
Sweet aroma a thirst to slake,
Wakes in the soul a dreamy cheer,
Like friendship old and warm its glow,
Unearthly never to forsake ;
The joyous sense hails visions from above,
Rap'd passages to fill like mirth of love.

'Tis the excess you wish to mend,
Not knowing moral force to try,
You tamper with true laws of life,
Reforms good reason to defend ;
Some wit and wisdom would supply—
To violate engenders strife :
Ill consequence deserv'd that come to pass,
Where ignorance proves itself to be an ass.

There must be centers for the stars,
Are centers to distribute light,
Yet not to use oppressive weight,
Upon the world they bless, adorn,
But soft as zephyrs wing their cars,
That trundle o'er the roads of night,
All social visions kind elate,
To meet refresh'd, returning morn ;
Thus hope and heav'n high contend, conspire,
That social blessing may the soul inspire.

Your centers Maelstroms are of rage,
Or ill constructed pools that whirl,
Mischevious waters gather'd in,
They war with bitter ichor wage,
All peaceful currents to imperil,
Or overwhelm with rushing din ;
From the deep mire of gather'd dark intent,
Foul noise and imprecations ever sent.

W A R .

Conqueror's glory, and the mead,
Reward all falsely sought to raise,
Ambition, love, the ill's surprise,
To cover with its glitt'ring shield,
Has brutaliz'd man's daily deed,
Brought ruin for expected praise ;
The proof in perish'd empire lies,
A weeping world its fruitful yield,
Conqueror by sword, foul name to execrate,
Praise utter'd for the dreary desolate.

Build on it bid the soul to strive,
'Gainst reason justice the elate
Ignorance exasperate to fill
With bloody sacrifice to bathe,
Hands, hearts, to make but hate survive,
With remnant of a perish'd state,
Above all peaceful glory till
Wars honor fashions freedom's grave ;
Anger, no the name is falsely spoke
Humanity so lost, rage only can invoke.

The crowd protect the assassin bold,
Robber, murder, thief at night,
A scourge of olden barb'rous days,
A Borgia little Zinghis Khan,
Close to their hearts with arms enfold,
Dwell on his murders with delight ;
His actions all with ardor praise,
Detailing foul disgrace to man ;
Sunken the race, in deep debasement grown
Caters for praises, steep'd in blood alone.

The richest curse that gold has paid
Lies in the iron and the steel,
It moulds and sharpens for our blood,
To shed, to pamper vice and power,
It buys an empire, full array'd
The promise of reward to yield ;
Then pays the band in robber's mood,
To waste it, all its life devour ;
Gold makes the glitter of the world's display,
Then subsidizes war on it to prey.

Civilizer, the insatiate shark
That put's his teeth upon the weak,
To grind and mash them for his fill,
Of hunger, gold and power incense,
Of life and hope if left no spark,
He calls it Christian faith the meek,
Thus with his bloody hands and will,
Makes holiness for prayer pretense ;
Robbing the world, while supping on its bones,
He deems a name the rabid vice atones,

The gold is on the flow increase,
Subserving ends the wicked more—
Doubles the craving of its want,
No, millions hold a power to glut
Or yield exhausting waste a peace ;
Bribe squander with its endless score,
The grasping crow'd to sate you can't,
As well dry oceans bid fill up ;
'The more allow'd, the less the value grows,
Vice wider opes its throat, the more it flows.

Munificence lies in its grasp,
Arts, beauty and good toils reward,
To strew our daily path with flowers,
True charity, it might relieve
To give the mind divine repast ;
False sentinel we set to guard,
To bind with pain its leisure hours,
A part not meant they should receive ;
Exalting in its nature and its means,
Defil'd in lapse of trustful social scenes.

Posterity inherit what
The debts our follies crimes contract—
For them to pay, hard be their lot,
With pride to keep their own ;
Repudiation is a blot,
No choice is left for honest act,
To pay impossible to stop,
Alternation upon them thrown ;
To pay or not, the curse the same if bad,
Compell'd to wish they father's never had.

The world in equal sum bankrupt,
Was never half as much as now,
The bayonets are doubl'd too,
To keep our hands, our pockets out
The picking of to interrupt—
We better men must that allow,
If fingers itch the thing to do,
These bayonets create some doubt ;
Yet must it come, extremes in time will meet,
The robb'd on equal grounds the robber greet.

Pray, what is war the Vulture's heav'n,
The Jackals feast upon fat bones, .
A merry peal for vengeful din,
The blast of trump o'er death's groans giv'n,
To drown blood, that no field atones,
Conquer'd with loss it be to win ;
The perish'd flesh, but longer leaves its bones
To blanch like empty fame no body owns.

Attack'd we must resist its life .
To save if valu'd at a pin—
Ambition does not choose its fame,
Or grudge the worth of home—
A duty sacred beggar strife,
It's noble, be it lose or win,
If ours be not the struggles blame,
Inviting by our evil done ;
Wars cannot cease, without a social aim,
More noble worthy than a bloody fame.

To go to war, drums bugles sound,
Flags float, cheers send, God blesses thick,
Joy dances tiptoe to the fray,
Up turn'd faces smiles befit,
To come back pale with angry wound,
Cold charity don't know your sick,
A sinking heart in chill dismay,
Few tears and less of kindness get ;
Ah, that ambition held a reason'd word,
Above the fatal folly to be heard.

How can the wrong find angel fiends,
With balm and tears to bathe its bruise —
It is to nurse a viper hard,
Asking a friendship for its sting,
Base charity that vice defends,
Repelling while it seems to choose,
To grudge the consolation shar'd,
Approval wanting from within ;
The world has curs'd the lack of generous grief,
The curse lies in the want of a deserv'd relief.

The pleas for war are all repeal'd,
By means of social intercourse,
By wiser occupations found,
By kindness intellectual lore ;
As by our faith profess'd to yield,
Unless our nature the morose
Grows in, the more God's gifts abound
To curse, not heal a social sore ;
Abject, why should we try the heart to make,
Beseech'd so strongly carnage to forsake.

Let war hawks stand aside and lop,
Their tails who from the public crib
Would steal, with feather more to grace,
Their ruffled plumage and make sleek,
Their crumples with its oily sop,
The people where they don't forbid,
Would give high honest reason place,
To dam the motive that would seek,
To make fillibusters of a patriot's race,
To harvest, but dishonor foul disgrace.

Destiny, the manifest, what's that
But what we make if foul or fair,
By deed our own to con and do,
If vile, we place it to the share
Of fortune, the true chances brat
If good, it's our contriv'd wise care
Of wit to help dame nature through ;
We do but cheat, pretending chance has made,
All ill befalling, we the good have stay'd

Science is like the sun best known,
In the wide benefits it throws,
Like a rich mantle o'er the world benumb'd,
Warming into life and ecstasy ;
'Tis distribution widely thrown,
From sun or science, in the social glows
Its evil thus to overcome
Our social wants not to betray ;
Mixing up with, to tamper social tho't,
The best the more familiar to it brought.

All right, that's popular gets worn
Thread bare, impinging thus to gall,
Requires, renewing, carefully and oft,
The richest jewels that adorn
From beauty's fashion sudden fall,
So friendship's self gets fickle doft ;
Its worse, still worse, when powers that be,
Pretend they danger in true progress see.

Courts sit and over your affairs.
 Contrive to keep a careful look ;
 To expound is their true trade,
 To give a reason wisdom shares
 Exponent of the legal book ;
 Amendment show that might be made ;
 They're very apt, it often so is found
 To make worse laws than any they expound.

JUSTICE, (CONTINUED.)

Station, if science it imbues,
 Makes fools of those who don't discern,
 That every problem science mounts,
 Deserves a social parallel ;
 All quirks and quibbles but abuse,
 True dignity they fail to learn,
 The pride of science that discounts,
 Not for the social to excel ;
 Discredit brings upon the rank and name,
 Of justice tho' appointed to maintain.

Men all are tyrants when their drift
 The public will to reason train'd,
 Don't hedge about to keep in awe,
 To lash them into social thrift ;
 No other means has wisdom nam'd,
 The many minds the few to draw ;
 When law and reason, many do not guide
 The few, are barren either to provide.

No standard touchstone for our act,
To guard and keep our dec'rous way,
Remains when duty is turn'd loose,
From social ties that ought to bind ;
Accountable to feel if lack'd,
In power we exercise for sway,
To right and life of others an abuse,
More apt to ill than good design'd ;
Man must turn brutal when his passions lead,
To feel no answer welcome for each deed.

NATIONAL.

What's individual nation,
Or man private appli'd ,
It is that certain guise pertain,
To mark and dignify a station,
That merit be not to deni'd,
There's none, if all count just the same ;
Put off your character, or dress have none,
Pure metal to vile dross is but to run.

Expel all neighbors, keep the coast
Clear of all but savages and beast,
Hawks and buzzards and the like
Intelligence and rivalry come most ;
Examples where we have the least.
The fact must like a hammer strike ;
That every nation like a man at home,
Is worthless more the more he's left alone.

SLAVERY.

Slavery is war continu'd past
The threshold of domestic peace,
The captur'd once by plight of arms,
Are free with arms lain down ;
Else would we all in slav'ry cast,
Clank endless chains with no release,
From master sword who reason harms,
The right is nature's war can't frown ;
If from its place, as laws behest to stand,
One moment longer than the swords in hand.

'Tis the decree of honor unrepeal'd,
Like the vast equalizer in the grave,
Where buri'd empires equal lie,
The right of war by sword or pike to wield,
Combattants be they free or slave,
All equal make change can't deny ;
The strongest of all plight, earth's deed allows
The gage of peership, that wars fields espouse.

The winner may at arms be best,
Or stronger with wars sinews wage,
For victory on the embattl'd field ;
Yet has he by his plight confess'd
The hazzard when he casts his gage
Of honors trust, if he should-yield ;
This honor tramples not on fallen foe,
If life be spar'd, he equal free must go.

To hold when battle strife is done,
In bondage those with right of gage
Is robber like without a trait,
Of noble manhood felt as won ;
'Tis a foul blot on human page,
Too base for social life's estate ;
No winning strength of victory can repeal
The laws of honor, all but cravens feel.

A punishment is sure to seal
The degreparation of the wrong,
A worse can scarcely be devis'd ;
You must the blood of bondage feel,
To tint your veins with odor strong,
In offspring sadly realiz'd ;
What curse more fatal to parental breast,
That loaths it's boy fond nature would caress.

We go to war as we are train'd,
Thinking to crush adown some foe,
To cure a vice some ill suspend ;
It's our philosophy if base,
The ill by such no cure has gain'd ;
Revenge makes justice backward flow,
Makes enemies but no true friend,
False are the shadows that we chase ;
One vice prompts many selfish passion gains,
A cruel feast for all its angry pains.

WAR, (CONTINUED.)

The man that carries in his breast,
Combustion ready for all found
Explosive, there to throw his match,
Is to the race an enemy ;

Worse than the savage he molests
With tannt and cruelty combin'd,
To make him guilty more of latches,
The loss of civil use to see ;
What are our worst of passions but example,
If not created by, are made more ample.

We found him sovereign in his home,
Savage for us to teach and raise,
Examples we profess'd to know ;
But ill born out in what we've done,
All cruelty itself bestrays
The hand to give receives the blow ;
Examples better should with self begun,
Than maiming, mutilating, ears and tongue.

We've kept on since, perhaps refin'd
Somewhat in cruelty of scale,
Pretending to make bargains pay
Them, large rewards for land and home ;
Keep cunning sharpers apt in blind,
To steal it ready never fail,
Can honesty stand up and say
We've simple justice to them done ;
The Jesuits and tyrants part, complete
They've found, a generous honor rare to meet.

The savage tribe who binds and ties
The victim up to flay all skin
Off inch by inch to its last web ;
Fearless to see the agony
Of monstrous tortures he applies,
Does as he's taught his right to win
Of deep revenge, you counsel him
No heart to feel his hatred ebb ;
Complaint is cowardly from those who share,
The bitter fruit they've forc'd the tree to bear.

Take the rough cruelties from blade
Of steel, the dungeon, tortures rack
Of anguish in its drowning tears,
As broken hearts in their low moan,
Most mad'ning as they life pervade,
As fruits of kindness that we lack,
Or fail in from our coward fears,
Deserting hearts in anguish lone;
The bare kind feelings cheering in their place,
With throb of joy, would fill the down trod race.

We have the brute to tame and bring,
Some seeming reason to endure,
If restiff in his nature hard,
Put iron in his mouth to curb,
Subdu'd to gamble in the ring,
Obedience comes thereby most sure,
From whom the whip and spur is shar'd,
Small seeming rancour to disturb;
The brute knows seldom ready gratitude,
Beyond the measur'd lash and daily food.

Yet kindness in his nature grows,
Oft seeming as a reason'd birth,
To be return'd to bless our care,
Like manhood's heart enlarg'd to know;
The source of which affection flows,
Wild, fierce and strange to social worth,
When in a state untam'd they are,
Resisting strong no 'traction show;
Yet as the gentle lamb, they come to pay
The hand that taught them better to obey.

The savage unreclaim'd his range,
 Unsocial wilderness dark rude—
To seek and mar what to adorn,
 The glory of the world delights,
His way of life and manners strange,
 With feelings bloody as his food,
Making his home a wild forlorn
 Scant social sympathy invites .
Yet to the kindness nature teaches all,
His heart responsive answers to the call.

The dirt we tread upon despise,
 To use for name of our disgust,
By custom cast away as dross ;
 We're taught so by obliquity,
When tested answers in supplies,
 Of precious metal free of rust,
Good service in, to save from loss
 Of culture proves ubiquity ;
And are the heart and mind of man than dirt,
Less worthy grateful nature to assert.

There's not among all nature's store,
 From mote to mountain fashion'd aught,
But has its useful high to serve,
 The rightful searching to return ;
Good answer for all social lore,
 Repaying kindly for each tho't,
Where social good it would subserve,
 Reward the toil whatever earn ;
Is man the only mote the *mighty* made
His own, his fellow basely to persuade.

False war, false party to promote,
False navy yards, a base device
All schemes of governm't are turn'd,
The dregs of manhood now devote,
The nations heart to sacrifice,
No saving healthy throb discern'd ;
War need not stay, to make more deep the scourge,
For madness greater mischief none can urge.

Who in Republics will be found
To oversee the overseers—
The watch'd and watchees all are one,
The guard and guarded keep one look,
The fault who finds may in the round,
Be faulted by his equal peers,
All knowing which, it's rarely done
With memorandum by the book ;
Some must be honest to control the will,
As those who hold the lash would treasures spill.

OBJECTIONS.

The wise in saws of present course,
Believe they see the whole of what
The future must of man reveal,
His nature and condition fix
Subservient to laws enforce,
By which all populations got
Its numbers full, the land must feel
Oppress'd by more and so predicts ;
Such scarcity of foods supply for all,
The mass at large in beggary must fall.

On water live as Chinese do,
In tents, or caves, or any where—
A dish of porridge to obtain,
Cheese, crust or other scant supply ;
Their hunger will reduce them to
Take any servitude or any fare,
And having lost all moral aim,
Be proud base means for life to try :
These laws, resultant so by lapse of time,
All sense confound of morals so of crime.

When hunger comes in his guant mein,
With haggard eye and wistful jaw,
Devouring like a famish'd beast,
Flesh, bread, and every growing thing ;
The race all dwarfy, raw and lean,
Shall feel one overruling law—
The stomach to provide a feast,
For hunger as the ruling king,
To worship him man proud shall be,
Not knowing hungry slaves from hungry free.

Pray stay, wise man, this is but small
Portion of risk to which were tied,
If fears and doubts can supercede
Eternal wisdom in the scale,
Plague's pestilence may on us fall,
And comets with swift vengeance ride,
On vagrant worlds to fatten feed,
That with ten million leagues of tail,
Absorb an ocean by their fall,
Or aptly whip some from its wat'ry place,
To leave of dry land not a single trace.

All causes fail may to produce
Expected issues, reasoning finds
Unknown, true data to count on
The past, the future better tells
For benefits or for abuse ;
Sooner than hunger should all minds,
Debase, destroy by a bare long,
As number overgrowing swells,
It's better to conclude that wisdom sets the means
Avoidance for, by such as from it gleans.

Yet men starve constantly, and live
In dread of evils that don't come—
To borrow trouble and have doubt,
Of double doubts how they may fall,
By ways Divinity don't give
The knowledge easy got of some
To learn who earnestly set out
Avoiding those who would enthrall
By threaten'd dangers, vicious minds invent,
To keep their slaves in bondage more content.

Is life a juggle barely, all
Who teach and warn but juggler's trim ?
Deceived, deceiving, yea or nay,
Are hearts all false to beat their call—
From guile the struggle to begin,
Nor fonnder by a false delay ;
Say all is false, the world a cheat appears,
With all the flowers and smiling face it wears.

Dig deep the slough for man's estate,
 All future times confirm his lot,
 The poor are chain'd to servitude,
 To cruel masters as the few,
 Hunger and want decreed by fate,
 Tramp freedom down, they never stop,
 As poverty must crime include,
 Twin sisters the relentless two—
 As by the eternal wisdom human mind,
 To perish out by hunger was design'd.

Science the earth can't cause to fill
 With an abundance for all need,
 For every rood, if dense its throng,
 The sea is empty of all store—
 The Mighty's wisdom short of skill,
 Leaves man to perish as a weed ;
 To prove divine contrivance wrong,
 Great pains with little for its score ;
 Let's have another world by better hand,
 With apter fitter sequence to command.

Man shall not meet his fellow on
 The tired road, good cheer to say,
 Here is my heart, with feeling beat,
 To give for want or suff'ring yours,
 Your sick, the limbs once brave and strong,
 Now feeble, can't the body stay—
 Come, rest, allay thy fever heat—
 Cheer up, it often health secures ;
 Men shall all starve where hearts can get no food,
 If lavish plenty thieves on every rood.

Men shan't be friends and hardness leave,
Though far the better riches tell,
The world more flow'ry fields allow,
All pain divided gives less sting ;
It's best to wrong and try to grieve
Each other for the little spell,
The longest years for life endow,
If short it will long evil bring,
We agents are each for the other's good,
Stern ignorance less makes it understood.

EXAMPLES.

In spite of want to make us starve,
The plottings of the base, with bumps too large,
And politics that has no heart
Or country but to buy and sell ;
There are good ways that often serve,
They come to all who would discharge
Of social duty a plain part,
That in the man should ever dwell ;
It's not of manhood's heart we should despair,
Trust comes of wisdom as divine its share.

So social state has fairly rung
Its changes from marauders' reign,
The rough excellence of a skin,
To wear untan'd the best among,
To high suavity courts gain,
As gentles all are polish'd in,
With raiment woven of voluptuous thread,
Wearing with costly jewels overspread.

Whose is the fault, and whose the blame,
 Co-equals where they both arise,
 You think the heart to mend by dross,
 Are griev'd and anger'd when you fail,
 As if dross had full power to tame,
 Unsocial passions you despise,
 Tho' apter far to bring some cross,
 With disappointment to assail ;
 If hearts by such to gratitude incline,
 To point a moral only needs a mine.

Some minds have doubts to founder on,
 With many fears and reasons stale,
 Why social wants can't be suppli'd,
 They count men daft and doom'd to wrong,
 No one opinion holding long,
 By any means to make avail
 For safety, that they could provide,
 Why fail they must the reason's strong ;
 Yet is it prov'd beyond a cavil or a flaw,
 All wants the powers of execution draw.

The comet flies, its terror bears
 To minds of little reasoning blest—
 One sees a fire to scorch and burn,
 Another floods to drown, destroy ;
 While nature safe its course prepares,
 By the great law to all address'd,
 Its threat'nings unto blessings turn,
 All means alike by it employ,
 The purpose one, no reason to offend,
 Destroying, making, safety is the end.

Good social rules are the rich field
Where full abundance grows to stay,
All wants of body as of mind,
Starvation is one phase of crime ;
Nature compels the plants to yield
Food equal to the moral sway,
As every bud, with seed and rind,
A moral being must combine,
As part and parcel of the plant to grow,
No need for this, no germ would ever show.

Take what is best in time to build,
Fates or starvation shall not mar
Its polish'd splendor, gaining high
Rewards, all ranks to bless, adorn,
Like morning sun, anon to guild
First mountain top, then vales afar--
No alien source for its supply,
Rewards of Mammon to stubborn ;
Then ask no more than other may the same,
For their own fellows do with equal aim.

Examples many are outspread,
And have been more than now,
Of recent years, and divers places,
Where social congregated bands,
Large numbers were together led,
To settle as good rules allow,
In towns, or under rural phases,
To work at trades and till the lands,
Live long in love and harmony, no guide,
That laws appointed rulers make, prescribe.

No titl'd Satrap with a star
 Or tail to herald dignity, its pay
 To crush out or secure by fraud—
 The latter oftener than the rule,
 The object duties seldom bar ;
 No etiquette for rights delay,
 No drums or powder for its laud,
 With sycophants to play the fool,
 But Justice mighty in each heart they went,
 To live and found the fruits of blest content.

No gather'd crowd to cast their caps,
 Hurrahs to mingle with their yells—
 For idols they have made to strut,
 Cloth'd with official magnitude,
 None who official spittle laps,
 To get a place of power, tells
 For such reward to carry smut,
 To daub, if better dare intrude ;
 They went to settle with a firm resolve
 To do their duty, which no frauds involve.

No flunkies follow in the train
 Of an official, pompous show
 Self gratulations, puffs, to keep
 Up to the flunkies' standard high ;
 Pride seen in little curs, to gain
 A place where in majestic row,
 The big ones waddle, fat and sleek, '
 Curl'd tail, with upturn'd nose, whereby
 They act their part, as well for strut's applause,
 As big ones do by the same rules and laws.

The State's a turnpike spacious, wide,
Where each may take his stand and swear
He'll have his gate, exact his toll,
To pay to his opinion your consent—
If not, his vengeance to abide ;
The surest, sneaking way prepare
Your life to pester or control,
To blacken to your heart's content :
If he don't gain by you, you shan't by him,
It's thus the savage for a social rule comes in.

The man of highest station shuts
His gate, and in his pocket puts the key,
Nor lets a single beggar through,
Although aloud they whine and cry,
Until the rhino down he puts ;
Fast in opinion to agree,
In all the servile work to do,
At meanness make no faces wry,
Or hold opinions like an honest man,
Unless from gate to get a sternmost jam.

The little whiffets of the road,
That keep no gate to stop your track,
Bark at you with a sancy throat,
To let their masters know you pay
No toll, opinions their's to load ;
To make your free a mulish back
Throw dirt and filth upon your coat,
To splutter at you all the way ;
This is small parcel of the holy use
That freedom's satraps keep for its abuse.

Some gaze and think that power's got
 All labor'd duties to perform,
 That makes a State the greatest, best,
 The privates all in humble lot.
 By number only to adorn
 The higher rank, of growth the test ;
 If private men great duties do not do,
 The public ones can't their's aright pursue.

Vice is a coward, makes a fight
 Where greater cowards yield the ground ;
 But never will it face the right,
 With hearts determin'd for this found.

Most men of note, in times gone by,
 Have proved the expanding power
 As genial, own'd by social man,
 Which must his state exalted high,
 Secure and bless at future hour,
 A limit scarcely to its span ;
 Pray, shall it be in head or heart they mean,
 In freedom of the few or many seen.

The crowd believ'd, in times afore,
 Of halcyon days that should arise—
 'Twas grateful to the soul's suspense,
 Or why should seek a savage shore,
 That most of social joy denies,
 A home so lov'd to go from thence ;
 With anguishment deep in their hearts they went,
 To be with want and suffering long content.

A savage shore they sought away,
Through a long, trackless, unknown deep—
To make their home in a wild land,
'Mong savages and beasts of prey ;
By vigilance 'twas hard to keep
Life safe, but by a cunning hand ;
Shunning no toil and danger to be free,
Resolve the noblest, earnest if it be.

They fled from tyranny, the worst
That lays upon a well-born thought,
An iron hand to crush it down,
To watch it as a subtle foe—
To make it aid a worldly lust,
By tyrants for religion taught ;
The church in slavery vile to crown,
To charge on heaven's command the blow ;
That baseness to oppress has equal none,
Which robs the subject to make poor the throne.

Why flee, why wince when the sharp lash
Is laid upon the tender flesh,
With scourging hand to make it bleed,
If nothing more is than to bear ;
No remedy, no oil upon the gash
To pour, with healing to refresh,
Restore and urge our holy speed,
To win high glory, wrong to dare ;
No, 'tis not true that mind should lie,
In brutal apathy to bear and die.

W O M A N .

Woman, God made thee as a bliss,
The rugged to assuage adorn,
To help thy mate none other here
With gifts divine such part to do ;
This holy office, social is
Lost to the earth to meet thy scorn,
Made homeless solitary drear,
A high behest tho' plain to view ;
A thoughtless race may illy estimate,
If scorn'd thou art, the purpose still is great.

Creations work, of might unweigh'd
Measureless as infinitude
Of th't, exhaustless to perform,
Stands forth with unabated share
Of mystery so vast array'd ;
That wonder by its weight subdu'd
In speechless agony forlorn,
Gapes voiceless with a vacant stare ;
If in such fields, might does not much abide,
Their vastness argues fondness like a pride.

Thought might priority dispute,
With all things made in excellence,
For social use most apt display'd,
Being from us hid in this respect,
Almighty wisdom holds repute,
Exalted most to human sense,
In the vast fields so full array'd,
As not to suffer our neglect ;

In chiefest excellence to challenge deep regard,
With art to imitate as great reward.

Pleasure is but succession wise,
Of tho'ts like flowers our path bestrew,
Some sweetness have in, while some
Nourish like fruit or leave behind
Bad flavor an excess supplies ;
All may be taught of good to do,
Or evil better left undone,
Sincere desire is sure to find ;
The best reward, where nature widest throws
Examples most, for social life bestows.

Go to a city in decay,
It's walls are crumbling, doors unhung
How sadness damps the sinking mind ;
O Petra, lonely more to stay,
Wand'ring thy desert walls among
Than the deep wilderness can find ;
The want of social sign is a sad grief,
Nature and art can minister relief.

Thy tenement of mind it's gain,
Wanting for daily thrifts supply,
To urge thy social ranks progress,
Is like a desert seen with pain,
Or gather'd mold and rust, whereby
Companionship has joy the less ;
Thy walls, O Petra, desert who will seek,
Tho' once of social rapture bade to speak.

Herein we don't forget life's joy
In thousand vari'd ways that come,
To make us glad or to refresh
Some tir'd moments, nerves to rest ;
Renewing power to employ,
New energies induct in some,
To lengthen life and health the best,
Examples in creative test ;
Nature don't weary, in her endless toil,
The useful making pleasure to, no foil.

Don't give to labor bad repute,
Or falsely think it wise to shun,
An action this or that less choice,
Except there be some moral bane,
By other rule we but refute,
Divinely equal all or none,
The time and place make right rejoice,
Intrinsic merit not to tame ;
Diamonds have value different, so of things
Each one to others all the merit brings.

Labor and learning both unite,
As one in purposes for good,
One of the body both of mind,
To equal strength if duly pli'd ;
Improvement social will invite,
Strength lives in reasons neighborhood,
In equal soil their roots to find,
One fails as t'other is deni'd,
We can't have mind, without the labor'd cause,
That subjugates them both to equal laws.

Labor, the sturdy is the want,
The flesh, the bone, and muscle strong,
Improve and bring to just estate,
All things thereby proceed arise,
Be it a world or simple plant,
The sun its course would not prolong.
If planets could their task debate,
Defer to others its supplies ;
What doubts beset to worry social sense,
Where rank in labor's right finds base offense.

Joy comes of labor as the hills
Resound, the vallies echo wide
It's glad'ning clamor thrown aloft,
To mountain top as hearts respond
To sound of mirth the welkin fills,
Its rich abundance to provide,
The quiv'ring light as music soft,
Bears it away in raptures fond ;
Hearts must be hard or seeming like the vile,
Unmov'd by natures universal smile.

To be taught well is precious gift,
The false its only to correct
Whose evil lies at home ;
True social from by selfish rift,
All hopeless cureless to detect,
By any scheme as yet begun ;
One reason is, will it or not suffice,
Examples kill the most our wit supplies.

Most dolts come aptly by descent,
Of the opinion that they're learn'd,
Being forced or taught in their young years
To hasten over learn'd stuff ;
Years sixty wisely spent,
In what is best discern'd,
Are short to make us seers,
In which the most are short enough ;
Men learn the best who think they little know,
The most are stop'd where they begin to grow.

The highest rank of trust is thine,
As guardians to the little brood,
Whose accents first its thine to teach—
It may be that as stars they'll shine,
If thou providest mental food,
Of honest fame tho' high they reach ;
It bears thee on its glory fanning wings,
All for the wisdom they instruction brings.

Talents for fame and wit to deck,
Or pepper dish of sharp discourse,
At which one's friends are cautious mum,
If thornless flowers win respect,
More than the barb'd it comes by force,
Of instinct we their daggers shun ;
The merits doubtless each hold's proper rank,
When in their place to meet, we're sure to thank.

It's very simple to suppose,
The head or heart alone should grow,
The other members to stand still,
'Twould make a monster to the sight,

Two bodies join'd in one disclose,
Example of the same to show,
Nature gives no inventive skill.
To found improvement for delight ;
That don't include both equal head or hearts,
One's growth alone must spoil the other parts.

All parts that wisely are design'd,
A union for in strength and grace,
Require before the union's made,
A fitting suited to the kind
Of edifice we wish to place,
It's for some social use essay'd ;
Their parts require their nature to advance,
Such social shapes as must their worth enhance.

All education as all gain,
Have social base the only true,
We need not further look perplex,
Our life for cause that lies beyond,
As such its false to yield but pain,
For end the maker holds to view,
Conditions intricate that vex
Want but the heart to make them bend ;
To equal joy and good content in every phase,
Make all conditions equal in their place.

The bones of flesh require time,
Their just maturity to reach,
If shaded, hous'd, will sickly grow,
Equal are laws that govern mind,
Beyond its growth we cannot teach,
Too fast is fatal, more than slow ;
Teaching is only food well to digest,
Broad space demands with frequent toil and rest.

Fabius Maximus, in youth
Was dull and slow nor scarcely gave,
A sign of that rich riper fruit,
Which after years in shining truth,
Class'd him among the wise and brave,
His country's want so well to suit,
Against a subtle foe, whose anger drew
Revenge on Rome that her best armies slew.

All minds of depth are like the pit,
Of any nut of luscious taste,
The shell or husk to grow want time,
With labor'd elements to get
True flavor not convey'd by haste,
Beyond a healthy swelling rind ;
Empirics try to make the pit by force,
Outgrow the laws of nature's healthy course.

Woman don't say yourself you know,
Such is acquaintance out of line,
Of mortal's knowledge in all cases—
One reason why it must be so,
Reposes on the vast design,
Which socializes all the races ;
If each one knew himself all tho't to guide,
The social would have nothing to decide.

All mind all matter stand alli'd,
Fast as decree of the supreme,
Unto the social as an end—
Including bound beyond time's flight,
Creation vast for it supplied,
Point to it as the ruling theme,
The great the small alike defend
It, spirit of creating might ;
36

Hence the great duties on the race enjoin'd,
Lie in it or close kindred in combin'd.

Great office that a finger lends,
To imitate Almighty's task,
In province unto man assign'd,
To fill his world with art and use,
Labor creative never ends,
Nor favors from it all must ask,
No medium other is assign'd,
By which to molify abuse ;
But every blow we strike for good to thrive,
Is soul's exalted purpose to derive.

At holy altar kneel intense.
A fervent prayer pour out for what,
Some favor that the mighty high,
Vouchsafe will for the thirsty soul,
Create a spirit new, defence
'Gainst evils that appear as plot,
If answer comes with its supply,
What is it but enlarg'd control,
Creating power conducts you in,
New love and labor stronger to begin.

'Tis new creation for you pray,
Just like all other in intent,
Ripe in the fruit for social end,
Call it whatever name you will,
No prayer can labor's use delay,
Prolific harvest for it bend,
In field or soul to conquer ill ;
Curs'd must he be, who labors not or turn
His finger an unsocial thing to earn.

it a spirit idle you invoke,
To tell you go lie down and rest,
Go languish in the shade and rust—
No, 'tis the eternal ever acting one,
Creation rose as word he spoke,
Yet with eternal youth is blest,
To all who feel creative trust,
As theme divine of limit none,
All that's to bless from his creation spring,
New life to give and wisdom high to bring.

The excess of labor must enslave
Where drones abound with idle wing,
As burthens that we don't divide,
In due proportion are all like,
From chafe or social ill to save ;
Each must due contribution bring,
Nature her stores much to provide
Abundance causes to invite ;
Relief from want in what is hers to do,
Nor dreads a surplus should with waste imbue.

Some wait on labor as they do,
On any grace from heaven sent ;
They need and seek it with high zeal,
As cargueres much prefer,
Dark mountain passes struggling through,
From which no danger will prevent,
With load to cause a giant's reel,
Than bear of idleness the spur ;
They seek most toilsome other's not suppli'd,
By social rise directing social tide.

Where once the tension'd muscles strove,
To sweat and blood compell'd full oft ;
The civil arts have lur'd the way,
With wheel and cog and cunning groove,
On easy chair to sit aloft,
The farmer with a magic sway ;
By wave of hand the power to wield,
That sweeps off clean the labor'd field.

Precepts are nails drove in to hold
The social life to times gone by—
Or going lest it take along
Some virtue stamp'd its tablets on,
So graven there, that in times fold,
They blur or o'er the better lie,
If some hold order in correction strong,
Beyond they little good have done ;
Longer to keep than time they're made to mend,
The prosperous social progress but offend.

I leave it for the world to say,
How much it can of nature blanch
Outright, colors and instincts there,
Leaving a balance worth the cost,
Of blanching, fade out what it may,
Back it must come by force or chance,
New thinking races to prepare,
Oft when not ready for the lost ;
If art for government, provides good ways,
It is an art respect to nature pays.

The highest destiny as best,
Is that the mighty did create,
To follow thee in all thy ways ;
Cans't thou a better one presume,

Or find to make thee live as blest,
As honor'd in thy life's estate,
In aught that equal glory pays ;
It's true thou can'st give room,
To discontent, and seek some other way
The false in passion, or its pride obey.

Of all earth's precious things to seem,
Be it of flesh or jewel bright,
Most polish'd as a chosen gem,
Hidden away to be most sought ;
He's made thee fairest earth to deem
Without thee, as if sable night
Her mantle dark o'er ways of men,
Had thrown to make them naught ;
In thee, a world of laughing bliss is sent,
To crown with joy all social discontent.

What seemeth to thee toil and pain,
Their anguishment that so bereave,
To press thee down as if to crush,
Are ladders sent on which to mount,
Thy nature higher rank to gain,
The earth's full glory to receive,
Upborne upon thy fames account ;
It is thy choice to love the pain as its reward,
A tripple benediction will reward.

Some solitude at times our lot,
A tir'd sinking of the heart,
A weariness of the world's way,
Or wounds, that wrongs unwelcome bring,
Angels don't always fly to stop,
Or heal the anguish of their smart,
For ready help, then turn we may
To fountains that in woman spring ;

To much that we endure and do not hide,
Will counsel and consoling words provide.

I would not mix her up entire,
With all the cause for jangling hates,
That 'ont door life bring to assail,
No umpire truthful to inspire,
Amid rough storms our way debates,
The highest Judge in truth must fail,
In any quarrel aid to lend ;
What can we do when there's no peaceful bay,
Our ship if toss'd at anchor safe to lay.

There is a field both fair and wide,
Where stands the social tenement,
Why yield it to the blast of war,
Or the mad passions for corrupted gain ;
Let woman over it preside,
It needs a cherish'd government,
A wise firm hand to save from jar,
From daily waste it may sustain ;
If vote she must, why not the armies lead,
The helmet donn'd, who will young warrior's feed.

The ways of life are not as one,
In wants and need of body mind—
Some prominent and special use,
With place to fit and time to serve,
For each and all is wisely done,
The art of life is so to bind,
The deed and want the least abuse.
The better purpose on to curve ;
I leave the world to Judge of the best plan,
Most safe to change the woman to the man.

Help man, help God, who helper first,
Taught every labor and its use,
Most faithful tri'd, most truth to see,
How helping is an earthly bliss ;
God helpeth all who helping trust,
In him example to induce,
Of social strength a staff to be,
In way to heav'n we cannot miss ;
Go helper, help in spirit by him meant,
His trust to fill, fails not in the content.

What maketh godlike in thy name,
As angels wings thy nature sent
To stay a tempest in its rage,
And turn its desolation back,
To ward aside some coming flame,
Whose burning never would relent,
Where else no other to assuage,
Or heal a torture on life's track ;
God gave thee heart large as of course the sun,
'Circling as wide as human ills can run.

A heart that has for every woe
A balm, for every pain a tear,
To give us thy compassion sweet,
To stand by us when well we know,
No hand but thine will venture near,
With cooling drops parch'd lips to meet,
Parching by fever's burning glow,
Or stricken 'neath the world's dark frown,
In bitterness to tramp us down ;
God sent thee helper ever standing near,
To raise and comfort, scorn thou do'st not fear.

There is a pool that lies aside,
The clear sweet fountain sparkling bright,
With darnel growing on its edge,
As reptiles croaking ever near ;
It need not on my page abide,
To stain it with a hurtful sight,
The power of God to man as pledge,
Shall make its turbid waters clear ;
If slow, 'twill change to give more ample room,
For social growth and flowers with their perfume.

Ask not why made the high the low,
Man and all world's, that shine and roll
Immensity with perfect order stay'd,
Now and for ever more not less,
All purpose mortals not to know,
Betidements that an end control,
The councils are to him who made
Man's place and province not to bless ;
To change an aspect, God has power and can
To make it here, subverts the world of man.

If naught except a star that shines—
A flower's perfume and gayety,
Of place with pleasure's nimble round,
Are the grand final of the race,
It graces ill such vast designs,
To greet with such disparity
A programme, bearing the profound
A prelude sadly to deface ;
Ten million worlds not needed surely are,
To make us laugh or gaze up a star.

The end is godly, that deny,
Powers of earth and world's assume,
Dare not, and that is bless'd—
Or perfect being end and aim ;
Stand all repeal'd but to supply
The false to fill perfections room,
With vanity of purpose test,
To be of God's exalted name,
No, God is perfect and the end the best,
To things he form'd his pleasures in to rest.

The wind on the sea makes a glorious sight,
Gives a seeming life to its motion grand,
The cloud with its thin and fragile form,
When the sun shines on, turns to molten gold ;
We admire much to see a thing so slight,
Turn ethereal from celestial wand,
But of all the riches sent to adorn
Or metal or gems sum up when all told ;
Or than sea, or than cloud, diviner to last,
Is truth round the heart of woman to clasp.

The sea holds great riches buri'd away
For which its hunger is ever the same,
With Peri to sport and sail in a shell,
That is spangl'd with purple, orange and blue,
Drawn by dolphins, who dash thro' foam and spray,
Held fast to guide by a sun beams rein,
The mermaid song to listen thereto,
Oft beguil'd away by its dreamy spell.
But no song, or shell, or riches of sea,
Boast worth to compare with her constancy.

Thou hast heard of gift divine they say,
That changes water into wine,
Those drinking of to thirst no more,
But youth put on if old and grey,
Then looking to a blissful shrine,
Take wings and for it's haven soar ;
If these things in the same distrust have grown.
I'll show how magnifi'd are gifts thy own.

Turn water into wine, thou can'st
Turn bread to panacea sweet,
The mouth to fill with lucious gust,
The tray on which the food thou stand'st,
In new made splendor comes to greet,
Times hoar can scarce invade to worst ;
Thy gifts are supernatural in this vale,
All magic arts in equal wonder fail.

Thy cottage that peers low and scant,
Thatch'd roof and clay outspread for floor,
All humble looming in its build,
Resist thy beck to rise it can't,
To portal wide and polish'd door,
With stately roof and burnish'd gild ;
Why not thy victor eyes in love are there,
To banish hence away life's last despair.

Is there in life a wail, a fearful storm,
To rack the mind and break its peace,
At which the bravest might despond ;
Thy look their terrors can reform—
All madden'd roar compel to cease :
Vain are all threats if thou art fond,
Come, welcome all events, for thou canst heal
The blotch, the plague, their torments ripe to yield.

Too thou ! Oh, why such fearful gift !
Can wine turn back to poison draught,
Bread to make bitter in the mouth ?
The domes of grandeur that uplift
Their tow'ring roofs and polish'd shaft,
Thy breath can canker as the south,
With its siroccos blast can sweep away
The flower's fostering life with sweet delay.

Choose which thou wilt, but do not vow
Thou hast no choice thy gifts to lend—
Why should life mourn its bitterness,
With heavy grief to mar its brow,
Where thou canst charm against them send,
To banish or to feel them less ;
If thou art sent an angel's messenger,
Pray do not that of fallen one prefer.

A WORD AT PARTING.

The heartless schemes, unwise or base,
That politicians raise and mask,
Unworthy render them of trust,
To teach or train the heart and mind ;
A private want to find fit place
In Virtue's care, not in their task—
Can one expect an issue just,
In number large to madness join'd ?
They have no interest proper to the plot,
The more you give, returns the poorer got.

War may be learn'd at public charge,
The art to kill regards the end
The basest that we can conceive ;
Virtue is seldom learn'd of mobs,
Or bodies that the means enlarge,
To smother out and not defend,
Want's that 'tis private hearts relieve :
To make by politics their snobs,
Whose use is doubtful as a teaching ware,
All people, if they wish, can easy spare.

THE MAN.

There was a rose, a simple flower,
Upon its stem that graceful bore
Its shining head, to kiss the dew,
With lips perfum'd, at early morn ;
If life was but a fragrant hour,
It counted worshipers by score—
True friends, that close their bosom drew,
That near the heart it might adorn ;
It faded, shrank, its leaves fell down,
But yet they strew'd perfume around.

A violet more simple still,
Led on a gentle, careless life,
Its labor in the world was small,
It suffer'd neither care or pain,
Yet modest beauty deign'd to fill
A circle wide with fondness rife,
Who lov'd and prais'd its colors all ;
They woo'd it for adornment's gain—
It died, and yet no charge was ever made
That could its modest worth or fame invade.

There was a man like flower made,
Of the same dust his nature grew,
His image touching the sublime,
With inward complicate renown,
Of soul and passions to persuade,
With many ties his nature drew,
To urge his being up to climb,
Strange winds, of storm and tempest frown
On him more fearful, that he apprehends
Evil more distant than the flower offends.

His life is longer, yet its sphere
As panorama emulates
In changes, of their sudden guise
Mysterious oft, as if their woof
Were woven in a sybil's gear ;
From mixture spun and stir'd by fates,
Where darkness broods for its supplies,
'Neath gushing light for that behoof ;
The vapors tremble in such atmosphere,
That mist is strangely blent to conjure fear.

For him in cunning art, a hood
Nature has set of texture fine,
To throw at times, perhaps unwarn'd,
Its shadow, reason on a film ;
It's like as if some passion stood,
With finger bent for the design,
All careful, so were not alarm'd,
Draws it quite o'er the thoughtful realm ;
It often seems, like consciousness shut out,
From that accustom'd to create a doubt.

It's dark within the hood when clos'd,
For reason's light is wan'd and gone—
Yet therein seeming brightly more
Lights brilliant of phosphoric hue,
By glare false visions interpos'd,
Seeming of bliss a pledge or pawn,
Or gainful on some winning score,
Thus tempting froward to pursue ;
Tho' promises not clear in line or name,
Yet in the hood by darkness seeming plain.

Thus led or forc'd, wild deeds commits,
At which the angels veil their face,
And doers weep at, too, when done ;
O, villainy ! thou hast no friend—
Thy parent to condemn thee sits
In judgment, scorning thy disgrace !
Pity asham'd, can scarcely come—
There is a laugh at thy foul end :
More sad it makes one to reflect on woe,
Waiting, deserted, for its final blow.

Who knows, pray, ponder, ask the deep
Recesses where the tho't must rise,
If the dark hood has not enclos'd,
The reason of the world in this,
The scorner tho' he judgment keep,
Arm'd with a bolt the law supplies,
Leaves stubborn doubt to be proposed
How he the falling hood can miss ;
Perhaps it's more than human strength can reach,
To say which most aside the hood can teach.

Intensity is the great stream
Or flood to overbear and sweep
Our reason like a straw away,
To turn our ends and aims to dust ;
It may be crime the cure you deem,
And try the proper cause don't keep
In view, or teach the means to stay,
Examples of all fruits the first—
Let him who out of darkness fairly climbs,
Give us true light, by which his reason shines.

That's in the social nothing less,
Emitted light from every line,
And tangent as time's circles move,
Less than the perfect tho' it be,
The good endeavor still to bless,
If darkly but, thro' efforts shine,
Compel the hood does to approve,
The less the selfish comes to see ;
It don't see darkness in the reason's way,
To mark the I that does the you betray.

Who that darkness knows, or why,
We are led by it to an abyss
To thrust us down its yawning depth ;
Why or for what ourself to dash,
Out memories sweet that lie
Clasp'd in the soul's eternal bliss—
To narrow up its precious width,
Is but ourself ourself to lash ;
Why is the wrong we each to other do,
Reason don't plead the narrow, selfish view.

What saint is here, with sternness fit,
Or judge to hold of scourge the rein,
To make more perfect the divine,
In measure he deals out to slay
Or thrust his fellow in the pit—
To fix a standard for his pain,
Himself don't feel or vast design,
Compass his judgment won't obey ;
It's idle, vain, presumptuous to suppose
He learns of science what it can't disclose.

Is it some royal thief that farms,
A fief or realm to fret its fields,
With spears to enrich the soil
With copious showers of blood,
The product of revengeful arms ;
His pride or lust of conquest yields
To call it patriotic toil,
The wanton desolation good—
It must be that the dark'ning hood has fell
To mingle curses with its bloody spell.

The beauteous world adorn'd to shine,
By supernatural art contriv'd,
To fill the soul and slake its thirst,
With knowledge ample but to ask—
Distorted not by the divine,
But of a just estate depriv'd,
By evil musing and distrust,
So mingl'd with each other's task ;
To tire, and often faint in such false throes,
Or think a God inflicts all human woes.

It would not be so if demand
We make on others to perform—
Look'd to the social benefit,
Ourselves on equal base to stand,
Resolv'd of reason not to scorn,
The time and place full study get ;
'Their simple laws to overrule as guide,
Leave folly's empire little to divide.

As 'tis, it's wonderful how much
Perform he does of mingl'd deed,
In all relations, that he sues
To claim a sweet and blest perfume—
How many hazards in it touch,
How broad the charity they need,
As brace his nature ill can lose ;
Yet after all, to meet in room
'Thereof, an ordeal cold and scathing too,
For moments darkness falling on his view.

He much has done that seemeth well,
To struggle for a little fame—
To leave his household when his dust
Lies silent in a humble tomb ;
The darkness that upon him fell,
All from your fellow's finger came,
Or ill device you on him thrust,
To blight the store of his perfume,
Yet like the Jeddah hounds you raise the cry,
For deed your own you tell him he must die.

Crime never comes alone to slay
Our reason and the heart pervert—
It's in the knot tied up and bound,
False social weaves, if intricate,
Base cowards only would array,
Judgment 'gainst causes to assert,
In which no cure is ever found ;
Amendment to exasperate,
Search for the cause why evil must exist,
Nor on a further wrong for cure insist.

The last wild phase is at the door,
The civilizing temple opes to man,
Riches reserv'd it seems to crown
In magnitude not seen before,
Australian and Pacific land,
To consecrate a vast renown ;
Shall the material selfish rule the end,
Or moral power and glory more defend.

'Tis his own work, come as it will,
Achiev'd for honor or a curse to send,
The next grand step may it proclaim,
The elements expose to view ;
Material only, long can't fill
A nation's wants, the heart defend
'Gainst woes, no power it holds to tame,
Our simplest reason bring us to ;
We see the want, well able to redress,
Ourselves, our enemy, content with less.

New bonds, new bands are forming fast,
They will the millions all embrace,
More social closing with the soul—
Divine to prove their better lot,
To break the empire of the past,
A wider sympathy to place
Less mystery for dark control,
Except from love and kindness got ;
High kings, high priests, intolerance will forego,
To tread the path where social duties flow.

My hand I've offer'd to the palm
Of every man, with heart to greet,
Well wishing in God's love and speed,
To him with all his tribe and clan ;
It may be that in my salaam,
His full approval all don't meet—
He's free to challenge as to read,
If right to find by wrong he can ;
We both are pleas'd who love the truth to know,
All gain'd to gain it, let the manner go.

NIGHT SCENES.

SCENE FIRST.

'Tis midnight, and the air is hush'd—
The kine lie down in their dumb bed ;
Stillness is melancholy's nearest friend,
'Tis broke but by the prowling pard
Or Bacchanals with revel flush'd—
The first to feast by instinct lead,
The last less reason can defend ;
Instincts if in the brute seem wanton, hard,
In man more wanton where no reason suits,
Condition his to raise above the brutes.

'Tis midnight past, the hour that parts
A death-like slumber from the morn,
Of waking to new life reviv'd,
New birth diurnal to the breast ;
Unbounded incense for all hearts,
Through the wide world expecting borne,
A wondrous boon to all unshriv'd,
Again life breaks, as from death's rest,
With joys made newer, fresh to flow,
As opening buds untasted death to know.

'Tis midnight past, and yet there's eyes
Full many close do not to sleep,
They merry make, the darkness flee,
In dance to tread its mazes out—
In nimble chorus, think it's wise
The tabor's time and pipe to keep,
In suppleness with toe and knee ;
Absorb the world in sprightly rout,
Nor tire, unconscious of the golden light
Morn pours as victor, putting stars to flight.

'Tis not alone the toe and joints,
Contend for raptures of the reel,
Or waltz a humpy dumpy match,
The heart, the eyes, sometimes the lips,
To office higher love appoints
If noiseless, yet may deeper feel
In every maze to touch or snatch,
A palm or glance like bird who sips ;
On wing, some nectar from inviting flower,
He with his bill, while they with hearts devour.

The blood is warm'd, the cheeks aglow,
The heaving heart pulsates aloud—
There's fever in the blood or flesh,
The breath some balmy volumes pour
In pairs to be reliev'd they go,
To avoid the pressure of the crowd,
Cool breezes will out door refresh,
The dust is stifling from the floors ;
So pleasure thickens in the dance's rout,
Some pleasures in find other pleasures out.

'Tis midnight past, tho' faint and slow
Star lights in trembling dimness come,
The blue upon the sky, some haze
Is blended with approaching grey ;
If larger ones some brilliance show,
Nights finished splendor comes from none,
The winds in murm'ring dullness play,
As loit'ring mind with nought to say ;
There is no moon, the mountain silver line
Not seen as when she condescends to shine.

The senses now are quick, not bar'd
By nature's elemental floods apace,
Of light and winds which often sweep,
The welkin o'er to win our choice,
Or conjure dread from nature's hard,
So sound if small can fill large space,
And grief be heard if neighbors weep,
Not so when tempests raise their voice ;
To clatter as clouds gather' roll'd in sheets,
As brass and iron one the other meets.

The vale in double darkness hid,
It's leaf and flower can't be seen,
A murmur now and then prevails,
An insects flutter, sudden splash
Sounds, the conclusion to forbid,
That leafy kingdoms holds a screen,
Tho' darkness murk the night assails,
To signs the mighty gives, they flash
Conviction of a power not hid ;
All nature holds, some sign, some present sound,
The omnipresent, be it dark profound.

The bell we hear, the tolling bell,
At this dark hour it brings a thrill,
Some sad'ning tho't to dwell upon
Why should a sound portend some grief,
It's at the hour fit time to tell,
Our orisons so hush'd so still,
Perhaps its these they say anon
From guilt entreat to get relief ;
Humbly to kneel, proud spirits down a space,
Imploring heav'n with upturn'd wistful face.

No, there's a flambeau's light on high
Its blaze points out the cortege van,
The music is the dirges strain,
A funeral is approaching slow,
The trombones voice bespeaks it nigh,
With mellow chants to swell the band,
More loud as steps upon us gain,
Each note how plain it speaks of woe ;
Ah, how the stilly darkness seems to bend,
With pomp and glory fain their part to lend.

Memento other, yet small heed
No time on sables our last pall,
To waste, or give to drops that go,
To form an ocean of eternity ;
Endless they gather on time's speed,
Unfill'd however, fast they fall
When near the heart they sprinkle woe,
Time smiles upon its casuistry ;
How can it be a gush of salty tears,
Heals up a wound made for eternal years.

The lake whose waters calmly lie,
So mirror'd stars if dim appear,
Upon it's surface thithers their way,
The flambeaus blaze upon it thrown,
A flick'ring light as if to vie,
In ekeing out to mourner's cheer,
To glimmer as the waters sway,
Suits falt'ring step to sadness known ;
Sadness all heedless to the torches blaze,
Were it a pyre, to crown a grief with bays.

In her palanquin borne by men,
Chief mourner now if palely shown,
Sits beauty in it's blushing time
Of years, the flow'ring spring to crown,
With fragrant bloom the thrifty stem,
Sorrow thus early strikes scarce blown,
What would she seem in her full prime,
No blush despoil'd of its renown ;
How would she look, how much, how far outrun
Her present self, glowing by the lit sun.

He sables well set on to deck,
Flesh mortal of a child so fair,
And grief itself can deeply win
A pity, when we feel its tears ;
It's so when grief completes its wreck,
Love comes to take with pity share,
To cover up and hide the brim,
That sorrow's cup o'erflowing bears ;
Pity I would, thy arms were long to cast
Round scath'd one's many, sorrow comes to blast.

Fair were she, word but poorly made,
The assembl'd graces to express,
Around her hung as if to dare,
Angelic excellence above,
They might not such high host invade,
Yet provinces below address
With earth's born graces to compare,
Nor shun or fear the queen of love ;
Aught that we've seen of mortal deck'd out woe,
Fairer, more lofty, in the shade must throw.

Guido drew beauty with large eyes,
Small mouth compress'd to hold
Its sweetness in, to have much room
To think it kept a precious store,
Beauty in no single feature lies,
As self creating clayey mould,
A spirit's life must give it bloom,
Absent we cannot long adore ;
'Twas so in every grace of motion look,
The mourner bore of inward soul partook.

You know it is celestial deep,
As the devotion of a spirit makes
It's life a verity in the divine,
As food it lives on, elements to be
Just as the seas their saltness keep,
To die if savor that forsakes,
Or turn to other thing which to combine,
It longer can't be call'd the sea ;
No perfect beauty can you make, of grace
The chisel, cuts, or brushes give a place.

They stand upon the graves quick verge,
The coffin lid is folded by,
No groans came from her, but a swell
Of murmur'd sighs from heaving breast,
That wounded hearts are wont to urge,
When fount of tears, from weeping's dry
Upon his face she kneeling fell,
And lip to lip in anguish press'd ;
Trembling like leaf, her utterance seem'd to tell,
Henry, my love, is this our last farewell.

The decencies perform'd, the occasion mien
Fill'd every looker on with grief ;
There burst a general sob aloud,
Feeling my heart to nature lean—
Wanting some tears for its relief,
The luxury drove me from the crowd ;
The luxury to go away and weep alone,
Perhaps I had much sorrow of my own.

She was to him betrothed, whom now
She mourn'd the banns, for his return
From war's fierce field, whereto
His country call'd him, wholesome staid—
For fond completion of his vow,
Constant as the vestal fires burn ;
His noble heart while breath he drew,
A bullet breach unholy made—
While the lone weeper, more than widow sent,
To bear her Providence for life unspent.

All men who saw her once, again
Would love to look, they were so charm'd
In all she did or deign'd to say,
And women too, who knew her, felt
A strange felicity remain—
Of all apt jealous pique disarm'd ;
Speaking or acting, sad or gay,
Truth kindly sweet conviction dealt,
Seeming to humor all companions said,
Yet sure to hint the right to which it led.

No clatt'ring slander of her sex
Defil'd her lips, or envious wit
Dazzl'd, a laughter to provoke,
As tho' mirth of condition low,
Could make its prize, a right to vex
The modest, or the humble hit ;
If in her power, such never spoke
But words some goodness to bestow—
Uplifting, or as teaching truth to mind,
How gain'd in what philosophy to find.

Buried at night, fit time to count
As witness, starry host to come,
More brilliant than earth's cavalcade—
They heaven's majesty portray,
No glitter in them false to mount,
To tarnish luster of the tomb—
To thank death barely for parade,
As bout upon a holiday ;
I would not die to exact a tribute such,
In all who give it false, it is too much.

Buried at night, fit time and fit response
To the dark shadows of grave's bed—
The dew, the chilly vapors suit cold clay,
They kiss and mingle as close friends,
They vent no slander if the nonce,
Or cast their venom at the dead ;
The truth perverted, half to say,
Earth holds enough, with such base ends,
Buried at night, the place of my stern rest,
Let them not know or sod by which it's press'd.

Night wanes apace, you hear the clank
Earth men are making as they rise
From drowsy beds, to prompt prepare
Day's busy work in field and shop,
Or rack their brains for schemes and prank,
For gains in which small labor lies ;
An idle tongue oft wins large share
From those who toil for gather'd crop,
Where each don't labor to deserve his own—
Those idle merit honors with the drone.

The cattle low, and restless tramp,
Wanting the master's hand to feed—
The swine gruff calls make for the same,
The steed tied to his stall, his neck
Ample extends, to whicker, stamp
With nimble feet, his wants for heed ;
The cock his clarion throat, of fame
Long held, loud warning pours as check
To drowsy loungers, loitering in their bed,
While owls more conscious, fearing day, have fled.

SCENE SECOND.

Night glorious, drap'd for our repose,
Rob'd deeper, richer than the day,
For cause the soul more ample room,
In its dusk stillness finds to soar
Heavenward, no limit finds to close
Vastness upon the vision's way—
Or depths that underlie its gloom,
That lights to tho't from darkness pour ;
Sleeper, forget not dark, thy rest its need,
Yet in it tho't has found its busy speed.

The din, the ceaseless clamor, light
From all created things alive—
Man, elements, the beast and bird,
If not of force, yet seemeth to invite,
Confliction like a swarming hive,
The voice of noise triumphant heard ;
So deep the interest noisy strifes assume,
For thought's essay there's left but little room.

Night's book the stars to sages far
Up in the annals of the past,
By which they read man's destiny
Of horoseopic stellar guise—
For life to make some bliss, or mar
At birth, as by their tables east—
The high would leave off revelry,
To list and tremble at the dread surmise ;
Kings left their thrones, and all their reason's throne
When stars made life a legend of their own.

The horoscope by telescope
Is crush'd, the heavens assume
Hues brilliant, more to cast their light,
Nor stop at birth the pleasing hope,
There is for useful glory room,
Which ignorance may, but stars won't blight ;
How can an Infinite his glory tell,
If less their fires in light and number swell.

The stars as peopl'd worlds we may
Suppose, how can we think, surmise,
Space infinite their glory lights,
Can be unblest with night and day ;
Their countless orbs to deck the skies,
No pulsing throb a home invites—
While this small speck of earth to them compar'd,
Alone the chiefest excellence has shar'd.

How does the mariner the deep
Who sails upon, thro' the long night,
Look wistful up and bless their fires,
So many sweetly kindl'd up to keep
Watch for and show his way aright,
With many a cheering tho't inspire ;
He gaz'd upon them often when a boy,
They now remind him of his youthful joy.

They look'd upon him when the cot
Of her he lov'd, if humble, low,
He left, mayhap for the last time—
Their lights by him can't be forgot,
The inspir'd past augments their glow,
To follow him thro' every clime :
Home, good-by, a mother's arms around his neck,
Are fresh as tears that fall upon the deck.

The sky when full of beaming fires,
As heaven's festival its blaze,
With glowing, brilliant streams of light,
Each ray a world bespeaks its own—
'Finite power to count them tires,
To wonder more the more we gaze,
All wrapt of the transcendent night,
By such supernal glory shown ;
A vast infinitude is that abode,
When torches such skirt out the shining road.

Talk to the stars you do, you must
If wanderer you are from home—
Oft times sole company to say
Here lies your safety, here to trust
The road will to a shelter come ;
Why should the feet be led astray,
When one can look above, and thankful speak
To stars, God made by, to protect the weak.

Blest is the man who from star light,
Or bird or plant, all elements to woo,
Can from each, all, sufficient draw
To guide him when it's dark at night,
To bring him all his troubles through—
His tent to pitch away from flaw ;
He must converse with stars, with all around,
Before the safety of his tent be found.

Many sad wanderers roam
Dispirited, to feel neglect,
The world holds out no friendly side—
No shelter for the head—no home,
Calling the soul up to protect
A desolation dreadful to abide,

On any christian soil, yet there to stand,
Pride, selfish ignorance the curse command.

The felt is strongest where not spun,
The thousand fibres knit secure,
Adhere with interlacing strength,
Not reach'd in coarser bundles done ;
The last less hardship will endure—
'Tis so in the whole frame and length
Of social life, the fibres many of the heart
Must felted be—if only spun they part.

Look now the city on, and list,
There is a noise like smother'd raid,
With now and then a break, a crash !
Sudden surceas'd, a moment slack,
More distant, then renew'd again—
Like bands of men arm'd to resist,
In quick and hurri'd steps parade ;
At foil you hear their armor clash—
The echo to take breath returning back,
Too many met by to be plain ;
The sound is nothing like but city's hum,
Ten thousand noises melted into one.

Night's fallen on its turrets, walls—
The shadow gives them glimmer gray,
Looming up lofty to the sight,
Of much we see a part conceal'd,
Or less distinct for shadow thine—
The vision on it flatter'd falls,
To give the wondering fancy play ;
There is a majesty that comes with night,

By heavens and earth alike reveal'd,
Touch where it will it is divine :
The swelling ocean fearful more o'errides,
While tower and wall its lofty spell abides.

You think to see a labor'd day
Glad yielding to the night's repose—
To make for darkness solemn fall
Upon its precincts, asking rest ;
Nature thus indicates the way,
Yet artificial life and wants propose
Schemes new, that much enthrall
Our simple duties, once the best ;
'Tis not examples now direct the tide,
Except for passion selfish to provide.

From simples men depart, if slow,
In dress and food to gorgeous rise,
Their progress on the outside wears,
Their glitter to outdo in this—
The fashion chiefest makes its show,
To pass as virtue, its supplies
The merit most the outside bears,
The error lies in that we miss ;
To make the show alone when virtue's there,
False if it's absent, that we don't forbear.

The right appearance all may not
Meet at a medium in display—
The happy one in truth and guise,
Yet the endeavor for it's got
Its worth, to lead the onward way
To the rich fountain where it lies ;
Tho' vice put on to be in virtue's dress,
Shame may take part to make a vice the less.

Night's mantle folding cities in
More gorgeous opens the display,
Vice makes for safety to appear ;
The streets with myriad lights begin
To blaze, arm'd sentries tread the way,
While gliding steps bespeak the fear
Of crouching robbers, lanes and corners hide,
From passers by, but spaces small divide.

Watchers are set, with bell on spring,
Or beacon to urge hurried sound,
The mischief to surprise, forelay,
That burners on to cities bring,
Or burglars who are prowling round,
Like catamount in search of prey ;
It's hard a reason to assign or make,
Why men, like beasts, should prowling habits take.

Men have such habits, and forth go
To rob and plunder neighbors nigh—
Once armies boldly did such work,
More cowardice the moderns show,
By art and cunning to supply
The rapine, meanness, thus to lurk ;
The cost is equal, but the honor's more,
If met in equal fight, than pry a door.

Why don't the robbers say, Come out
Brave men, you who have siller got,
While we have spent for vice or ill,
All that by fraud we could possess ;
A tussle we will have—a bout,
To see who's best at stab or shot—
Bring your train bands of aim and skill,
The law can't make our fortunes less ;

This is in truth the present end and aim,
While cowards call it by a softer name.

Those in high places rob secure,
They say it's law by which they do it—
The profits may be sweet to them,
The low and humble won't endure
To see them daily thus pursue it,
At cost the public funds must stem ;
All education moral, values but a straw,
While high examples cover frauds by law.

Men seek in luxury to find a bribe,
In ease to gain some happiness—
So in a scramble for the two
Let rogues the civil thrift divide ;
To hazard all themselves possess,
For gain, light follies kept in view,
The more they seek distraction, more to bring,
Each vice allow'd some other vice to win.

Cities modern are a camp
Like ancient ones, a nation all
Turn'd out, with pickets careful set,
To watch the enemy, a guard to tramp,
As off and on the hours would fall,
Relieving one the others met ;
Ladies and children hop about and skip,
The staff take wine, and in their dances trip.

They too have bloody battles wag'd,
Not fear'd an enemy without,
Or pirates that come up by sea,
To rifle, pillage and seduce ;
But partisans become enrag'd
At knavery not play'd fair about,
A game in which they all agree,
The public must stand the abuse ;
Of promis'd spoil one's like to get a share too large,
The other on them makes a bloody charge.

The streets are in a blaze of light,
And happy revelings and song
Break often from a miradore—
Or serenaders with their flute and string,
Chant airs as passions sweet invite, ,
Love often would all right prolong,
As darkness boldness gives the more,
When maidens bashful first begin
Night causes fevers' flush the more to rise,
In love's perhaps its hiding watchful eyes.-

The streets now rattl'ing wheels assail,
Fast horses prance at nimble pace,
Conveying devotees of mirth,
To be amus'd and show their style,
Encas'd within a glitt'ring pail--
To keep secure a painted face ;
Or robes from soil of highest worth,
If for their lives it were worth while
To give more length, preserve good blood and vein,
Foot it they should, unless 'twere pouring rain.

Some seek the lecture room, and some
The church, the circus, dance or play—
Debating halls or clubs, with feast
A supper call'd, with wine and stew ;
Who's happy most, to tell can none—
'Tis fancy, or a passion trist or gay
Leads on the world, large part at least,
The rest are ninnies in their view ;
We have small standard for the world's renown,
The least in value, loudest oft in sound.

Some put a somber face upon,
And in their hearts say better I—
They hate all others who don't read
All lessons from their golden book,
In which they never cease to pry ;
Their time's all spent in cant and song,
With starch and grimace to supply,
Some don't provide the bread they need,
Or to their children give close look ;
By rant they easy whip the devil in debate,
Who in his turn as easy whips the state.

They hate all politics as wicked game,
So let the politicians go
Apace, to suit their devilish end ;
They don't see that the right and aim
Of social matters have to flow
From laws and rules all must defend,
That closely too, with lessons, ever watchful, strong,
If not, they fall with others by the public wrong.

The world's a nursery, full of boys,
The oldest, wisest are at play,
At children's games, their fingers count
Like monkeys, may put on the grave,
With rattles, when they make a noise ;
The President proves all we say,
With hobby zeal in haste to mount,
His syntax has no time to save—
His lesson all forgot, the A B C
Of which he has to learn of boys more free.

Boys are or not, they all are spoil'd,
These would be great men, now they make
In olden times they built upright
Themselves, all shining in their worth—
By masters other none beguil'd,
You chose them for their merit's sake,
To put in place as your delight ;
Now cliques or party give them birth,
To you, to public good not worth a pin—
To folly sold before they rule begin.

How much so ever 'pears the force
Or use of party to content to mount,
Ambitious glory in a selfish few—
The nation and its glory's more,
It's justice, honor to divorce,
Leaves nothing worthy of account ;
Quarrels, distraction must ensue,
All worth and strength to fall before—
The laws must be oppressive, and the end
Some selfish motive or base scheme defend.

The bond of party games and buys
Men up with little selfish souls,
Who covet honors, and can't earn
What native worth to them denies ;
Intrigue for office such controls,
A game the greatest dunce can learn—
To be a rogue, deny all common sense,
A cat's paw gives them not the least offense.

One party makes a war to rage
On peaceful nations, to defy
The high behest that overrides
All governments, that rights engage,
Beyond what robbers daily try,
As not enough of this abides
Our own free citizens, who think and choose,
'They rob and murder, and with scoff abuse.

What is the law of any State,
Where there are people's free call'd rights ?
Just as they want from current call,
Or day by day they think or see
The need of something postulate,
Or which experience to invites,
Embracing the best good of all ;
Deny them this supremacy,
The mind dismiss'd most needful social use,
Grows poorer, sinks or falters by abuse.

Men for have thirst some office, place—
A stool to sit on, 'bout their neck
A ribbon, badge of red or blue,
Or button-hole tied in, to grace

The smallest honor that may deck
Their name, untiring road pursue ;
'Tis well and worthy such ambition serves
But better he by merit who deserves.

The clubs and cliques and coteries
To such ambition give supply,
Also much charity some claim—
Expensive most the more it's tri'd ;
The objection is, its votaries
True charity its place deny,
Which should in private heart hold aim,
To every rank and place to be alli'd ;
This deck'd out charity, a glitt'ring frost,
That fills with pride and pomp, not worth the cost.

A man first cons and learns his trade,
Then wiser by it grows to rise—
Well governments the wisest, best
Of trades, all men can learn, pursue—
First learn it, by its practice made
Able to do and be more wise ;
Begin aright, right action does the rest,
The action must be had on view,
You never in it can succeed by trust,
The more you try the greater's power's lust.

Freedom can't live its burthens shirk,
To put them on to shoulders few ;
Labor comes light by many hands,
For government or handy work—
Too much for one requires two,
Not seen the issue it commands ;
The reason is you power do not feel,
Or know the way it comes, your rights to steal.

Men must amusements have, relax
A little, often, from their toil—
'Tis good to do so, proper in due time
And place, provided both be set
By laws of reason for such tax,
So that they don't create o foil—
The need's imperious to disjoin,
Thus leave the social deep in debt ;
The learning proper can combine with such,
To overrule that they are not too much.

Good taste and elegance promote
If right appli'd, in time and place,
Manners the gentle and the fit,
To virtue leading as good aid—
'Tis low, ambition to devote
To boyish follies room and space,
The noble and the safe so, to forget
A task exalting for were made ;
Nothing is noble which don't keep in view,
That little things can teach the great to do.

You learn the programme of all sport,
The horses names that are to run—
The characters that grace the stage,
Of mountebanks and little pug ;
You have and can the same report,
To blazon in big letters as rich fun—
The simple laws for social gage,
To make protect in danger's tug ;
You know as much about as the buffoon,
Who in your mind usurps the largest room.

You have not sense to keep the keys
Of your strong box that holds your cash,
But yield them up to sharpeners bold,
To squander as it may them please—
Your honor or affairs to dash,
Then laugh to see the free-born sold ;
Wild animals their own good store can save,
Neglect of yours the social to enslave.

Just like your charity, your tin,
Both must to hir'd keepers go—
Have temples built to safely lay
Expensive palaces within ;
Their common worth you never know,
That is too high for your survey ;
The burthen'd labor to count up and sum,
True worth of hands or hearts you've nevdr done.

I would much pity you, and pour
Compassion out apace, a flood—
My life to save you freely spend,
To lead you into glory's path ;
But friendship shewn makes you the more
Suspicious, that your jealousy
Augments of treach'rous friend—
A jealousy that kindles wrath ;
Your masters lies have told, and in your ears
Pour'd hatred, ready when true friend appears.

You are not weak alone in mind,
But fill'd with viciousness, put there
By those who live upon you, fleece
To keep your passions as their trade ;

They rob you and you think it kind—
They spit upon you, you declare
Your dignity to serve, increase
Hurrahs to make at their parade ;
It's been so always with the rabble mass—
Oh, ignorance, at best thou art an ass !

Yet as thou fashion'd were if rough,
By hands that made all beauty's things,
Diamonds to shine and stars to glow—
The maker's credit is enough,
That in thy clay a fountain springs
To wash away all filthy flow ;
It's waiting but the happy spring of tide,
That shall by knowledge ignorance override.

What's more unruly than the tongue ?
What mischief can't its tattle do
To life, to peace, to all our joy ?
Yet of our gifts and members, none
More choice are to pursue
The good and useful, to employ
It for, the rules and laws must be down laid,
As portion of our inward being made.

You daily see to make, you know
Men by no common means are won
To do for, love the social bond—
They may be taught to wheel and go
To cannon's mouth, of the forlorn,
Nor flinch, but be of danger fond ;
To overcome, to force with steady might
All fields where duty, honor, point the right.

'Tis so by the same means no less,
In diligence compel to teach the way,
That moral right be set aloft
As beacon to reward, to bless—
Easy when many lead, to say
Come on, we have supineness doff'd ;
Men glory more when able right to do,
'Than any ignorant passion they pursue.

'Teach things all that clearly form
The social bond, its use and end,
The action's way to make them clear,
Good manner that the same adorn,
Philosophy gain'd to defend
In simple life its ways most near ;
'The details will on memory make their stamp,
'The heart and feet to guide as with a lamp.

Bring in both sexes if to thrive
You have desire, and do intend
The one for teaching special made,
With subtle wit how to contrive
The means most apt to gain the end
All quick to cater for good aid—
If force be needed to compel at first
Use it all free, to fail brings force the worst.

It is an error fatal, that free men
Should think their learning to surcease
At any age, condition, high or low ;
So surely as they do so, then
Some vice will come in to release
From bonds, the safest is to know
Strength, power, an incense as they rise,
'The path lies on, that ignorance don't surprisè.

Religion once a holy bond,
Much power had to bless and awe
Of spirit sought, whose plan is high—
Humble, to make whom did exalt
The heart enlarg'd, to friendship true ;
Now but corrupted to grow fond
Of fables more than holy law,
The way's but selfish, now men try
To shine most by another's fault ;
The gain is pride, kept most in view
To go to heaven, once a ladder to provide,
Now mammon's kingdom, in a strife to ride.

We're bantle'd, handled, nurs'd and kept
By patient watchfulness and care
Through a long helpless infancy,
Yielding much time to mould and make
Us fit to enter on life's stage—
A fruitful harvest might be reap't,
If birch and mal-indulgence, share
Could glean from such philosophy
Of those, who teaching undertake
Without due knowledge to engage ;
The hardest fate of all to infant mind
Is, refuse hands to which it's most assign'd.

Darkness, to thee and not to light
Beseechments are all boundless due,
The world owns not, but Poets more
Exalted in most precious gifts,
Should chaplets weave for thee, blest night ;
With shining hands then bring them to

Thy threshold, ah, thy potent door
From which supernal glory lifts
Its shadows more than mantling flame,
To kindle praises to the eternal name.

All things earthy not alone,
But air and sky attest and bring
Presentiments worthy to adorn,
As offerings at thy shrine ;
I saw it when I was a boy,
Thy hedges fresher seem'd and shone,
Thy birds attended on, to sing
Their notes with sweetest echo borne,
With rapture such, as only thine—
Day can't an equal strain employ
The tiny cricket, insects humm'd and sang,
As voice of myriads thro' thy empire rang.

'Tis late, and yet you hear a thrill,
Oft minding of a happy hour
In some past passages bygone,
To come upon the heart anew ;
Its busy fingers with sweet skill
Touching chords soft, to make devour
Some irksome, if not moments born,
Perhaps a chaunt is added too,
All grateful more, by stilly night whose air
For music, richer rhapsodies prepare.

'The time of night, you hear the cry
The watcher carols as he goes
To listeners with a fever'd ear--

Past one, with wind and cloudy sky
Belated couch, yet no repose
The wearied spirit comes to cheer ;
'Tho' darkness fondly spreads her curtain vail,
With anxious turning, yet repose to fail.

It's useless to describe the ways
Men seek to kill or mar the night,
There's few that reason can commend,
Most end the worst for health and ease
One fortune, one our peace betrays,
Bring self-reproach and not delight ;
Some evil passion to defend
If at the moment many please—
Business like vices may too much employ
The fretted mind that needs repose enjoy.

The honest has a right to sleep,
Nature so dictates by her chart ;
It is a hereditament to hold
As strong as any land or wares
In its enjoyment, robbers creep
Upon him to make stealthy mart
Of all he has by labor told,
The state no safety for prepares—
The bond is thus so far dissolv'd, he must
In his right arm for safety put his trust.

Idlers that waste and spend good time
In vice and folly, trifling sport,
No day to count the good you've done
Unto yourselves, your greatest foe ;
Others your wasted hours combine
In lessons, useful knowledge count,

While all due pleasures freer come,
With keener relish in their flow,
These have the means, each day, to help and save
Their fellows in some matter, useful, grave.

The work 's immense, the muscles strong,
Of laboring crowds to build and save
A city, and preserve its wealth, perform
The tax on brain, its wear and tear
Is everlasting, most when wrong,
The labor 's dearest makes the slave
For whom no riches can adorn,
Uncultured mind this state must share ;
'Tis not in poverty that hearts despond
But callous others to the social bond.

If hearts were right, and pride knew how
And why it ought to rise and shine,
The poor would only be compos'd,
Of those whose hearts were mal.
The few who would not feel, allow
True love to neighbor, the divine,
Their place by hardness so enclosed
To snit their number, irksome, small,
Poverty is wrong in hearts that's all,
All other names are false for it we call.

The glare, the show, the dress parade,
Of cities, fill and agitate the mind,
That sober reason, chance for gain,
Or umpire scarcely on can count,
A miser's passion to invade,
The social heart makes stolid blind,

Wisdom in all affairs is lame,
 Whatever folly finds to mount,
The race decline, as all of cities do,
To save they must by rural blood renew.

The young to cities' vice expos'd,
 Have but a worthless chance to rise,
Without a bone and muscle strong,
 The mind is feeble and inert,
Its sparkling effort early clos'd
 With strong ambition to be wise ;
True, many live, but to prolong
 Expected good, short lives pervert,
The records ample of the waste immense,
For one to count success in its just sense.

Leave cities, choose aspiring hills,
 A mountain region is the best,
No stagnant waters lying near,
The dew is pure, such region fills,
 No poisons of the swamp molest,
The streams like life and joy run clear,
Your brood are sportive as the nimble doe,
Yielding most pleasure in life's healthy flow.

On lofty ground a mountain glade,
 The mind, with freer room and scope
Invites to wider, nobler thought ;
Pure air a constant feast is made,
 With table set on every slope
To revel at when rightly taught,
The boon is precious which the soul invites
To measure values by what health delights.

When culture long the plow and hoe
Shall subjugate the low land soil,
Drain and relieve from gasses vile,
Sure gain if in the process slow,
Thrice safely then pursue our moil,
With health its pontine regions smile,
The laborer finds in all his weary toil
Pure air gives health and strength to break the soil.

Yet health alone to make man blest,
Nor air however pure its cast,
Is not enough his social aim.
Must he be on gain of knowledge press'd,
The first it must not be the last
Of objects worthy most to gain
Triumphs, the other's value give but small,
Without it, fail they can not to enthrall.

The rich domain by millions trod,
With all its beauty, hill and dale,
Its flocks, its labor'd care and toil,
Ambition to increase such means
For further gain to fret the sod
Are trifles all and can't avail
Fein'd bonds of union will embroil
In endless strife, no wealth redeems ;
We must have knowledge how to give and take,
With social justice the true bond to make.

Our feet are nimble in the chase
To wander hither, thither, there,
Some idle dream impels to seek,
Too late we find we but misplace,

On ground our safety will not bear,
The counsels of the head are weak,
The penalty oft dearest paid by feet
Yet dangers too the other members meet.

The hands are busy oft to climb,
For some device the fingers grasp,
Ingenious may be of its kind,
Gorgeous yet who its means purloin
Enjoyment in it, need not ask
But brings disgust to pain the mind,
The hands and feet, good servants for good use,
Yet ignorance plies them for the worst abuse.

The tongue, a babbler of renown,
The portal of the world's vast ear,
Keeping in one unceasing ring
For mischief or to warn against,
To strike the proudest kingdom down,
Or build one up by truth sincere ;
The latter most will glory bring,
Though never gain'd where knowledge faints,
The active tongue may play a deadly part
To wound or save with joy a trusting heart.

The eye is nature's window, wide
Open'd the soul with earth and sky
To fill, if gems or specks there be
To color all as knowledge leads,
The head and heart their use provide
To make them black if fair their dye ;
A passion truth may fail to see ;
As custom false wins him who heeds ;
Grasping to think we hold a vision pure
To be oft mock'd, though vaunting to secure.

The ends all seek are the great test,
The means oft trifling vary much
To make a pother for disguise,
The heart will out to give due proof,
That all may read which is the best;
The practice or profession, which to touch;
The vital interest, where it lies;
If on the lip or in the heart's behoof,
If men design the public good to seek
Self don't with every vicious action reek.

No patriotic sense they fight,
Like ruffians 'bout their office claims,
Degrading most the public will
Examples such, the land to crime;
With hot revenge sure to invite
All blood the madden'd rabble stains
Is justly charged as cause to spill
On those who act with base design,
Neglect their fellow, saving when they use
Some public right or duty to abuse.

While the worst passions are employ'd
To urge us on to do a right,
For useful gain the heart to mend,
We close the way through which enjoy'd;
Servants who see that we delight
In frauds and broils, must to them tend;
We make the world, bad as it is to curse,
The means, most costly tried, to make it worse.

ELECTION RAID.

Fill up your jugs and bottles too,
And have your pockets heavy lin'd,
We've got the bells and drums secur'd
Our bills in flaming letters stuck;
Hoist the broad stripes of red and blue,
Throw the starr'd banner to the wind,
One loud huzza, we are insur'd
Of victory if we fight with pluck;
Mark well your tickets so they don't betray,
To-morrow brings our free election day.

Go rally boys, let none remain
At home to sneak a duty high;
We'll beat them, that is certain sure,
And then we'll have a jubilee;
Reward true patriots always gain,
With cash and office to supply
Their needs to mend, and means procure
To win again most certainly;
The people rally strongest with the sides
That the best fare of meat and drink provides.

Go stir up lazy Dick and Mike,
Their neighbors coax and bring 'em out
To hear the speeches at the hall;
Five lawyers will a tenor strike,
With facts and declamation stout,
That like a thunder clap will fall;
Our leaders will be smiling there
To see the opposing cowards stare;
By confidence and noise we're sure to win,
They can't withstand our speeches or our gin.

Betty, pray bring my spurs; away!
With hurry I must ride to-night;
I'll teach Tom Jennings civil use
Of his vile tongue how to betray
Old friendship by its venom spite,
No cause he has for such abuse;
He says "I'm soft, I've rode the country thro',
And liquor'd all attending each review."

"Husband, I pray be cool and don't
Let anger prove you in the wrong;
Good cause by mildness wins the most;
It is weak heads that finds affront
To take in place of truth not strong;
The loudest cries least wool to boast;
You've done enough, aside from reason's gain,
To win of all the glutton rabble, fame.

You've given suppers, dinners, grog,
Until they've eat the house out bare;
Such gangs and crowds confusion keep,
My mind is in a constant fog,
Contriving next what to prepare,
While almost dumb for want of sleep;
The meat is out, the chickens all been kill'd,
My two preserve pots gone, so lately fill'd.

The fence is down and cattle break
Into the grain stacks and the corn,
While you are hunting office trade;
No care about your farm to take
Than gentry who all labor scorn,
Gentry by vices mostly made;
Affairs of State must surely go to rack
When in the hands of such a worthless pack."

“Wife, don’t be foolish and perplex
My mind with such a faronade,
I can’t dwell on these matters now,
Enough abroad I have to vex,
My peace and fortune to invade,
As you yourself must sure allow;
I’m pledged to keep these sorry rascals down,
Tom Jennings and his crew, to run I’m bound.

You don’t remember how Sam Griggs
Got rich five years ago and past;
The patriots joined to give him aid,
He ran for Sheriff, he and Spriggs,
To make a fortune by the east,
A jolly supper too he made
He now can strut about in his fine coat,
His wife and daughters in their satins float.”

“Yes, husband, I remember well
Sam Griggs’ patriotic rows,
The means he used to get true friends
You and his party never tell;
State secret babblers none allows,
Success approves base gotten ends,
True patriots sure, they wanted ready pay,
His farm to mortgage was the only way.

You’ve sold the oxen, and my cow
That mother, gave me for my dower;
My beds are likely to go next;
Old mule I would not give, I vow,
For all this office hunting power,
Black mail and suppers, grog annex’d;
If public trust comes by the lowest appetite,
Good men, I’m sure, it can not much invite.

You quarrel barely for excuse
To have one better to oppress,
The country turn to battle ground,
The vilest passions all let loose,
To cover frauds without redress,
All honest efforts to confound;
Its their own fault if people wont discern
A curse is all such labor vile can earn.

On equal grounds, to have I us'd
My neighbors in to sup and chat,
Among us none were rich or poor;
Now Sally has to come refus'd
With uncle Tom you've got a spat,
She never means to dark my door;
Now Sally was to me both kind and true,
I'm pain'd and griev'd the fault is laid to you."

How can we bear this life to take
With all its chances to despond,
And not have friends, true friends to share
Its joys, its burthens lighter make,
Better than riches to be fond,
All angry strife, revenge to spare,
Drinking our tea with friendly drops mix'd up,
Sweet words and tho'ts, new ones with every cup.

The Pliades down the west are gone,
The morning star in brilliant hues
Rejoicing in refulgent ray,
Pride of the east at coming dawn
Pours warning that we can't refuse,
That night her empire yields to day,
The sun but as a star, in distance seen,
Obscures ten millions with her golden beam.

NIGHT, SCENE THIRD, NUMBER THREE.

There was no sun but darkness in the west,

Whose angry rolling clouds look'd thick and drear,
Winds folded by in tempest toss' and press'd,
Scudding in haste fierce ways to veer ;
Some up, some down, their curtains madly threw,
Veil'd sudden, these by others that pursue.

The wind drew fearful sighs and seem'd to wail

The coming night to greet with angry frown,
If for a moment hush'd, 'twas to assail

The darkness falling thick and fast around ;
With madder whirling and more angry blast,
Howling incessant threats o'er all it past.

Lightning arm'd with red thunderbolt

Shook heaven and earth and lash'd the sea,
Whose surges 'gainst each other jolt

To break with fearful crash upon the lee.
Thus night in tripple darkness 'gan her reign,
With storm and thunder hung o'er sea and plain.

Birds scream'd, and for a covert swiftly flew,

Beasts howl'd, their way to shelter quickly made,
Wild terror every bolt from heaven threw,

O'er trembling hamlet, mount and glade ;
Domes fell with spires, toppling down like straws,
When whirl'd anon the sport of summer flaws.

Men shrank into their houses not assur'd

However strong compact their boasted wall,
The tempest by them could be long endur'd,

So look'd with terror for their sudden fall ;
To scourge each other elements seem turn'd
Each holding lash the hand tho' not discern'd.

There was no grief as such but a wild wail,
A storm wail such as once if heard in might,
All others sounds as zephyrs seem as frail,
When wafted on the bosom of still night ;
Woe there was none that came to mortal ear,
The tempest drown'd it or suppress'd by fear.

Big hail mix'd with the lightning fire seem'd
Rushing from heaven like a chariot driven,
Battle none fiercer of artillery deem'd
Host meeting host with all their volleys given ;
Rain with a hissing rush in torrents fell,
Earth drench'd, and river swept with mad'ning swell.

Mountains of waters pile'd on pile aloft,
As if a fury hove the boiling sea,
Earth shook as if her stony cradle trough,
A giant rock'd in his fell mad'ning glee ;
The blackness denser grew while murky clouds
Folded more close, hung as sky's mourning shrouds.

The traveler on his weary way beguil'd,
With his own safety needfully amov'd,
Yet sank at heart for safety of his child,
His distant home, his wife all that he lov'd ;
Often he turn'd a wistful look if vain,
Toward that home impell'd by anxious pain.

Trees fell across his way with threatful crash,
Rocks broke from heights and mountains o'er,
While madden'd streams lit by the flash,
Of lightning overswep'd their shore ;
Distant the fires blaz'd of hamlets laid,
In mouldring ruin by the lightning made.

Smote in his heart he sat erect and kept
His noble, faithful steed with steady rein,
Whose one false leap or faltering step,
A certain death to shun or try seem'd vain ;
Worlds had he, would he barter but to know,
His household's safety from impending woe.

With front erect to breast the driving storm,
Each leap with peril trembl'd as he strode,
Yet on the danger cheerful to perform,
With heart undaunted by the fearful road,
His steed as if to conscious trials us'd,
Play'd with the danger cravens had refused.

Raging the sea with furious broken wave,
Shores lash'd as piers and rocks like stubble broke,
Ships toss'd and sank into a foaming grave,
Scarce time a moment's mercy to invoke ;
O darkness how thy shadows threats impell,
By deeper gloom as storms thy terrors swell.

These woes of earth so much of peril they bear,
To treasure in the heart a needful store,
The social exigence is loth to spare,
One's own reward expending for make more ;
Thus to the shores the gen'rous landsman crow'd
To heal the suffering by the storm allow'd.

With ropes and buoyes sought their way to urge,
Where most the cries seem'd danger to betray,
Vain hope, as yet the madden'd heaving surge,
Back drove the efforts gen'rous tho'ts essay ;
Yet is it ever noble where our hearts and hands,
A deed that's noble to attempt commands.

'Twas midnight now, there came a lull,
The storm with lessen'd fury rag'd,
The winds moan'd more in accents dull,
As anger changes when its grill's assuag'd ;
The clouds in broken fragments hung about,
The moon at fitful intervals shone out.

As lull'd the storm a seem'd repose,
Crept gently o'er the drowsy land,
So languid more the waters rose,
To murmur music 'gainst the sand ;
Yet from his rest the sea mew skim'd his way,
While rock'd on waves intrepid Petrels lay.

Night grew apace her pale and leaden hue,
Was on the mountain side the somber vale,
Faint shadows, star and moonlight threw,
As odors damp breath'd in the soften'd gale ;
Flowers have breath at night to be refresh'd,
From arid day they breathe for strength and rest.

'Twas autumn nigh, the ripen'd fields,
Clustering in harvest yellow sheaves,
Gather'd in shock to night the farmer yields,
As at its dusky hue for home he leaves ;
Home the reward of toil how blest we seek,
Our weir'd of rest our humble pillows speak.

There gather'd blood in other veins,
Hearts partners precious in its cares,
Whose wants our hopes and strength sustains,
As pleasure battens on the tax it shares ;
Without a home life desolate must turn,
To rust consign the wealth its labors earn.

All living things seek home, and find,
 Mayhap, not knowing why it's blest,
As reason triumph in the human mind,
 Their's but an instinct, seeking rest—
They seek it, keep it fondly as a treasure,
As if with us they felt domestic pleasure.

'The horse from home, tramps the hard ground,
 Champs on his bit, with hasten'd pace
Light speeds his weary limbs, till found
 His home's delight, a resting place ;
Forest or storm, or ambush in his way—
If life be spar'd, his speed will scarce delay.

No compass lies before, no polar star,
 Tho' darkness such as man can feel
Wraps round his path, all sight to mar,
 Home still the thread to guide his heel ;
Find it he will, precision that defies
The search of all who learned wisdom tries.

'The bee, all insects, have their home to guard—
 They seek it out, as birds their won't of nest
'There's magic in the spot, the small or hard,
 Nightly its want is on their nature press'd—
Man finds in his a threshold of delight,
Where rest and joy and social themes invite.

Most birds have sought the shelt'ring bough,
 With all the social sense of home—
'Their gentle twitters made to show
 To each they are not left alone ;
Thus all night long politely they essay
To nidge all seeming lonely tho'ts away.

It is not still, the kine are wont to low—
Beasts prowl, and some make hideous cry ;
Hinds, lambs, their bleating terror show,
Oft as by hungry wolf they die ;
Insects and birds make thrilling, nightly song,
While those of passage dreary notes prolong.

But most night's silence finds a break
Wherever human haunts are found ;
Oft as some merry touse they take,
Or through their mazy dances bound—
Their mirth and music, hold with wild delight,
In peals of merry glee consume the night.

Others to forests crowd in chaunting mood,
In wildness, fervor, none the less,
Hymn up their rhymes in sylvan wood,
To deem for sin it makes redress ;
Strange fantasy that one in social glee,
Than t'other earneth more felicity.

No evil in the heart to urge excess,
Else all the maker sets for praise,
The boundless themes all made to bless,
Lie in the heart with simple ways ;
Where the broad social lays true empire down,
A merry tho't can't covet heaven's frown.

Bless'd sleep, how gentle is thy reign,
Sweet night invites thee to assume—
The weary toiler woos, that he regain
The day's exhaustion, faded bloom ;
Thy drowsy couch his tired limbs embrace,
His cares thy soft oblivion to efface.

'Tis thus in gentle slumbers to press down,
The striving throngs that busy din the day—
Crowd after crowd nightly with triumphs crown,
That in their drowsy visions calm they lay ;
Tho' darkness shadowy blots external things,
A world of dreaming wonder on them brings.

Some dream of wealth in golden, shining stores,
Most sought and coveted as crowning bliss—
They grasp and heap it, as it glitt'ing pours
In showers, oft sadly fear'd to miss ;
Just like a wakeful gathering of the dust,
The dream as often sees it turn to dust.

Some dream of power, a rightful name,
The want ambition seeks for selfish ends--
The loss to others most when ours the gain,
Ambitious dream the waking tho't defends ;
We should not dream so, if we knew how frail,
How like a web of moth all power must fail.

Some dream of love's past pleasures, or to come,
And in their sleep have rhapsodies and tears,
To feel a throbbing, aching heart, and some
Sigh heavily, just like day's grief appears ;
They wonder why in sleep they should have sorrow,
Not thinking sympathy is made to borrow.

In dreams some see great towns and cities rise,
On ruin quick of forest made to fall,
Throng'd millions gather'd there to dwell,
With strange and divers manners, flaunt and flare,
Boast wit and wisdom needed good supplies,
On Hercules for help make daily call ;

Yet strange to choose, no proverb makes excel,
Jackasses leaders in their state affair—
So odd the choice, whatever truth might deem,
A fit of laughter smother'd out the dream.

Don't stake thy fortune on a dream,
Or make a study to unreel
The tangled thread wild fancy spun ;
A Gypsy book holds knowledge lean,
With childish doubts the mind to seal,
The wisdom less the more it's done—
It is a coward evil fates would try,
In the forbidden future thus to pry.

The traveler the storm outrode,
By moonlight anxious plies his way,
His steed, with unabated zeal,
Firm in his courage, keeps his tread,
Tho' weary leagues he's overstrode ;
No faintness faltering steps betray
The sureness of his clinching heel—
For home, he feels, lies close ahead,
To which the traveler turns his anxious gaze,
Tho' tears, unbidden, inward tho't betrays.

He look'd again, his home now near,
His lips compell'd into a pray'r,
Thy mercy, heav'n, all else forego,
But save me these most precious, dear—
The world beside I'll freely spare,
To thank thee, be it weal or woe ;
Then to his door he turn'd with rapture wild,
As in his arms he clasp'd his wife and child.

Night, art thou blest as 'tis by thee ?
The starry heavens shine and glow—
The day casts o'er an envious screen,
To hide them from our wond'ring sight ;
Thou lights the torches, bright they be,
Supernal gems of heaven to show
Vast majesty, to hold, redeem,
For adoration, blest delight ;
Come, gentle night, thy triumph to obtain,
The heavens declare the glory of thy reign.

Over the which were not begun,
Imperfect yet, and small in use decreed,
Tho' vast in wisdom and design,
Darkness sat ruler chief as ward ;
Athwart drear waste, waiting the sun,
A new creation to proceed—
Next to all else in tho't sublime,
Parent of light, with golden cord
To bind up surplus darkness, vast that lay
To usher in refulgent, sumptuous day.

Thick mists rebuk'd a treadless slough,
Unblest with echo's atmosphere—
Sweet harbinger of music sound,
Yielded, if loth, unseemly reign,
In room whereof were born rich bough,
Holding the flow'ry world to cheer,
With treasures vast from the profound—
Intelligence all sent to name ;
Thou also, Night, among these gifts supreme
Of darkness, born as rival to day's gleam.

The shadow that we slightly mark,
That chance our path don't intercept,
Exists as proof of great intent—
Two things affirming, others moot ;
Beauty is one, if of a spark
Its brilliance of is much bereft,
The contrast not being duly sent,
Of all intelligence the root
Again, lies something altra what we see,
A consequence that something of to be.

It's like a shadow, pray why not ?
One idea by another cast—
Penumbra of itself as but reflex
Of something that comes in between
Its vivid foliage ; color got,
Or reason could not find repast
On that its hunger would perplex,
Truth's shadow so not always seen ;
'Tis but a shadow minds contrive to throw
Athwart seem'd reason of another show.

All shadows of the mind come true,
By aid of light suppos'd, if small,
Or darkness often for it held,
Of source we never comprehend ;
If reasons thick they seem to strew
Some doubts as shades invest them all,
Which up to clear we are compell'd
To make some other shade defend ;
The manner of the matter seems a shade,
Before another complaisant to fade.

Conscience don't heed how dark the fold
Night weaves to wrap in world of things,
There is some torch or ray unseen
Reck'ning mysterious gives therein,
Pours light whose source is never told,
To ready judgment strongly brings
Accounts to keep, of truth to glean
The volume vast has ever been ;
Intensely more the thought can see to write,
And plainer too than midst the din of light.

Nature's vast cup the earth contains,
With else all for a rich supply ;
The wisdom worker plainly saw
The need of uses all to fill,
Alembics fashion'd for their gains,
Tubes, siphons, pumps, no use whereby
To damage or contract a flaw,
That asks repairs by menders skill,
As each like Polipus or twig that's rent
For the same office now is always sent.

All rocks will melt, some waters turn
Into a jelly or a gas ;
The fire and gas help make the new,
What made of will the thing consume,
Employing each for equal terms,
A difference seeming, yet the mass
Pays all the tax, each particle unto
Some aliquot takes other's room ;
So sun, earth, air, the elements of man,
Differ but in an atom void of span.

Now men begin to hurry up and heed
The business coming hours of day,
With net and hook and gives the fishers speed
To the clear waters for their finny prey,
Marking, with careful step and little noise,
His way, but few and cautious word employs.

Hunters are footing, each with dog and gun
To forests or the river's reedy side,
That when the breaking day is well begun,
Their proper grounds to seek the way divide ;
All anxious to secure their game, the prize,
Intent through life, all aim to realize.

The ways are noisy with the trundl'd loads
Farmers and hucksters carry for supply,
While thick pedestrians crowd the roads
To make their gains, some chaffer some to buy ;
The business of the world, large part if trite,
Devoted much is to the appetite.

Nature with bounty's hand, for ill supplies
For food and raiment to the crowding race
Where one wants all or one denies
Indulgence modest, can have healthy place ;
Each err, both he who shuns, or too much craves ;
True life is that which health and vigor saves.

Whose heart of nature full to swell,
Of generous being emulous of toil,
Less for itself, desires to excell
Than others, have deserved reward for toil ;
Forbears no labor that a duty asks,
Feels cheerful temper, lightens all its tasks.

These are the men, with firm brac'd step
Tread on where threaten'd danger makes
A rugged break their way to intercept
Quail not, though storm and thunder on it breaks,
Ready for exigence come foul, come fair,
If soft they scorn it, hard it be they dare.

When boys, you see them in the rough and course,
Sun-burn'd or smutty, mayhap both,
Rolling a log, or some wild horse
Contending with to go when over loth ;
They drive their young days on with firm intent
To wrestle excellence from each event.

Examples fit their beings to enjoy,
The State no craven in them finds,
No tide blind fortune can employ,
Dispair by fortune forge the chain that binds,
They see a world their fellows made to hold,
God's circling arms in equal love enfold.

Where are their lights like signal fires
That with its glow lit nations gone,
Statesmen, patriots, the soul inspire
Among them all a single Washington ?
What caus'd their rise, why never like return,
Tho' States may feel their glow thro' ages burn ?

In youth, all ardent in the chase,
We see the game lies full in view,
Hope flushes on the quicken'd pace,
Receding still the faster we pursue ;
We conquer daily something in the race,
Tho' not assur'd that wisdom gives it place.

The lark begins cheery her voice to try,
Her liquid notes upon the ravish'd ear,
While chanticleer with lofty, shriller cry,
Incessant peals, the day is drawing near ;
A warning light upon the east lies dim,
Small harbinger such great events begin.

The earth fast wheeling on her eastern verge,
Where day is waiting in her blushing light,
Her glory on the sleeping world to urge
A farewell taking of another night.
Sleepers awake ! Ye mountains lowly bow !
To let her golden Safron crown your brow.

CONVENTION BETWEEN DAY AND NIGHT

Night greets thee day, with her salaam,
Thy dazzling glory, hopes tho' great,
Past bounds of moderation calm
Will not thy pride too much elate.

In making her salaam, night asks
A little private conversation,
Before the laboring day its tasks
Imposes for thy occupation.

Living near neighbors as we do,
Reflected by a single shade,
It is to common wisdom due,
That envy don't our bounds invade.

She certes has most paltry eye
Of any animal alive,
A mote or fault so small will spy
On neighbor's garb and on it thrive.

Night envies not thy playful glare,
So why shouldst thou her dusky hue,
As each may blend and have to spare,
Both shade and sunshine for the two.

To make thee fresher in the morn,
All shining more thy robes as new,
Night gathers up not for thy scorn
To sprinkle on them limpid dew.

So thy warm sun dispels some damps
At times of noxious increment,
Producing in my people cramps,
To health quite inconvenient.

Night's not unmindful of thy use
In all her great and best affairs,
She trusts that day will scorn abuse,
Regrets to bring on all who shares.

'Tis often thus we see too late,
The good that's heedless cast aside,
With power we'd often new create
The objects making us divide.

Duty and Justice must be grav'd,
Deep graven on the heart and mind,
To do their pleasure can't be sav'd
Unless the three as friends are join'd.

Thy people have got many ways
That night has greatly wonder'd at,
Perhaps it's prejudice that sways,
Or fashion, harder to combat.

They rise sometimes at early dawn,
With guns to make such noise and clatter,
My people startled in their brawn,
Thinking there is some dreadful matter.

A fight at Solferino the oppress'd
Of Italy needed to redeem,
Vesuvius choking, nothing less,
Can such a mortal rattle mean.

The glorious truth we come to find
Two bumpkins have for office run,
One t' other leaves one vote behind,
For this the rattle bang to stun.

Night can't see why it ain't enough,
Content to win a civil race ;
Revenge is surely meanly tough,
Where noise must signify disgrace.

Thy people make prodigious noise,
While mine lay down for quiet sleep ;
Such rumpus many a nap destroys,
From honest needful rest to keep.

Yet being neighbors must expect
Some inconvenience to be borne,
Each one has foibles to respect,
He must admit who wants return.

We may have speed to match the bird,
With wings that never tire of flight,
But yet may lack one little word
When wanting hearts are never right.

Charity that by good creed is made
A modest unassuming grace,
Thy people use for false parade,
Themselves to swell in public place,

Oft take my shadow, which is meant
For rest and dreams to prayer shut eyes,
To hide some base contriv'd intent,
With little shame their guilt supplies.

Their politics of the same stuff,
Appear a hollow kind of drum
With sound and false parade enough,
With noise, all praises up to sum.

Why ain't a pop gun just as good
In caliber the best for those
Who strive to have it understood
That worth depends on noise and shows ?

The demi-savage Romans kept
Their trumpry shows, and noisy game
The harvest as suppos'd, they rept
Was making, arguments but tame.

Yet night desires there may be peace
Between her kingdom and bright days,
That causes for rank strife may cease,
Before her these conditions lays :

It is agreed and firmly understood
That day shall always have the right
To fire big guns of cotton wood,
Or pop-guns if they more delight.

And on especial days that come,
Such as the fourth, of high behest,
Make louder noise with powder, drum,
And thunder too if tho't the best.

Night would surmise that a big noise
Forc'd on to any small occasion,
Distinction needful much destroys
For signalizing an ovation.

That further, day may undertake
To feed and clothe the poor, prepare
For this a dance and merry make,
Provided all the poor are there.

And if it ever should occur
That rogues in office chance puts in,
To turn them out as honest spur,
To fire big guns and have a din.

Further, that small elections may
Not lose their fame and so run out,
There shall be fix'd a given day
On which all patriots raise the shout.

Night thinks with treaty of this kind
Some follies might be brought to system,
A few of each when well defin'd
As wholesome physic, to assist 'em.

A noise is held ingredient grand
In this world's sublimation,
'Taking progression by the hand,
The air to purify or nation.

If any vice or odious sin
Defiles with stain the public garment,
We've but to raise a shout and din
To frighten off the varmint.

Remembering some we must endure,
It's wiser much than to suppress,
To watch them well with physic sure,
True means all ails to make the less.

Expressly 'tis agreed hereby
Thunder's a lawful occupation
Of clouds, when sultry hot and dry,
Not hinder'd in this stipulation.

Railroads may thunder with their gears
Without a breach hereby intended,
Because the sound so much appears
Like that herein defended.

Night begs her compliments sincere
Day will in earnest friendship take,
So trusts no diplomatic sneer
A firm and lasting peace will break.

MAZZINI.

Mazzini's right, some thousand years
Before the Gog and Magog die,
Now crushing with an iron jaw
The heart of Italy to stain
With blood its own, as with forc'd tears
Brave cheeks to scorch of those who try
To make oppression name its laws ;
Legitimacies peaceless claim
More hurtful than a serpent's poison coil,
Or Upas blasting to the fairest soil.

Have you been banish'd from your home,
Or in a dungeon thrust to starve,
Rob'd, scourg'd with insult gross and vile,
For cause you can not hold your tongue,
To do so would it all deserve
To see them buffet wife and child ;
Have you borne this, are human even small,
And yet the hands uphold that do it all ?

What's talents, genius, worth, renown,
Country, friends, a home, some fame,
That make a thought of worth to live,
If one base breath can perish down
To be as things without a name,
Such ills a tyrant's nod to give ;
All this to perish by a tyrant's breath,
Fell crimes are virtues not deserving death.

The curses that come over realm,
Or heads or hearts to seath and sweep,
Whether by tempest or earth shake,
With self and all belov'd to overwhelm,
Have but a moment's pang if deep,
As light as air to those that break
On hearts out-banish'd from their hearth and home,
With madness gnawing ever till life's done.

Have the heart's strings been wound and wound
In blissful lacings treasur'd at the core,
A little heaven blending close its threads
To clasp its vital throbbings round?
Treasures of worth, earth holds no more,
Fast on the verge celestial treads,
All blasted by that cursed word away,
Lone wanderer, exile, bar'd from home to stay.

The fairest portion of earth's fold,
Where culture, arts, and happy homes
Once joyous rang in social glee,
O'er life prolific of its swarms,
Now scant and niggard races hold;
Oppression's hand the ruin owns,
A desert left is all we see,
No social radiance ever warms;
Why should earth blighted be and curs'd the most
By titles that a crown or ribbon boast?

Nor can you make sweet sauce or soy,
To be doll'd out in parcels small,

Of heaven his highest pride essay'd,
Oppression's taxes here to earn
As means for greater promised joy
Hereafter ; now the more you mall,
Your lusts all pamper'd by the trade,
So blind your gods they can't discern,
It is not true the more one's here oppress'd,
By richer joys in heaven he will be bless'd.

Just as we keep, with angry teeth,
A surly mastiff who rends and tears
All comers with intrusive foot
Who overstep our closes bound,
The plea is to secure relief
'Gainst those who seek our blood or wares
Provision nothing in to suit,
Where none but civil people's found ;
That's just the thing we want to make the race,
So master's tyrants have no need of place.

Is it easier dogs to teach
Than men of so much better parts,
Or royal terriers, we their rats
Hunted to be for blood and sport,
No higher game examples reach
Than fangs to rend each other's hearts,
For lowest instinct it adapts ;
The mind can't rise where no support
Is given by the action in its own affair,
For freedom else all is but bastard heir.

The great grand curse that's ever been
 Blighting to all true social rise,
Is satraps legitimate to set
 Over us, as if they needed were
To rule, who but disrule begin ;
 Democracy the ware supplies,
In its own way, corrupt to get,
 No name can heal the base affair ;
All men who their own social action shun,
Are curs'd the more the better it is done.

R E F L E C T I O N .

He who would wassail make, and joy,
 His larder tax, and hamper drain,
Intends it should his spirit mend,
Must his own labor'd means employ—
 Purveyance of his honest gain,
 Sweet gust and relish will attend ;
While he who revels at his country's cost,
Bears poison in the chalice for it toss'd.

JOHN HONESTY.

For all the things on earth we see,
That's gilded, patch'd, to hide a flaw,
To shine and glitter like the true
So call'd, the best we ever saw ;
By brittle fashion hail'd as new—
Ay, for all riches of the land and sea,
I would not give John Honesty.

John may live in a house that's low,
Of humble mein, if walls not rent,
By scoffers, when they glitter by—
A look of scorn he proudly sent,
For them such ilk, tho' seeming high,
Oppressing others be their bent ;
For them if thousands in a row,
John's worth them ten times told, I trow.

John's word is richer than his gold,
His promises the pearls outshine—
With conscience clear as drop of dew,
Whatever done by his design,
For safety will be carried through ;
All knowing are compell'd to hold
His truth and faith are never sold.

John can't consent to help the crew
Who traffic in all state affairs,
To make their morals low and vile ;
State honors he but seldom shares,
A plund'ring scheme be apt to spoil ;
He has no party, and the few
Who join him others all beshrew.

John sees a modest, safe homestall
Our fathers well devis'd begun,
For its completion, knew they must
Have men to choose, and lay the stone
Of worth of heart and public trust ;
The drivellers who infest the wall,
On none but their own creatures call.

John knows the land was bright and fair,
Design'd for freedom's noble aim—
By bondage never to be curs'd ;
Now dastards gloating on their fame,
Pollution on its soil to thrust,
Its realms enlarging most their care,
Wider to make the bondmen's share.

John never hides behind the church,
To serve as foil to any blur,
Or as a crutch to prop his sin ;
The honest ways that life prefer,
His soul he keeps inducted in—
Knows 'tis a fault if any lurch
Knocks sleeping conscience from its perch.

John has a little family,
Dear as are drops of the heart's blood ;
'Tis greatest cruelty he knows,
Examples none to give as stud
To their young want that daily grows,
Imbues their minds that they should be
As freedom's heirs in honesty.

John has no fortune large to give,
But leaves them riches rust don't spoil—
In heart that's true to fellows right,
True salt preserving freedom's soil,
In luster shining clear and bright ;
John knows such treasures wants relieve,
And peace at last for crown receive.

He knows that teaching must be lame
That don't the hands as well as mind
Employ, to rivet as we learn,
A victory over crime to gain,
True method in the social join'd,
In idleness we can't discern ;
Science is knowing how to do the best,
Vicious, it's always in a wanton rest.

Each one to labor with good might,
His circle fills with blest emprise,
He knows his Maker smiles on him
To cheer him thro' the coming night ;
The many circles so to rise,
Each one its special duty in,
To be as one when all the circles meet,
Like stars, one light of glory to complete.

John knows the beauteous sea will float
The gallant ship, to plow its wave,
To make the spray and foam arise,
For purpose what the surge to brave,
With compass none where danger lies,
In deeps away, of lands remote,
Such wants to hazard great devote.

So with the feet that guideless speed
Their way thro' life, where storms beset,
Some light or compass to descry,
The hazard certain to be met,
At free command for use must lie ;
'Tis social action rule to read,
Like compass makes the voyage succeed.

No simple thing we make or do,
But ready end lies in the way—
First learn'd, then cherish'd for its use,
The rule and doing two in one ;
Who conquers first in early day,
The cure, like home, forever true,
Plac'd in the heart is dear to view.

BUMPA NICKEL.*

Ye men that sallow hues invade,
Or pale as if the robber fear
Had ting'd your cheek, and not the rose ;
The lazy blood too long has stay'd
In slacken'd pace, and don't come near
The surface, where small veins repose ;
The circulation is not equal, and don't fill
The purple channels with a hearty will.

Loitering in places most expos'd
To rupture, or in turgid mass,
O'erload internal veins to make
A tubercle, by harden'd ring inclos'd,
Thro' which the blood must fail to pass ;
Or other form of malformation take,
To give you trouble, and assail your health,
With ails not to be cur'd by any wealth.

Ye seated men, that books or trade,
Keep nail'd much like a post or style
To one position, day by day ;
If there be health in ax or spade,
Your calling will not reconcile
Unto their use, without display ;
Of energy and care to improve your time,
Beyond what daily habits to incline.

* A coarse bread made of unbolted flour.

You've got such ailments as proceed
From slacken'd force, the nerves and bile
Responding to, to give alarm ;
'Tis Bumpa Nickel that you need—
The dumps and vapors he can spoil
As quick as any patent charm ;
You don't believe it, so a simple use
Can't come in combat with indulg'd abuse.

Ladies, fair creatures, is there one,
Learn'd or unlearn'd can spell you out ?
To leave no doubtful spot or shade
To prove the work not fairly done ;
Your own sweet selves premise some doubt
Of what these appetites are made—
The chalk, the pencils, and the pickles sour,
Hard clay and kickshaws of the like devour.

I don't think any thing is wrong
You do, if 'tis it can't be mended—
There's in the way them plaguey males,
To give you trouble, being strong
Or headstrong, in their way defended,
Your right position often fails ;
They stand in their own light, the saucy yeomen,
Some reason they should show, were I a woman.

If any should, as times progress,
Get mopey, nervous, or suck ilk,
I would not say it openly, but hint,
If 'twas the fashion like your dress,
Made up true ornament to bilk,
You would if de'il himself was in in't,
Take Bumpa Nickel with as good a grace
As ever poodle lick'd a pretty face.

In science cuisine to be adept,
Is next to physic, or before—
Perhaps the oldest of the two ;
If the inventor of the bolt had kept
His hand out of that sifting score,
The physic would have more to do—
As 'tis, it's slain more thousands in one season,
Than Samson, madden'd by Delilah's treason.

Some athlete are, or giant large,
Made to devour, not to devise ;
For aught but Mammon's lowest birth,
To be on thrift a baneful charge—
Greedy of what the sea supplies,
Or munching up the fruits of earth ;
On such it is a sinful waste of time,
To give a place or reason by a rhyme.

Or those whom arctic climes invite
'Mid snow and ice to take their snack,
Carbon is all they need to form
A lining, oil and fat invite—
Worth more than fur upon the back,
With greasy plumpness to adorn ;
A useless folly 'twould be to suppose
For lumps like these we should a rhyme compose.

The chaste, the free and delicate,
Strong thinkers seldom wearing gross,
More nimble with the proper cheer,
Given at times to speculate
On things that give the world no loss,
A vision that's not always clear ;
'Tis such to help, if would be help'd at all,
On Doctor Bumpa Nickel give a call.

When we were boys, we ate all day,
And slept as if we'd never wake—
The stomach had enough to do,
Its aids were full, had ample play,
On mush and porridge, little cake,
Or dainties if we thrifty grew ;
If things are chang'd, the reason's just as strong,
To shrink the bowels up, if then, must yet be wrong.

As for our physic, there's no guide,
Condition, fancies all to flatter ;
The best way is not to be sick—
If this can't be, we must abide
A thousand cures, by drug or water,
The remedies come fast and thick ;
To choose them here, love's labor's lost,
Some die regretting most the cost.

If you don't keep the bowels use
In what is well for them to do,
They'll fill with gas, or shrink ;
Too long in either is abuse,
You'll wish them not invited to,
A cholic or a knot tied in, you'll think,
Is worse than trouble, diet good would make,
And harder much to cure than this to take.

Our mothers wise a custom had,
When flesh got knotty, full of pain,
A poultice mollient to provide ;
Your memory must be very bad,
With wit to boast indifferent gain,
If knots that have their place inside—
In the same way you fail to tickle
By poultice made of Bumpa Nickel.

The Arabs score when men are sick,
 Their shins to raise and irritate
The vital action to new force ;
 A whip or scourge might do the same,
Some puncture or sharp needle stick
 Into the flesh, and thus create
A pain, by which to arrest the course
 Of ails that do or would inflame ;
Of mind or body equal, equal ways the cure,
By changing what we cant to that we can endure.

Our troubles of the body and the mind
 Lie in a thousand ways to come—
 Each has its cause and errand to perform,
Yet nature, ever with a power kind,
 Labors to leave us masters none
 Excepting death, who only the forlorn
Of what is left takes as his share,
As distribution nothing else can spare.

Don't overload the team you drive,
 And give it plenty time to rest—
All cruelty is base, and not the true
 Indices of a worthy nature ;
The beasts themselves will often strive
 For their revenge, when badly press'd,
And God smiles on our mercy, too ;
 Load your stomach can't bear greater
Than any span of sturdy mules can draw,
Unless you give it time, or have a monster maw.

Don't look for cures, in your distress,

Too much on medicine, or give

Its doctors credit all to heal—

The wise ones worthy are of praise—

Their numbers few and growing less,

The ails by which the others live,

To shallow minds will not reveal

True symptoms of their devious ways ;

So we are doctor'd, tortur'd, kill'd or cur'd,

For other ails, not those we have endur'd.

'Tis cold or heat for causes that

We seldom see to know the why ;

They overtake us now, not then,

A war to make our empire in—

Disease to plant by their combat,

An equal temperament defy—

It might be plain could we but ken

In what or why they all begin.

But what's the use of all we see and know,

When worst we take and let our safety go ?

THE CATARACT.

I've stay'd to see thy river pour
Its waters gather'd far away,
By Huron and Superior's shore,
Where Indians roam, and wild deer play ;
A wilderness of wilds, where white man's feet
Have rarely press'd the forest dark and deep.

From lake to lake, high in the north,
Thy fountains swell from winter snow,
From rocks and valleys driven forth,
Where pines and rigid hemlocks grow ;
Time has no date to count the age upon
When floods came rushing first from Nepigon.

The red man with his bark canoe,
Were ancient as the coptic Nile,
Did deer and muskalunge pursue,
When Egypt also were a wild ;
Deep furrows in thy rocks by currents worn,
To depths such as no stinted times have torn.

What ages form'd the sedement
For vast prairies rich, deep soil,
Myriads of years 'twould represent,
If gather'd by earth's common toil ;
Entomb'd there lies beneath the rock and drift,
Deep, hoary mystery, when the veil we lift.

Pouring thus o'er thy rocky bed,
Press'd on by founts that never stay,
Deep waters to the chasm led,
To leap, rebound and cast their spray—
Then headlong rushing to the depth profound,
In swift, exulting tumble, shake the ground.

Now comes the elemental strife—
Waters on waters heap'd to roar,
Confus'd to rush, as mad with life,
In boiling anger lash the shore;
Volumes come foaming back from depths below,
With spray and mist to set the shining bow.

Deep in thy cavern, fiercely drove,
Each plunge bounds boiling up again,
The strife of waters, round above,
Their endless whirls and foam maintain;
Grim rocks, with rugged faces, bare and torn,
All black'd and drip'd, seem weeping things forlorn.

The dazzling sun is on thy green
Hued water, to the sloping ledge,
But quickly chang'd to whiten sheen,
As swiftly pass'd the clifted edge;
The sounds of many waters loudly hum,
Thy organ rocks such music well become,

I've seen thee by the moon-lit sky—
Thy foam and roar were yet the same,
Thy bow, tho' mark'd by paler dye,
Reek'd thro', in softer blushes came—
Blushes which nature can't afford to lose,
By shadows blurr'd, to fade they still refuse.

But mist and moon, and nightly spray,
Seem'd touch'd with marvels new—
Night's visions that around thee lay,
To loftier aspirations drew ;
Visions which grow more ample, as the sight
Dilates the more with fainter beams of light.

The bird of night flew screaming by,
To waver seem'd, as on he flew,
Like those who fear a tempest nigh,
With hasten'd speed their way pursue ;
The storm was rising with its rushing sound—
But feeble seem'd the cataract to drown.

In battle fierce, 'tween armies proud,
While earthquake gives no auded note,
Amid its cannon bursting loud,
Can hear the bngle's piercing throat ;
On rush'd the storm, thick vapors roll'd,
With mist, as veil around thy head
Drew up, to shew fierce livid fold,
While thunders echo'd through thy bed.

Terrors thy hist'ry rest upon,
Of men and craft in thy abyss
Drawn fearfully its rocks among,
Yet rare a certain death to miss ;
Sometimes their bodies far below are seen,
Stern marks upon, strong life could not redeem.

VIRGINIA.

A finger is in heaven the same
That once upon carousing wall
Wrote down the fate of banquet's guest,
Writes still in wrath of burning flame,
'Tis destiny, go heed the scroll
Full on thy aching vision press'd,
Heed it thou shalt, if now thy scorn,
Thy pride forbid it to inform.

Whenever did high heaven neglect
To exact its blood for blood
That shameless, wrongly, guileful shed,
To slay where no one to protect,
With hand uprais'd, as warden stood,
To shield the victim e'er he bled ;
A coward's hand that will not dare to strike,
Offensive 'gainst protecting equal pike.

Yes, the rebuke shall come tho' now,
Defiant, Cain-like, thou can'st boast
Thy safety, brother's right to jeer,
Blood cries for blood in its dark vow,
No arm of earth with bristling host
Can shield thee when it comes to sear ;
No darkness deep as midnight hide thee can,
From retribution due for wrong to man.

In Kansas read it, fearful done
Thy fellows by approv'd and taught,
And by thee hail'd in merry glee,
There freemen in their lawful home
By fire and sword of life distrougt ;
Shame thou of the same kindred be,
Hands too thou gavest it not to feel
The agony of blood from dripping steel.

What crimes did Kansas to provoke
Thy bloody hands to scourge and slay,
They stood up for their equal right
Thy fathers, ours, once fervent spoke,
Before high heaven pledg'd to sway,
Deep in their hearts to feel its might,
Perjur'd is the tongue the faith betrayed,
Who now against it stand array'd.

Judgment from the mid heaven descends
That waits not for thee to forget,
Trebled with speed on hurried blast,
Each whispering wind a loudness lends
To harrow up thy ear with threat,
The shaking leaf with noise comes past
As if the banner of a foe was there
With rustling arms apois'd mid air.

Thou knowest not whence a plague proceeds,
Its dwelling place is from thee hid ;
Or pestilence with eye aghast,
What opportune fell monsters leads,
How Pandora from treach'rous lid
Terrors confounding forth to cast,
Thy dreams in innocence to bring repose,
In guilt a hydra's arms around thee close.

The sky is clear, health seemeth in,
Why don't it joy of peace impart,
Why in thy soul forboding ill
Of some foul plot thy friends begin,
Grim shadow of to make thee start?
With soul at peace do shadows thrill,
As if on some volcanic heaving ground,
Convuls'd to rend at quick expected sound.

Deed thoughts are food of mind the same
As diet for the body's health allow'd,
If poison in the latter found
The bones will rot the palid frame
Fall sudden to await its shroud
An equal fate do both propound,
Insidious poison of ill deeds betray
The State or soul to equal like decay.

The elements familiar in the mind,
'T will feed upon and so assume
To shape and point in our dispirit
Our manhood's growth, or leave behind
A dwarfish effigy in room,
The excellence divine to slight,
Wanting the excellence, the dwarfish is the mead,
As judgment standing 'gainst the wrong in deed.

'Tis said that crimes come as they may,
Have seasons like the tidal sea,
Or like death's bills come to be paid
Consulting little moral sway,
But deal in ratio's kind degree
As if in bones and flesh they're laid;
This proves that monsters every tribe,
Live by the food to nourish that's suppli'd.

Come as they will, equal were bound
A moral physic to provide,
Being but disease, the same to meet
With antidotes to make us sound,
Nor cease their pliance till the tide
Of life cause healthful pulse to beat ;
The duty 's just the same to stay all ill,
To cure or not, to try is duty still.

Great object this, all that we know
Hearts made for, or the world 's a sham
And heaven a science of deceit.
Of life to make the ebb or flow
Equal as worthless in the plan,
Alike with fate of beasts to meet,
Yield up our heed to foster moral guard
That man and world by infamy stand bar'd.

Cans't thou absorb or stay all tears,
They flow as from some fountain deep,
Than sea far deeper gives them spring,
Than earthly deeps or waters wide,
Whose fount as thought is in the spheres
Made not, but rule divine to keep
Over the bubble world as mimic thing,
A shadow that its beek can chide ;
And this is what against thy hand is bent,
That for a human woe we shan't relent.

Can'st thou the sun put out that hence
Day none shall be or shade of night
Nor morning's glow life's precious hour,
Why not, if thou canst stay offence
At galling chain or freedom's blight ;
They equal are who hold the power,

Where sympathy forbids no tear can spare
An iron heart must be the world's to wear.

No never more in this lone vale
Shall any tears be shed, no wail
At wrongs that make a brother bleed
But laughter shall all woes assail,
And grief shall meet the murd'rous flail
Content to shout amen the deed ;
There is to life but one broad spacious side,
Havoc and Rapine over this preside.

Hush'd be the winds that sorrows bear,
Silent all tongues to name a grief,
No tell-tale witness to the wrong
Must ever peaching murmur dare ;
If any pain cries for relief,
Allowance of to me belong
Without my leave of any they complain
War's penalties and threats my wrath restrain

Nations may prate about the free,
And poets wreath by garland song,
The temple false that freemen raise
'Tis all a sham philosophy,
Bondage by high decree makes wrong
The puerile stuff the dotards praise ;
'Tis in oppression grinding down the race
That freedom lifts on high angelic face.

Judgments, if angels fallen wrath
More fierce to seathe thee, held to pour,
Than the last viol's fell dismay

They'd stop, when near thy vengeful path,
To cry enough, not one drop more,
'T would but malevolence betray ;
The measure is complete to blast the deed,
They have it chosen mercy must succeed.

Thou art in war at thy own sill,
A war that shames the knave who aims
His knife at single purse to make
It yield a paltry coin its fill ;
Thy war extorts its coward gains
From bondage, with its whip and chains,
Safely can'st thirst of avarice slake ;
Knave in his courage who the law will dare,
While cowards ramparts 'gainst the law prepare.

At war with law the mighty made,
First greatest never to be broke,
Or be annulled where life is cast
As master cement of the whole ;
The bond paternal ties persuade,
The pains of death can not revoke,
Tho' break the heart round which they clasp,
Their clinch is deep within the soul ;
These too are blasted by a bondage chain,
Often where blood thy own runs in the vein.

The name of father—how it thrills
From heaven to earth's deepest wells—
Divinity dwells in the sound
As watch and guard o'er human ills,
None other with like rapture swells
In hearts its mission to propound ;
Earth's desolation in its want to share
Bondage is ready reckless to prepare.

The pests of Europe can't produce
 Revolting more to social sense,
An infamy on human page
 Than bondage thine spreads out ;
In tender love for this abuse
 Thy chivalry takes deep offence,
Blows war trumps threat'ning rage,
 How quick it will all Europe route
If it should dare to make thy soil its home,
As if a pestilence more foul could come.

The Union is to thee a curse
 Because the north won't palisade
Thy bondage round, that ever hence
 Disturbance none or threat shall come,
No censure on it to be thrust,
 Whatever province it invade
To be receiv'd with complaisance ;
 All freemen take it to their home,
The Union lov'd how much no word will tell,
But granted this is freedom's final knell.

Thou say'st thy brother chafes thee in
 Thy bondage claims to break their pact,
 With taunting insolence and theft ;
All penal laws to shape begin,
 Their instruments by which to act
 They seem of choice to stand bereft ;
The penalty is sure what needs must strike the blow,
Heaven's time lies in, but not in man's to know.

Sometimes the careful treasures rust
Or walls like Rome's invite decay,
A blight in ready scourge in drear
Desertion leaves a homeless soil,
Men flee as lost all social trust,
In room whereof a grim dismay
With scoffing laugh is ever near
To haunt the blows of precious toil ;
They flee the oppressive curse of stulted man
While ruin broad sweeps o'er the weeping land.

Often, more oft some dark'ning plague
Masks round the mind as now round thine,
In lurid fancy to deceitful gain,
Truth precious lost or seeming vague,
With monsters only to combine,
The errors striving to maintain ;
Wanting a truth for some success to join,
By threats and force the millions would combine.

Thou can'st remember the bright day,
The heavens joyful in propitious glow,
All nature smiling on the Union made
To promise long its strength to stay,
Full trust in thee and thine to show,
No want of friendship dare invade ;
'T was cordial greeting of thy hand to take,
Sure thou rememb'rest who did this forsake.

Shall some foul land a pontine swail,
Claim'd residence of its reptile,
Open a miasmatic surge
To sweep off friendship for the free,

Some paltry gain truth can't avail,
The world of its best right beguile,
Plot for a ruin on to urge
'Gainst labor's noble embassy,
Shall some few miles of homely ground if curs'd
Cast man and all his hopes to lick the dust.

Crimes, what are they in their fell might
By arms by chain or cunning fraud
The opportune how'er supplied,
Labor to rob of its just right,
Good social scheme to lose its land,
Fraternal bond all strength deni'd,
Appeals in vain a social trust to raise,
Doom'd to decay, tho' flatt'ring it delays.

Machines of men to make insult
But offers to almighty law,
Directing to construct uphold,
A social system, the result
Of need the mind can find to draw
An excellence above the fold ;
For cattle holding their just place
To put on level with, is mind's disgrace.

The civilizer is abroad to cast
Philosophy o'er the world wide,
To weigh oppression is its bent,
The gross vitality that's past
With its great heart to chide
Causing the spoiler to relent ;
The tide grows stronger, swifter, sweeping on,
Thou can'st not stand against it in thy wrong.

WORSHIP.



Can't I unto the Father go
Unless I do entreat the Son,
The Holy Ghost to make the three ?
Yet while the Scriptures plainly show
In truth the three are only one,
I may to either make my plea,
The name's a trifle, so the substance's there,
Each one alike holds all the three can spare ;
It must be so with any three in one,
Or union else is nothing but a pun.

Some take the Holy Ghost, some Mary,
Some other saint not of the three,
It's always been so, as tastes vary,
Sure to be right, they disagree.

By Scripture power is not left
For devils, angels, men to mar,
Or thwart or high divine install,
One atom make it of bereft
Divine philosophy to bar
That God as one is all in all.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

NUMBER ONE.

Who are the free ? It can't be the bird,
With joy in his wing and his flight,
He never a whisper drop'd of the word,
Tho' his course on the breeze is so light ;
He sings, as he flies, a sweet song of his own,
The warble, if like it, is but a blithe tone.

As he soars gaily up, on pinions of down,
It seems to us freedom indeed—
But the hawk, who has no kind renown,
Is hast'ning that way with swift speed ;
Poor bird, how he trembles such friend to engage—
He'd give twenty songs to be in a cage.

Come hither, sweet bird, I know by thy flight,
Thou art weary and anxious for rest,
A refuge I'll give, 'twill be my delight,
As close to my bosom to soothe thee I press ;
Ah ! wild with despair, there's many a one
Would fly to its rest with a welcome to come.

Man steps lightly forth, so purely to snuff
The free air, strong resolves in his breast
That learning strict rules are all stuff,
Which shall break not his freedom or rest ;

He'll find very soon that hawks are abroad,
While pitfalls and traps environ his road.

His passions, like birds, if full swing
He gives them, in fatal disguise,
'Tho' to carol and mirthfully sing,
The hawk will the rapture surprise ;
Hawks have their use to birds or to men,
The value of safety to learn, not condemn.

The bars, bolts and prisons abound
With dungeons of filth and disease.
Is't in freedom or heav'n they're found ?
Revenge or false passion to please ;
Can it be, so far we've mistaken the way,
To fall in such pits, when the free we essay ?

NUMBER TWO.

From the earth take away its mountain and vale,
Its rugged faced rocks, its surface uneven,
The springs and the rivers, the fountains would fail,
The showers refreshing, scarcely be given,
Its beauties all mar'd, that ravish our senses—
The plains turn'd to deserts, where heat so intense is.

The ocean quite stagnant for want of resources,
Its green turn'd to black, lay sick in its bed,
All rivers flush waters stay'd in their courses,
The grandeur, the beauty of earth would be fled ;
Just so with the mind, by tyranny tame it,
Reduc'd to a level unhealthy to lame it.

Its grandeur and beauty, and freedom of space,
Now acting, rebounding, then soaring aloft,
True science will guide and quicken its pace,
But never to tame or render it soft ;
There must be an action wide as the wave,
True rules will not stop, but from anarchy save.

If things of one size were of value and weight,
Mathematics would sadly be snub'd in its course—
Proportions and magnitude, little and great,
Are elements fixing a life, giving force ;
Well, take from the mind, by false rule to reduce,
Each evil you cure begets some abuse.

The earth, to be rich in all it has got,
Great masses of rock must crumble to dust—
The vegetable world would perish and rot,
If adamant nature cemented the crust ;
The mind in the mass to oppress in its sway,
In socialis'd fractions may wisdom obey.

It must stand by itself, like old granite rock,
Rough and smooth, hard or lithe, often unkind—
In particles mingled to soften the shock,
Dissolving, uniting, to be a true mind ;
In the one it's a diamond, all brilliant to shine,
In the social blends freely in truth to combine.

NUMBER THREE.

We can't unravel the snarl'd thread,
That tangles up the complex woof
Of woman's mind a mottled web
Defying oft our keenest proof ;
We think at times to fathom its sweet ways,
Accept a smile for softness it betrays.

The rustling leaf upon the bush
Is not more easy mov'd or shows
Excitement greater than her blush,
When light-like causes interpose ;
The chill, the agony she seems to take.
When glass or promises unseemly break.

Are all so natural they 'pear to lie
Like foam that floats upon the surf,
So too her tear and deep drawn sigh
Show gentleness of native birth ;
Will she not weep if you by chance should wound
Her kitten or her pretty little hound.

Tears are her glitt'ring arms to break
Their way thro' adamantine hearts
Proud victor such as steel can't make
Tho' flesh from harden'd bone it parts ;
They are our teachers, these soft things to sway
Our froward tempers often led astray.

Gilded this world is often made to bate
Our seeming firmless to unmanly end
The weakness in ourself we can but hate
To wish our firmness had a truer friend ;
We have misgivings, too, and contradiction,
Showing quite plainly in our male condition.

'Tis needful such appears our want,
Our rougher ways of life to meet,
Strong muscles and a form more gaunt
Fit us with danger to compete ;
It is no thing to boast our rougher nature,
Except the contrast needful making greater.

These tender things have tendencies
We know not how to reconcile,
When horrid sights appear to please,
That beauty gives applauding smile ;
How can the horrid any charm present,
To win a thing with rose and lilly blent.

They went to see the Gladiator die,
To bear it like the roughest man,
His latest breath expiring sigh
With close regard intent to scan,
Watch'd blood that trickl'd from the fatal thrust,
To its faint current mingling with the dust.

Intent to gaze still on life's throes,
The latest ebb it feebly makes,
Watching yet on the palid close,
If tears obscure the view she takes ;
Still on, expecting more to be amus'd,
While death all further agony refus'd.

The ring is set, and dog and beast
With fiercer men for blood go there,
Upon its savage sports to feast,
The unoffending flesh to tear ;
Within the circle, near'd the cruel scene,
White waving plumes announce earth's model queen.

With grace and blooming beauty on,
Pale majesty around her brow,
They speak of noble things to con,
Tho' more than lost where she is now ;
Why was an angel made with face to win,
To a polluting world then smuggled in ?

She looks, alas, that eye that might
Calm down a world of bitter woe,
On blood and beasts in deadly fight,
Her cheek unmarked by conscious glow,
Anxious she peers and leans her woman's head
To see when the last man or beast is dead.

Ah, what a contrast 'tween the sight
Of lovely woman and her taste ;
If culture brings such base delight,
Pray stop it, let her go to waste ;
Better than art should spoil so sweet a thing
To stay its culture or close up the ring.

How much of nature may to steel
Be turn'd to crystalize as hard,
Is measur'd by the woes they feel
By the world's down trod millions shar'd ;
In lessons taught if daily by the crowd,
Stern advocates for better teaching, loud.

To woman nature gives much heed
In urgency prying 'gainst the hid,
Intending it as cautious need
All secret danger to forbid,
To burthens of her life most precious care,
Ill used by cruel sights she seeks to share.

Man excellence may have, and brave renown,
Severe æsthetic and the close,
To the cold world, the eder down,
Of icy blast will break the force ;
Nature did not intend severity
All realms to hold in stern obduracy.

This flower upon life's thorny vale,
With stern ambition seeks to rise,
To waste its fragrance on the gale,
That clouds with storm the gentle skies,
Or graft its tender petals on the sturdy oak,
Its rank and rougher nature to invoke.

Sweet flower, pray not be deceiv'd,
Or think thy nature to betray—
Full sore the good ones will be griev'd,
If thou affect such high display ;
When up so high on gale or lofty tree,
Thy sweetness scarcely can admir'd be.

How will the lone ones look around,
To find thy bed of rich perfume,
Thy leaves that whilom strew'd the ground,
Sought for at early morn and noon,
The noble and the low, the meek, the bold,
Come far, thy daily splendor to behold.

The world will sadly miss thee, too,
Then do not go from thy own place—
All thou canst ask we'll freely do,
If thou but spare us this one grace ;
Hearts thou may'st have at thy devotion—
They can not reach thee in thy tree's promotion.

Oh ! that all flowers knew their own
Sweet blooming place of value high,
When hearts are sick and weary grown,
Their fragrance would a cure supply ;
A mighty mercy gave us heaven's foretaste,
One flower fragrant, gentle, modest, chaste.

ERRATA.

PAGE.

- 35 last verse, first line, "to" leave out.
41 last verse, third line, prefers for profess.
52 third verse, fourth line, "best" for lest.
74 second verse, fourth line, "connutial," b turned.
75 first verse, seventh line, "fire" for fore.
76 first verse, sixth line, "lent" for bent.
82 fourth verse, fourth line, "detect" for desist.
83 first verse, seventh line, "the" next to nature omit.
89 first verse, first line, "as" for us.
91 last verse, fifth line, "wont" for want.
98 last verse, fifth line, "loud" for land.
105 second verse, first line, read "it's" for "it is."
107 fourth verse, last line, "has told," at end of line.
113 second verse, fifth line, "or" for and.
145 second verse, first line, read "If the cot be low."
160 third verse, fifth line, read "on to safety."
160 next verse, read "reliance is."
164 first verse, seventh line, "contriv'd" for continu'd.
165 fourth verse, last line, "study" for steady.
171 first verse, last line, "peers" for piers.
183 first line, read "friends" for fiends.
184 second verse, ninth line, "temper" for taraper.
203 second verse, third line, tho'ts for tht.
211 first line, "Is" wanted as first word.
213 third verse, last line, "afford" for reward.
216 last line, "upon" for up.
232 last verse, first line, "her" for he.
244 second verse, sixth line, "night" for right.
249 first verse, sixth line, read "a" for o.
250 second verse, last line, read "never" for nevdr.
251 third verse, first line, read "u" for v.
254 third verse, seventh line, read "lorn" for borne.
258 second verse, fourth line, "he" too much.

My dear

26

1888

My dear Sir,
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th inst. in relation to the matter of the
and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.
I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. H. [Name]

Yours truly,
J. H. [Name]

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